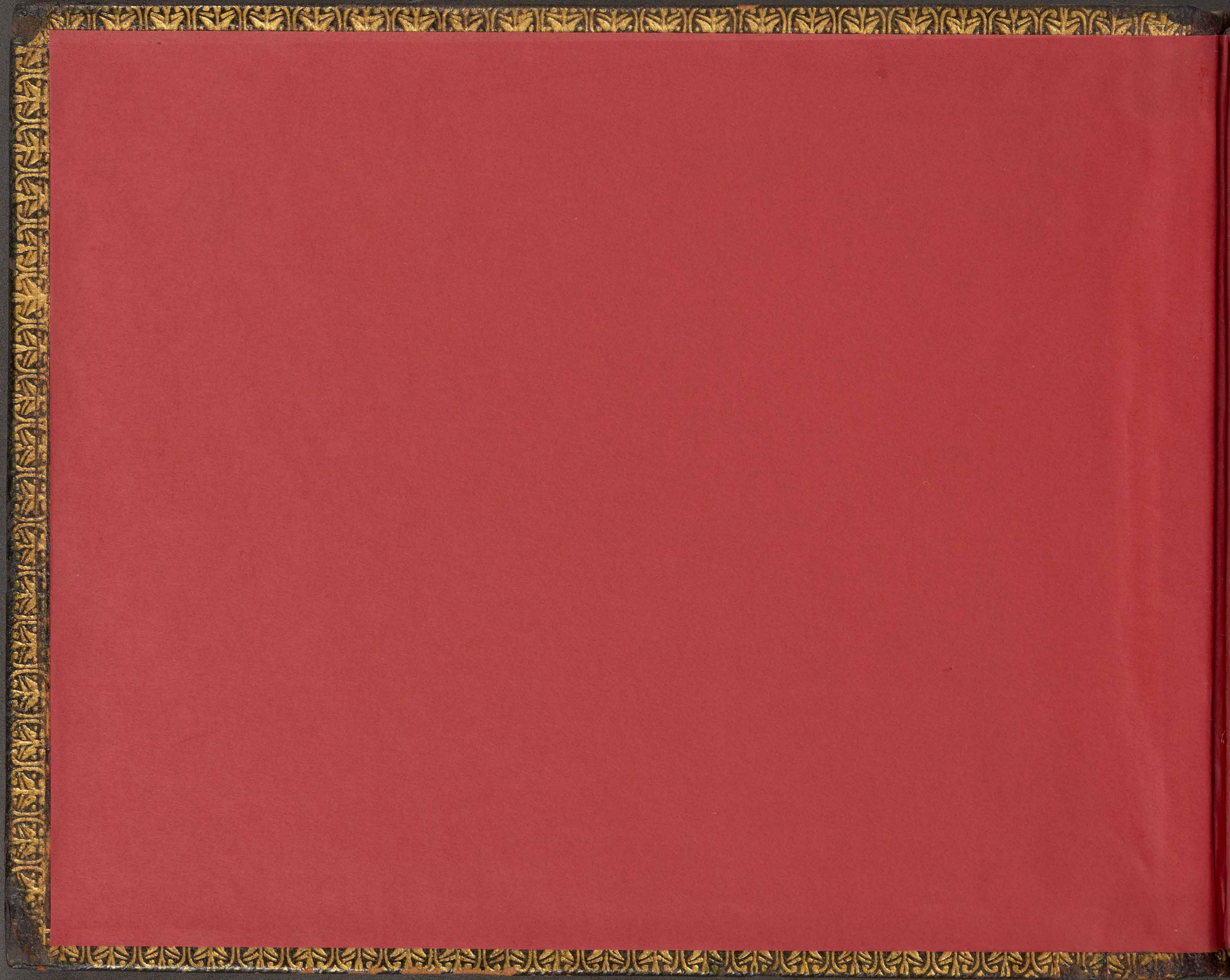
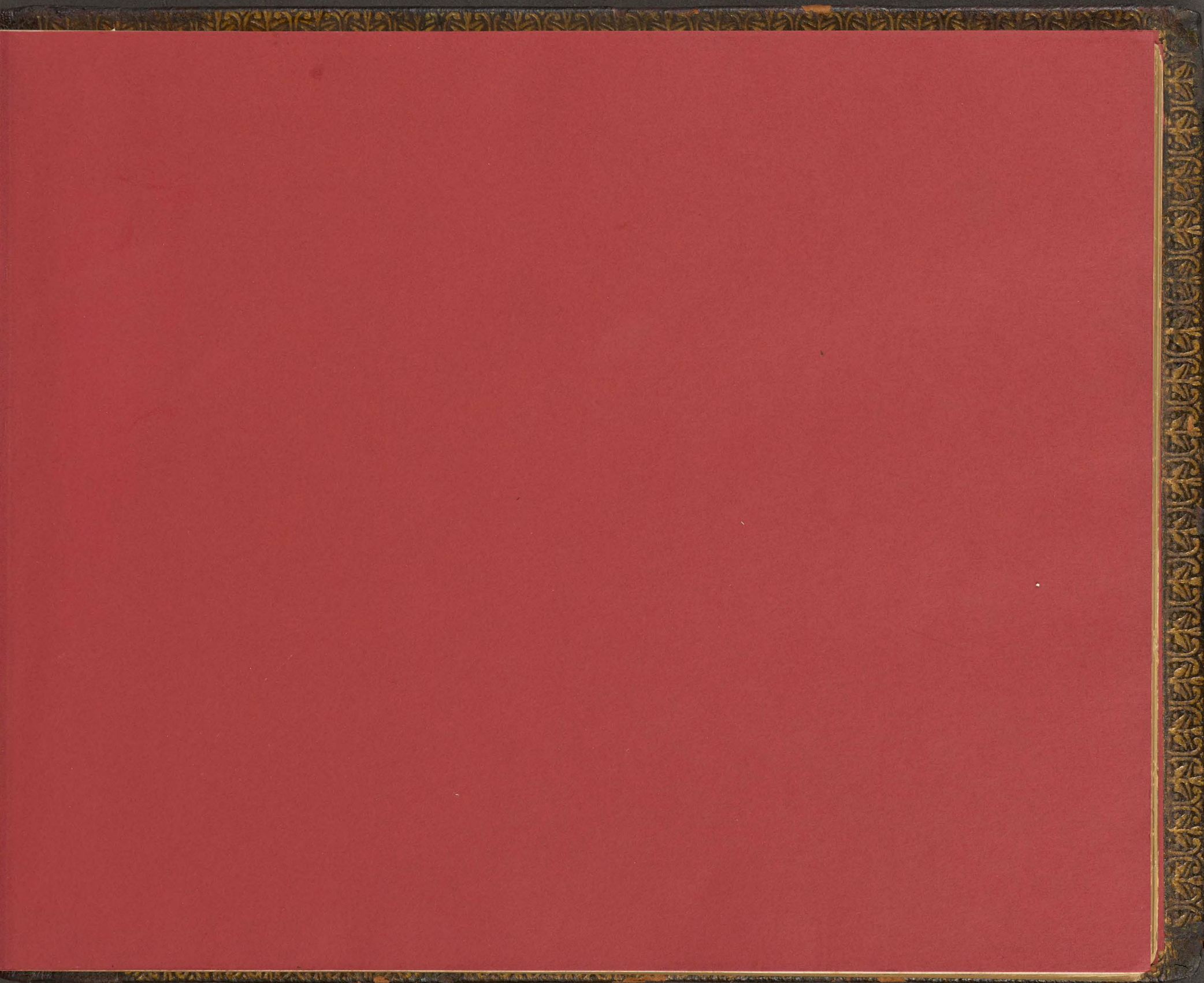
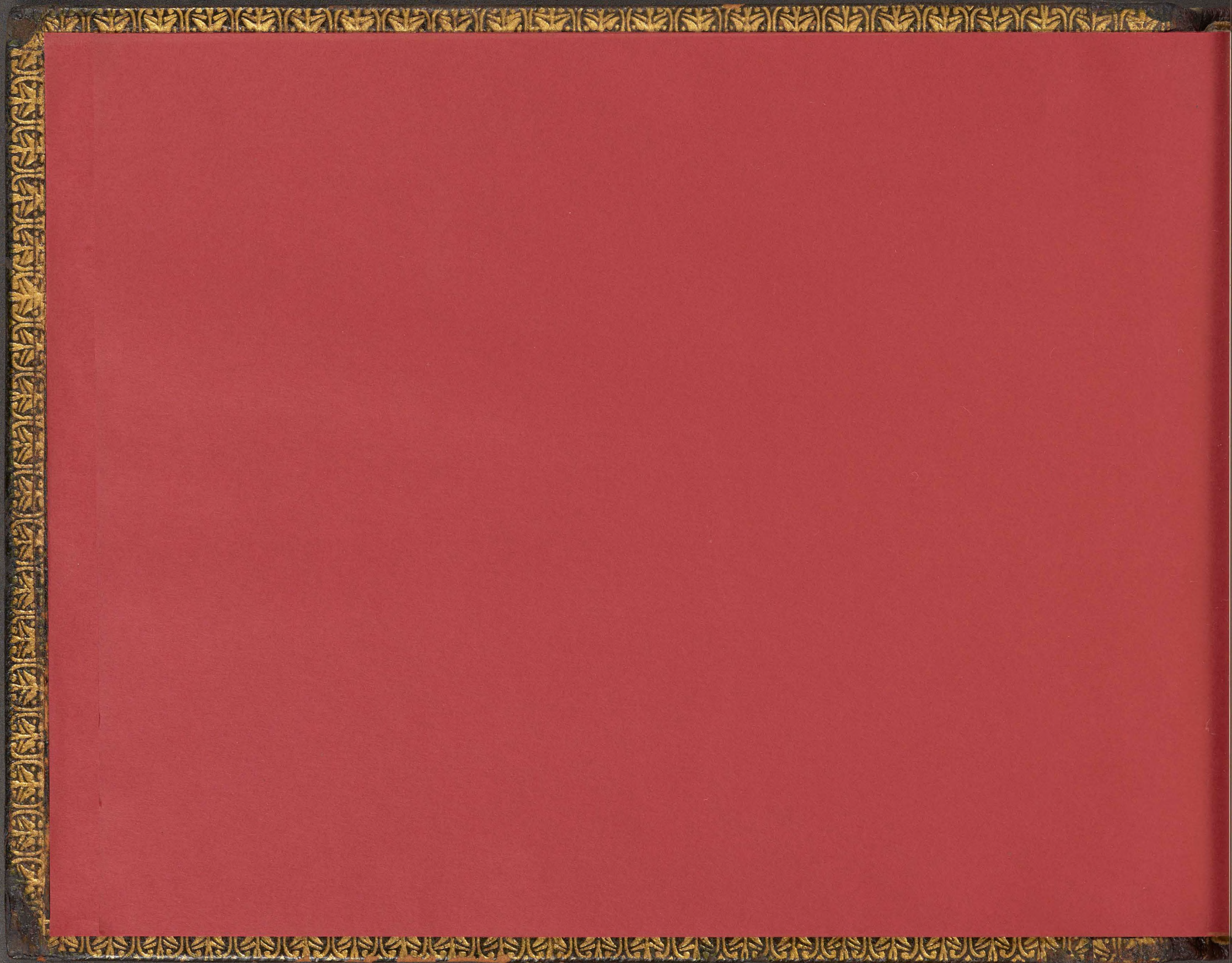


Scenes
and Life
in the
Transvaal











JSL
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SCENES AND LIFE IN THE TRANSVAAL:

A Complete Album of PHOTOGRAPHS and WORD PICTURES

ILLUSTRATING AND DESCRIBING

ITS OBJECTS OF INTEREST; ITS SCENERY; AND THE LIFE OF ITS PEOPLE.
WONDERFUL + JOHANNESBURG + AND ———— ✂ ————
✂ ———— THE + MAIN + REEF + WITH + ITS + GOLD + MINES.

Pretoria, with its Sylvan Beauty and Stately Buildings.

~ Scenery Up-Country, etc., etc. ~

TOGETHER WITH VIEWS OF
SCENES EN ROUTE TO THE TRANSVAAL, CAPE TOWN, THE KAROO, etc.,

AND OF

✂ THE + FAR-FAMED + KIMBERLEY + DIAMOND + MINES. ✂

—————
THE * ART * PHOTO - PUBLISHING * COMPANY, ————— ✂

JOHANNESBURG.

2022 AND LIFE IN THE

Printed by
THE GRAPHOTONE COMPANY,
Bush Hill Park,
Enfield.

PREFACE.

THERE are so many people from the old country residing in the Transvaal, to whose relatives and friends at home their surroundings and life are of the deepest interest, that we feel the appearance of this book, containing a series of views carefully chosen so as to bring out the leading features of the country, together with full and accurate descriptions of its scenes and life, will be especially welcome to them for sending home, or to have ready to take with them, when the long-looked for trip to the old country comes off.

Ordinary unmounted photographs are apt to get torn and put on one side, after being once looked at, unless the trouble is taken of immediately mounting them in an album; and unless a description is written with each one, lose half their interest, and convey comparatively little idea to the mind of a stranger to a scene what it can be really like. The ordinary collector of photographs too, buying more or less on the fancy of the moment, has not the same opportunity, nor always the time and experience, to get together anything like a complete series of views; and in any case, the cost of making such a collection, if bought separately, would come to a serious item.

We have, therefore, in order to meet what we believe to be a long-felt want, brought out this book, not of pictures made by hand which might possibly contain things which existed only

in an artist's fancy, but of permanent photographs, reproduced by the latest means, and in the highest art form, which may be relied on to show nature and life as they really exist. Together with these, there is a full description opposite to each, so as to bring out whatever special romance or interest may attach to it; so that while the book, in its handsome binding, may be a pleasing object in many a Transvaal drawing room, it may be also equally appreciated in Europe, where besides the home to which it may have been sent, nearly everyone who happens to call there will be found to have some relative or friend in the Transvaal, or is at any rate financially interested in its wonderful gold mines.

We have, for this reason, brought out a rather large proportion of gold mining views, feeling sure they will be not only of interest to the large and influential section of the Transvaal community, who are employed in or are connected with our mines, but also to those over the water who have shares in them; to whom descriptions of the mines and the explanations of the methods by which the gold is extracted, may be of value.

In order to convey an idea of the country as a whole, besides these, and views of cities like Johannesburg and Pretoria, we give photographs of such characteristic subjects as an ox-wagon, a Boer farm-house, a mammoth ant-heap, etc.; of striking landscape scenes, such as those in the Lydenburg and Pilgrim's Rest Districts; of life in the open veld, a giraffe just shot, etc., etc.

And as, now-a-days, so many people visit or contemplate visiting the Transvaal, either for business or to participate in the blessings of its splendid climate, we have added some views and descriptions of scenes *en route* to the Transvaal, which embrace Cape Town, the port where most visitors



from Europe disembark, and of the Karoo Country, through which they will pass after landing there. To these we have also added views of the Kimberley diamond mines; which, as being one of the wonders of the world, those who visit South Africa generally make a point of seeing. Amongst them, the views of Kimberley, taken in 1872 and 1874, when the mines, with their thousands of wires, looked like great spiders' webs, will thrillingly recall to those who were there—many of whom are now our most successful citizens—those stirring old days.

For these latter photographs we have to thank Mr. J. Trim, Photographer, of Kimberley, who has thus preserved such a valuable relic of old days, and we have also to thank Mr. H. Exton, of Pietersburg, and Mr. C. Bredell, of Johannesburg, for several negatives; Mr. H. Fripp, of Cape Town, for No. 137, and others who have kindly assisted us with information or negatives.

No expense or trouble has been spared in getting the views, in some instances from £3 to £5 having been spent in expenses before we could obtain a perfect picture. We have, in like manner, taken the greatest trouble to bring out the book in the most artistic and pleasing way, so that it may be a credit to the country it represents; but we feel that the public will appreciate our endeavours, and trust the book's reception may be such as to repay our heavy initial outlay.



Contents.

	PAGE.
BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF JOHANNESBURG	I
COMMISSIONER STREET	3
THE STOCK EXCHANGE	5
THE RAND CLUB	7
EARLY MORNING MARKET	9
MARKET BUILDINGS	11
PALACE BUILDINGS	11
THE ARCADE	13
SOUTH AFRICAN MUTUAL BUILDINGS	15
PRITCHARD STREET	17
THE WANDERERS' CLUB	19
THE GRAND NATIONAL HOTEL	21
RISSIK STREET	21
A JOHANNESBURG DUST STORM	23
A JOHANNESBURG PICNIC PLACE—KRUGER'S WATERFALL	25
AN OX-WAGON	27
DOORNFONTEIN, PANORAMA FROM THE HILL	29
HISTORIC VIEWS—THE LAST COACH WITH ENGLISH MAIL.	31
DO. DO. THE FIRST TRAIN	31
THE FIRST STANDARD BANK	33
HOW JOHANNESBURG LOOKED BEFORE THE TREES WERE GROWN UP	35
ONE TYPE OF OUR SERVANTS—THE DRESSED UP NATIVE	37
IN THE WITPOORTJE KLOOF	39
A FAIRY SCENE, NEAR WITPOORTJE	39
PANNING ORE TO DISCOVER GOLD	41
GENERAL VIEW ALONG THE MAIN REEF	43
MINING UNDERGROUND	45

CONTENTS (*continued.*)

	PAGE.
HEAD GEAR, ETC., LANGLAAGTE ROYAL GOLD MINING COMPANY	47
CROWN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY'S BATTERY—EXTERIOR	49
INTERIOR OF A BATTERY, CROWN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY	51
INTERIOR, CYANIDE WORKS, LANGLAAGTE ESTATE GOLD MINING COMPANY	53
CITY AND SUBURBAN GOLD MINING COMPANY, NEW BATTERY AND CYANIDE WORKS	55
INTERIOR, ENGINE AND DYNAMO ROOM, CROWN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY	57
INTERIOR, FITTERS' SHOPS, GELDENHUIS DEEP LEVEL GOLD MINING COMPANY	59
A MINING GROUP	61
ASSAY OFFICE, FERREIRA GOLD MINING COMPANY	63
HEAD GEAR, DO. DO. DO.	65
SOCIAL LIFE AT THE MINES—A MINE MANAGER'S HOUSE	67
NATIVE COMPOUND, NEW PRIMROSE GOLD MINING COMPANY	69
KAFIRS RETURNING FROM WORK	71
THE NATIVE AT HOME	73
RAILWAY STATION, ELANDSFONTEIN	75
A DUTCH FARM, NEAR NEW CRÆSUS GOLD MINING COMPANY	77
A COMMEMORATION SCENE AT PAARDEKRAAL	79
STRUBEN'S WATERFALL	81
PRETORIA—BIRD'S EYE VIEW FROM DAASPOORT HILL	83
THE RAADZAAL, PRETORIA	85
DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH, PRETORIA	87
THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE,	89
CHURCH SQUARE, EAST SIDE,	89
AVENUE OF BLUE GUM TREES,	91
JESS'S COTTAGE	93
HOW CLOTHES ARE WASHED IN THE TRANSVAAL	95
CHARLESTOWN TUNNEL AND NATAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAY ENGINE	97
MAJUBA HILL	99
OFFICERS' GRAVES AT MAJUBA	101
SCENE IN LYDENBURG DISTRICT	103
A WAGON BREAK-DOWN, SCOTSMAN REEF, BABERTON	105
A DRIVE ON A REEF, NEAR BABERTON	107
HOW RIVERS ARE CROSSED IN THE TRANSVAAL	109

CONTENTS (*continued.*)

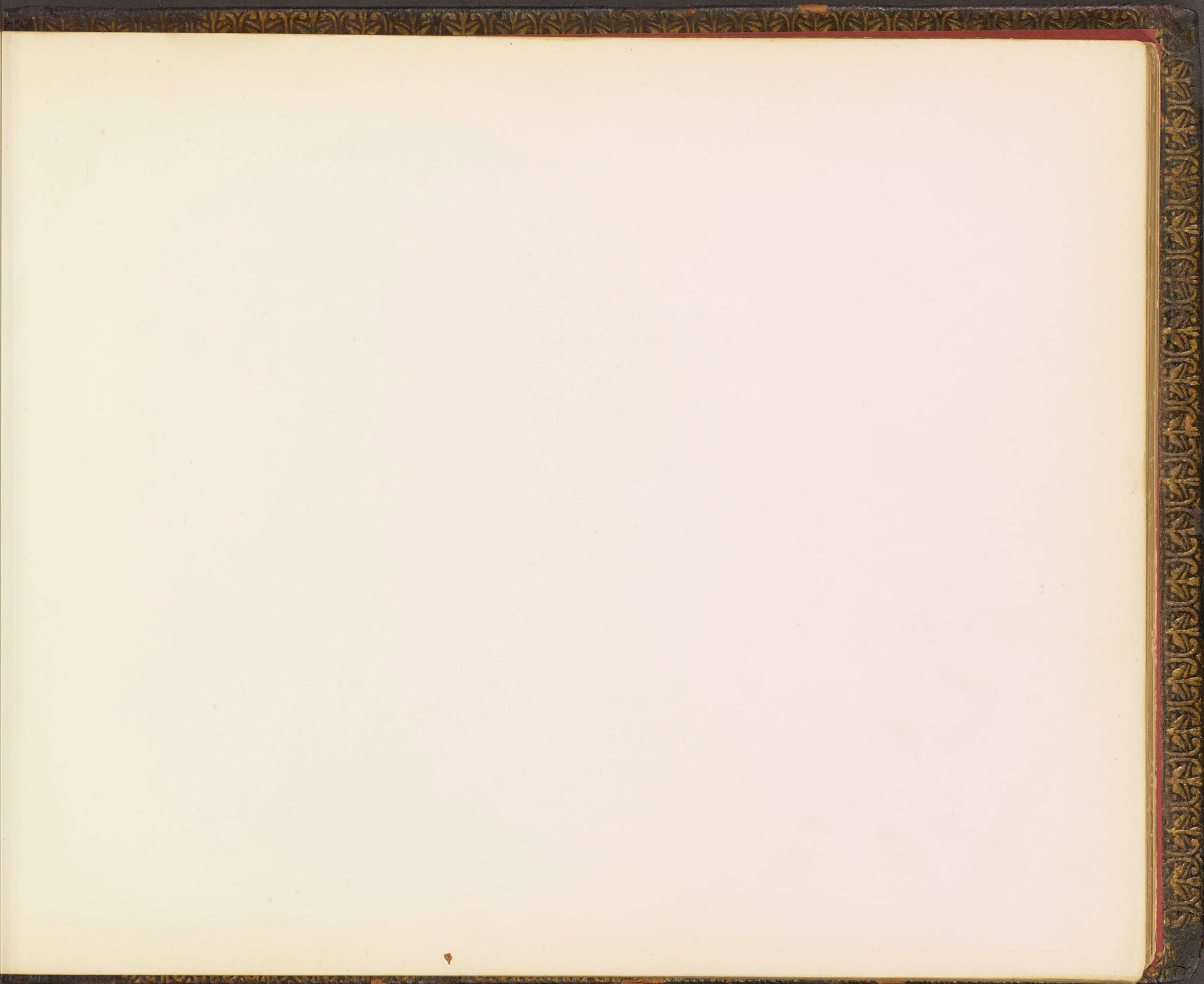
	PAGE.
SCENE NEAR PILGRIMS' REST - - - - -	111
A MAMMOTH ANTHEAP - - - - -	113
A NOVEL MEANS OF TRANSPORT: ZEBRAS TO DRAW THE MAIL COACH - - - - -	115
WHAT COACHING SOMETIMES INVOLVES: A FIGHT FOR LIFE - - - - -	115
BIG GAME HUNTING IN THE TRANSVAAL - - - - -	117
A BAOBAB TREE - - - - -	119
A NATIVE VILLAGE - - - - -	121
KAFIR WARRIORS - - - - -	123
ZIMBABYE RUINS - - - - -	125
PANORAMA OF DELAGOA BAY - - - - -	127
A LINK WITH THE OLD WORLD: MOZAMBIQUE - - - - -	129

SCENES EN ROUTE TO THE TRANSVAAL.

CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN - - - - -	131
CAPE TOWN DOCKS AND DEVIL'S PEAK - - - - -	133
THE FISH MARKET, CAPE TOWN - - - - -	133
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, CAPE TOWN - - - - -	135
IN THE KAROO - - - - -	137
OSTRICHES AND EGGS - - - - -	139
THE VALLEY OF DESOLATION - - - - -	141

THE KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINES.

SCENES IN THE OLD DAYS—DRY SORTING IN 1872 - - - - -	143
DO. DO. KIMBERLEY MINE IN 1874 - - - - -	145
DO. DO. HAULING BY HORSE WHINS - - - - -	147
DE BEERS OPEN MINE, AS IT IS TO-DAY - - - - -	149
A WASHING MACHINE, DE BEERS - - - - -	151
DIAMOND SORTING, WESSELTON MINE - - - - -	153
THE COMPOUND, KIMBERLEY MINE - - - - -	155
A GROUP IN THE COMPOUND - - - - -	157
"FAREWELL"—VIEW FROM MILLAR'S POINT - - - - -	159



Birds-Eye View of Johannesburg.

(TAKEN WITH THE NEW TELE-PHOTOGRAPHIC LENS FROM THE MOUNTED POLICE BARRACKS).

*"There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of Empire and of Arts."*—BERKELEY.

JOHANNESBURG! Who has not heard of it? The far-famed town, which consequent on the discovery of gold, sprang up as it were in a night, in a place far from civilisation, and till then almost uninhabited, to the position of the most important city of South Africa; a city, too, not merely with a local fame, but with the eyes of the world upon it.

Yes! Only a few years ago the district was almost entirely unknown, save to a few wandering Boers, who in summer led their flocks to graze on the breezy treeless uplands of the "High Veld," and at the approach of the cold winds of winter, "trekked" away again with their flocks and herds, wives and little ones, to the warmer regions of the Low Country.

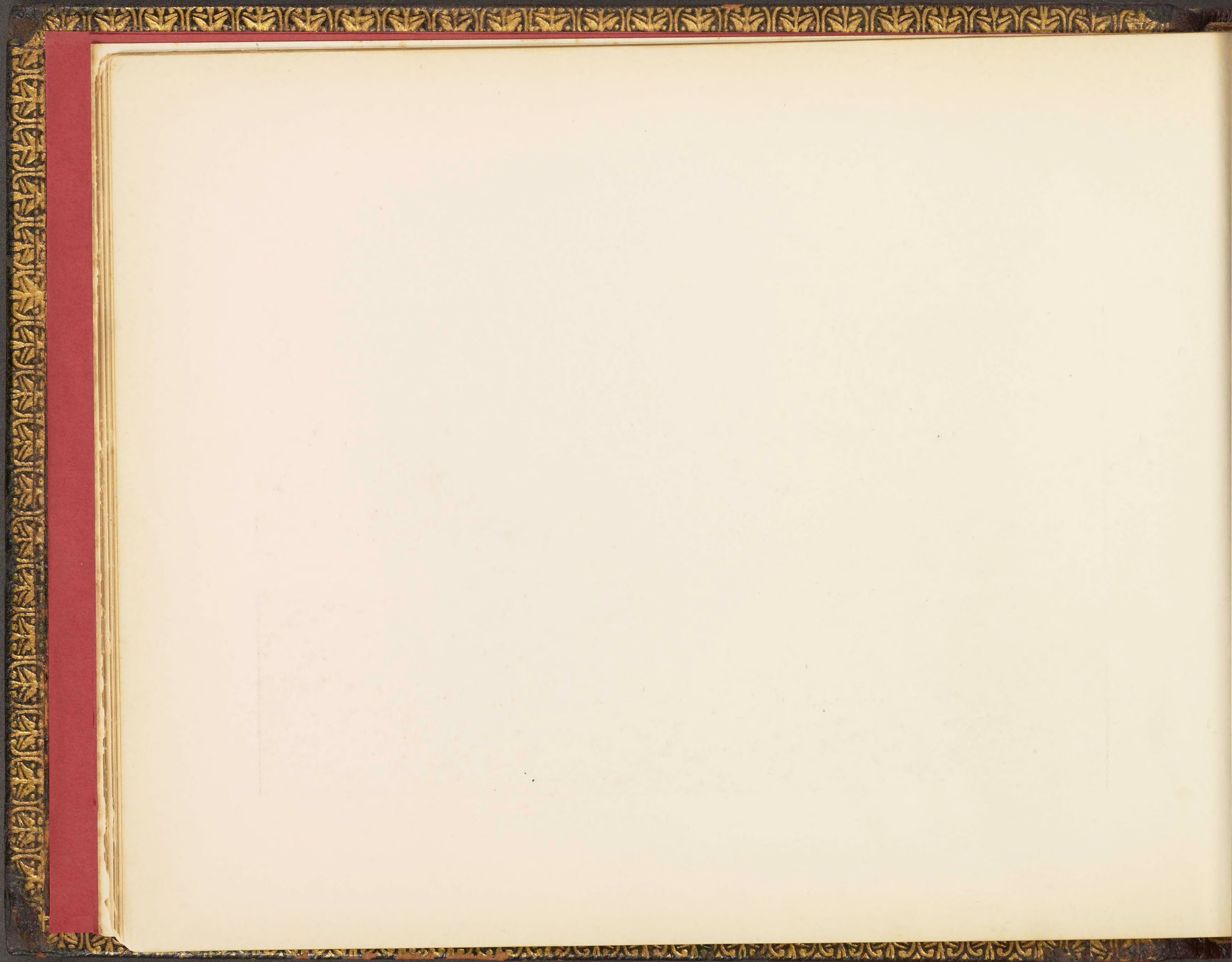
No one dreamed that in a certain place in those plains of waving grass, which seem to go on rolling up and down, away and away, as it were for ever and ever, gold would one day be found, and in such quantities, too, as to quickly form the chief gold field of the whole world. Yet, in 1884, the secret, hidden through all ages by nature, was at length brought to light by the discovery of a reef by Mr. Fred Struben, who erected a battery at the end of 1885, and demonstrated the possibility of an El Dorado lying, unnoticed and unvalued, beneath that seemingly almost valueless surface.

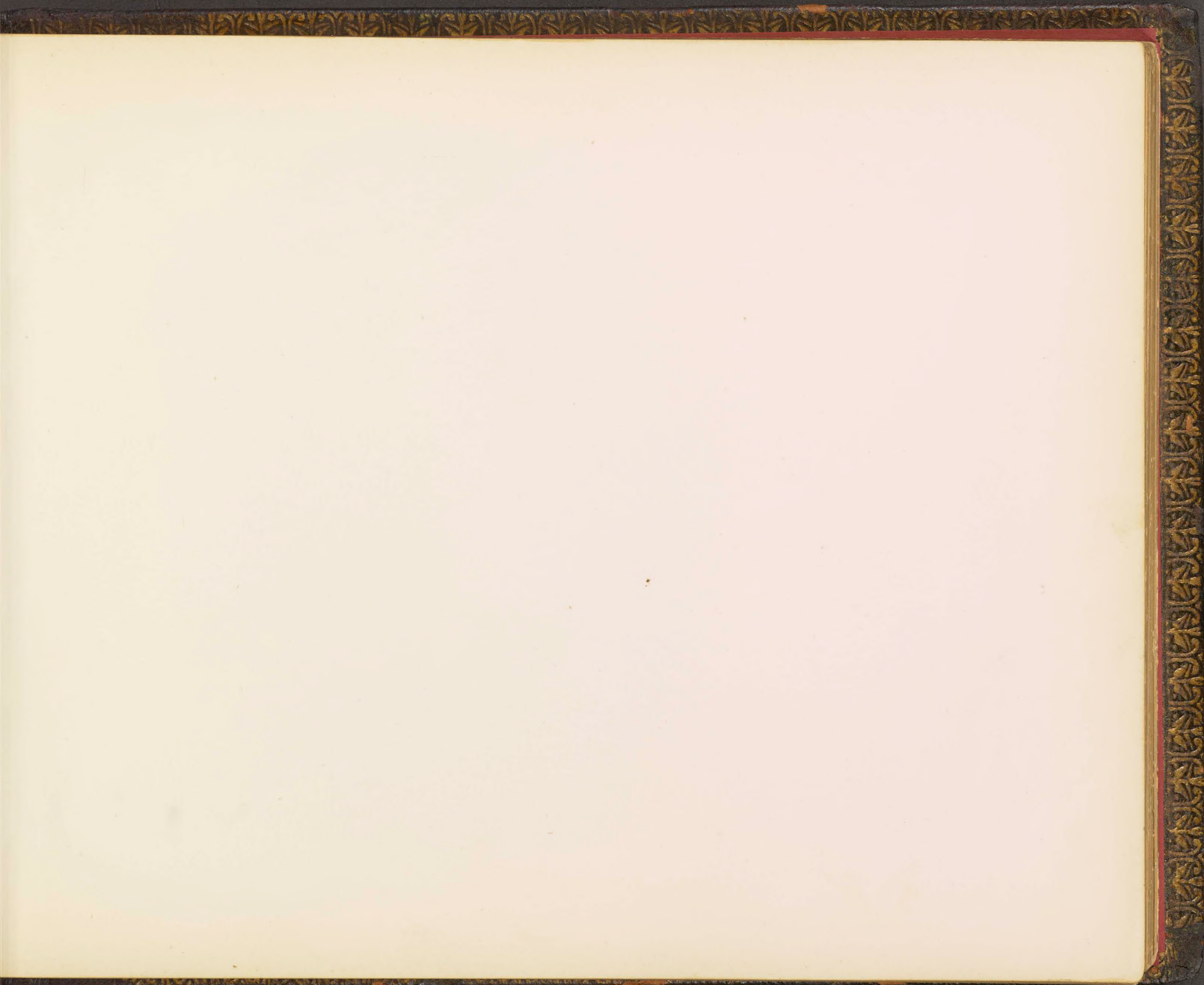
Then, in an incredibly short space of time, notwithstanding that there was no railway within three hundred miles, a struggling crowd of all sorts and conditions of men, from Kimberley, from Barberton, from the Old Colony, from Natal, and from every land beyond the sea—Englishman and Dutchman, Scotchman and German, Hollander, Gentile, and Jew—began to arrive by every conceivable kind of vehicle or even on foot; each striving to be the first to peg out claims on the great line of reefs which were soon found to extend in an unbroken line for over thirty miles, in the middle of which the town of Johannesburg is now situated. The wagons the people came in were soon followed by tents as a means of residence, tents quickly gave way to galvanized iron shanties, and these in turn to substantial buildings of brick and stone; so that now we see a city with a population of 50,000 people (exclusive of natives), covering a space of about four miles long by two wide, with stately buildings and crowded streets, with grand shops, electric light, trams, telephones, telegraphs, and railways—in fact all the resources and comforts of civilised life.

Such is the story of our city—romantic, but true; and it is difficult indeed now for a visitor to realise that only about eight years ago the place had its beginning, and that till the other day, everything—even the very materials of which the houses were built—had to be brought a three week's journey, from Kimberley or Natal, by ox-wagons toiling over the "Veld" at a snail's pace, scarcely averaging fifteen miles a day.

The picture here presented, gives but a tiny portion of Johannesburg, but embraces some of its most interesting features. In the foreground, the magnificent pavilion of the Wanderer's Club, of which we give a separate picture, is succeeded on the left by the new Jewish Synagogue, while behind may be seen the massive tower of the Telephone Exchange. This latter building is perhaps the most solid structure in Johannesburg, necessitated of course by the countless wires centreing there from all parts of the town. It was erected by Government at a cost of £4,000. Beyond, the spire of Palace Buildings may be seen on the right, and a portion of the name "Thorne, Stuttford and Co.," over that firm's splendid new store will be easily read, while the race-course beyond completes the picture.







Commissioner Street, Johannesburg.

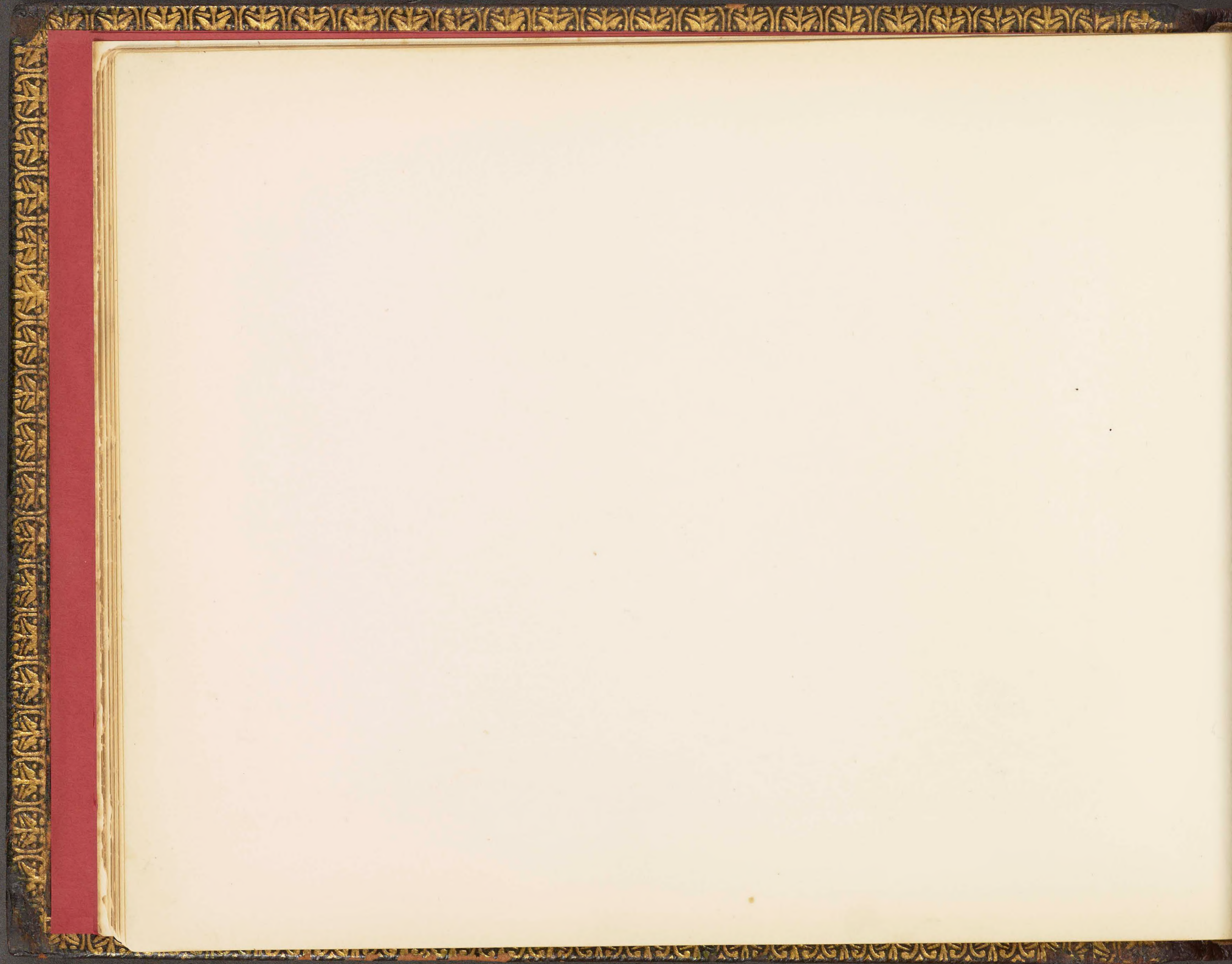
*"The City's crowd! What a motley throng
Of people compose it, as to and fro,
Laughing or frowning they hurry along;
On business intent
On pleasure bent—
Laughter with sounds of sobbing blent,
Where do they come from—where do they go?"—J. G. HEULIN.*

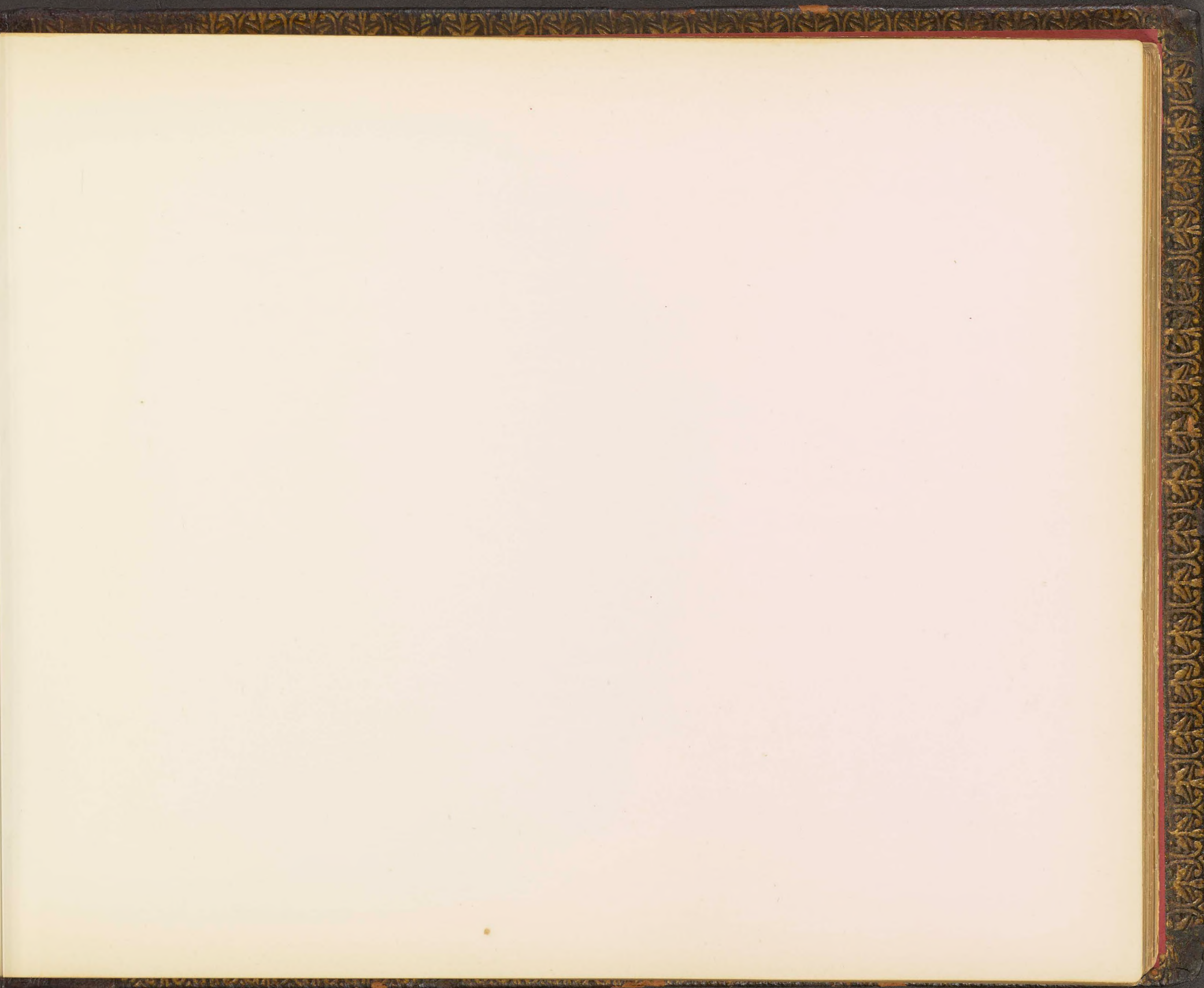
WE give here a picture of what may be justly claimed to be the finest street in South Africa. Here is the Stock Exchange, and it is here, or in its immediate neighbourhood, that the leading banks and great financial houses have their offices. It is here the business activity of Johannesburg centres, forming as it does the main artery of traffic from the great mines on either side of Johannesburg, and the suburbs of Fordsburg and Jeppestown. It is the street to which every stranger at once makes his way, so that wherever the name of Johannesburg is known, that of Commissioner Street is known with it.

The view is taken from over the portico of the main entrance of the Stock Exchange, the columns of which are to be seen on the left side of the picture. Further on may be noticed the balconies of Eckstein's Buildings, the head quarters of Messrs. H. Eckstein and Co., the noted "Corner House," within whose walls some of the largest financial transactions have taken place, and where numbers of the leading brokers and stockdealers also have their offices. Further still, on the same side, a glimpse may be caught of the new and stately buildings of the South African Mutual Assurance Society, a separate picture of which is given on another page. The massive square building on the right, known as "Robinson's Buildings," is owned by Mr. J. B. Robinson, and here most of the companies in which that gentleman exercises a control, such as the Langlaagte Estate, the Block "B," the Randfontein Gold Mining Co., &c., have their Transfer Offices.

The new Green's Buildings, next door, erected to meet the growing demands of Johannesburg, in the place of the old one-storied buildings of the same name, illustrates strikingly the rapid and permanent nature of the growth of the place. They contain a double storied arcade, with glass roof, lined with offices on both sides, which go right through to the other street; whilst beneath the arcade, the restaurant known as "Moss's Grill Room," fitted up in quite London style, is so noteworthy a feature as to form one of the sights of the town to strangers. Barnato's Buildings adjoining, and Marais' Court a little further on, are also exceedingly fine blocks, and next to the latter, the Rand Club, of which we give a separate illustration, will be noticed. The tram cars, the telephone wires overhead (over 200 in this single street), the electric light, and the crowded busy life to be seen here, have doubtless done much to earn for Johannesburg, the title of "the London of South Africa."







The Stock Exchange, Johannesburg.



*Around and round the wheel turns and goes,
And we go with it, now up, then down;
Few win the prize that many must lose,
Tired at the goal, how late comes the crown!*

IF Commissioner Street is the place where the business activity of Johannesburg centres, the Stock Exchange is the very hub of it. If the gold mines have made the Sharemarket, it is the Sharemarket which has made Johannesburg. The Stock Exchange is the barometer of the place, and when the shares it deals in are high, skies seem fair, faces smile, and all classes of the community participate directly or indirectly in the sunlight of prosperity. But when shares are down, in the days of "slump," and the thunder clouds of depression brood, then everyone from the highest to the lowest suffers sooner or later; "small bottles" give place to "whiskies," carriages to pony traps, horses to bicycles, and bicycles to "Shanks, his mare."

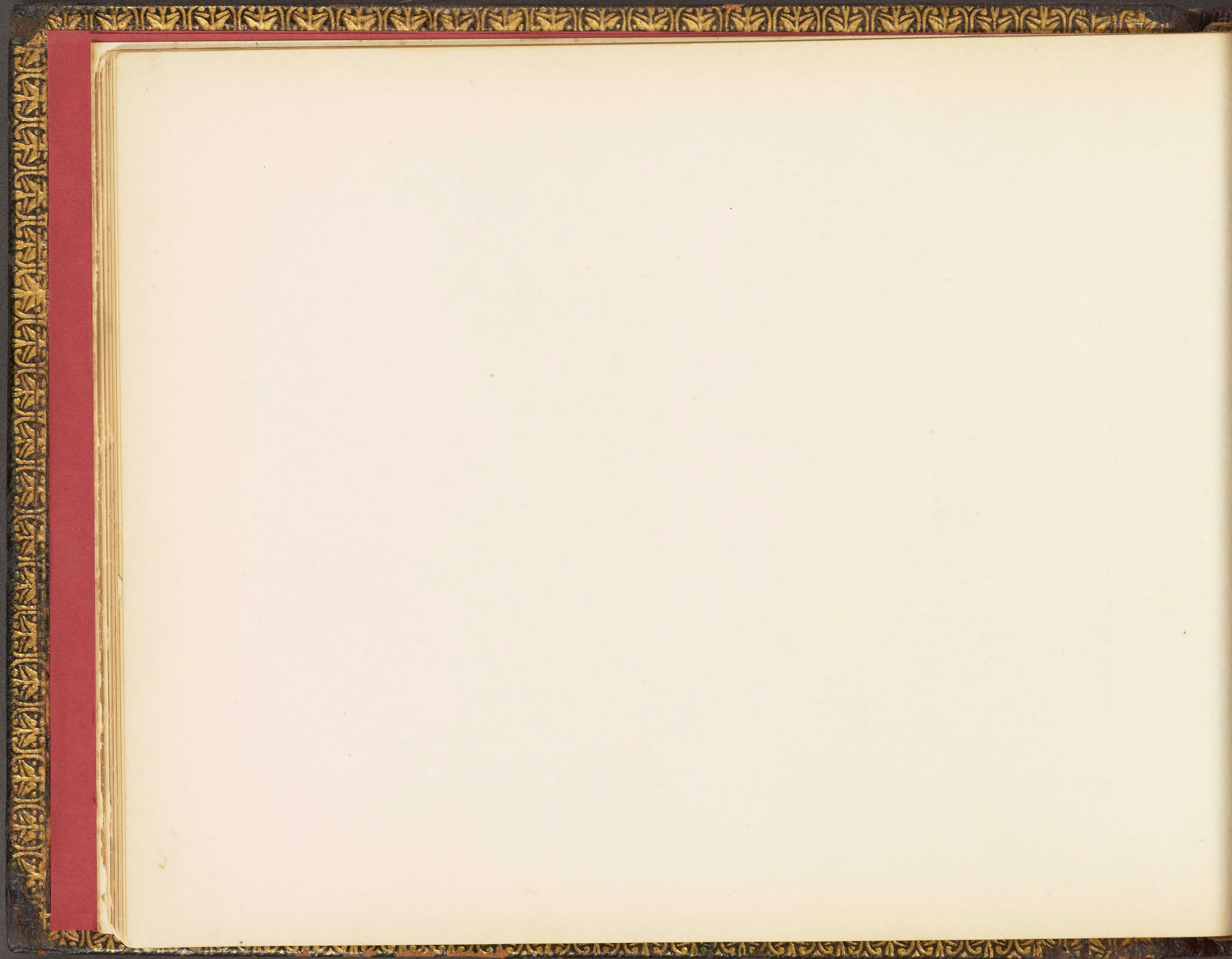
As may be seen from the picture, the building itself is very large and handsome. It cost about £100,000. It has frontages to Simmonds Street, Commissioner Street, and Fraser Street; while the interior of the Exchange Hall fully realises what may be expected from the appearance of the outside. It has a membership of nearly 1,000, whose dealings embrace the shares of several hundred gold mining and other companies.

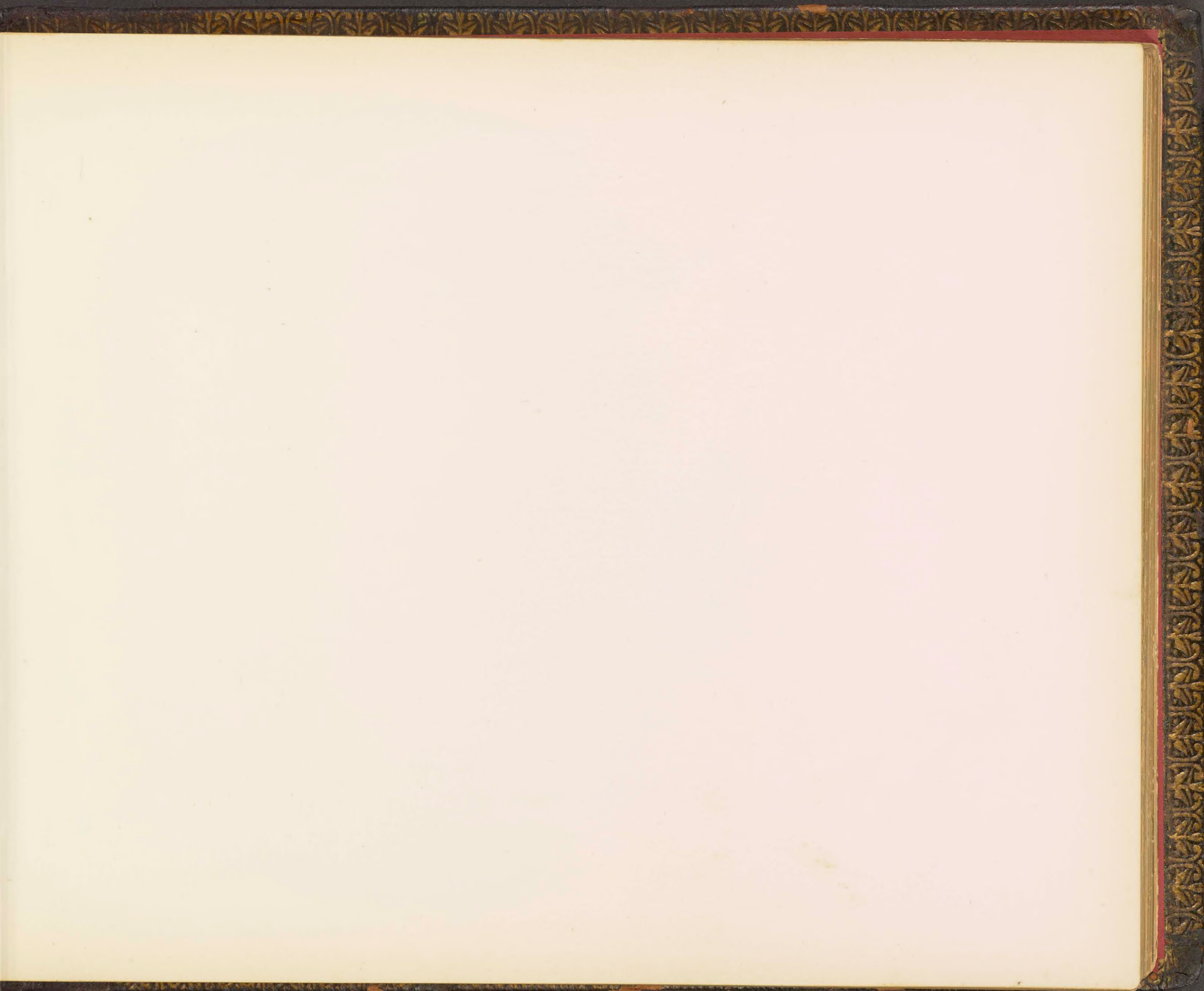
Here, from 10 a.m. till nearly noon the solemn (?) function of "High Change" is held, when the entire share list is called over to the accompaniment of a babel of buyers and sellers, calling out prices at the top of their voices, which is at times almost deafening. At lunch time the place closes for an hour; and then for the rest of the day the building continues to ring with cries such as: "What are dealers in Auroras?" "I'll buy Kleinfonteins;" "Who'll sell a call on Princesses?" etc.

Even when the clanging of the bells announces the closing of the Exchange at six o'clock, the day is not done, for have not the cables come in, telling of the differences in prices in London and the Continent? So out in the street the dealing is renewed in the sacred chained off portion, locally known as "Between the Chains," which may be seen in the picture, where till a late hour the fray continues.









The Rand Club, Johannesburg.



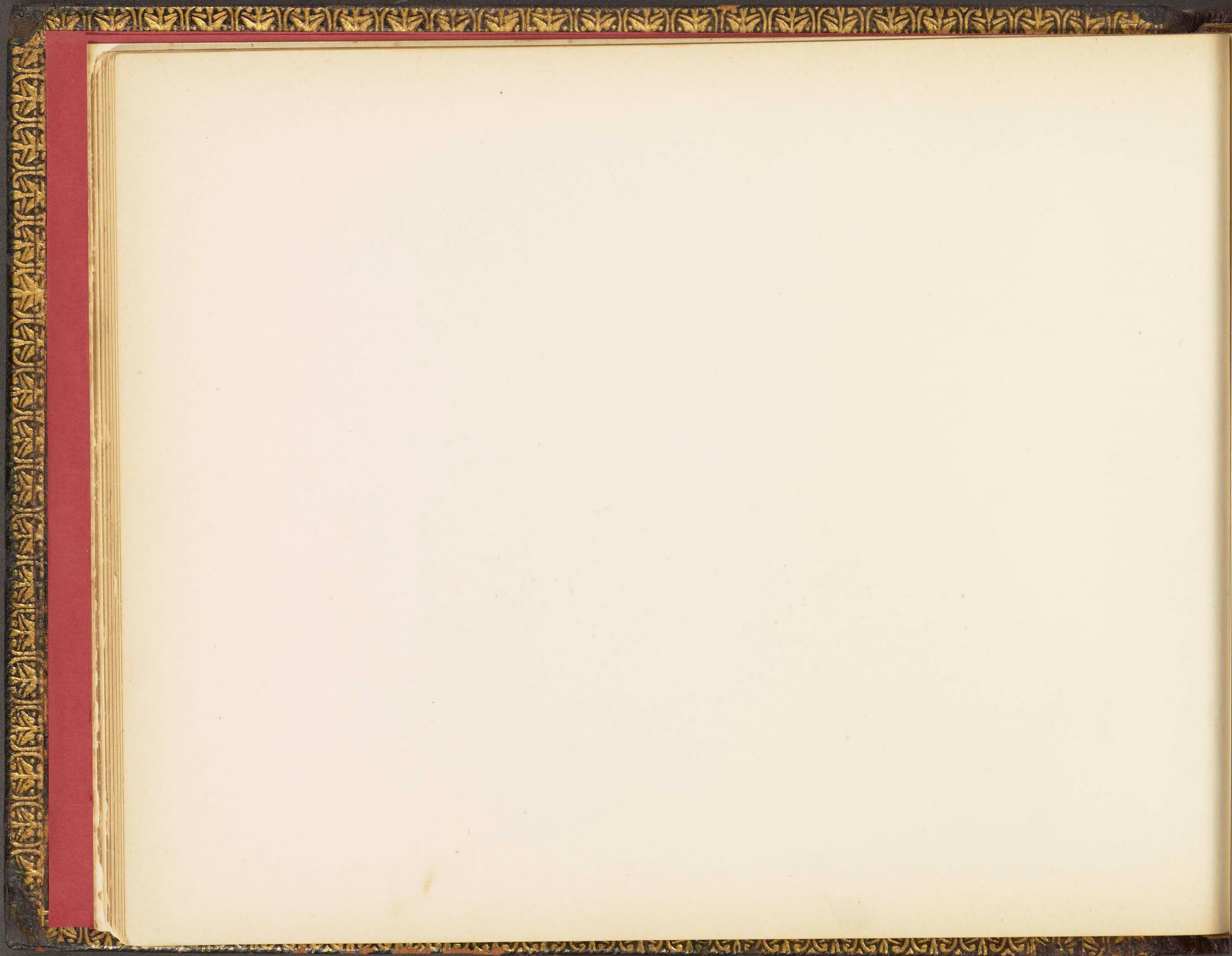
*"Let us rest ourselves a bit ;
Worry ?—Wave your hand to it—
Kiss your finger tips and smile
It farewell a little while."*—J. W. RILEY.

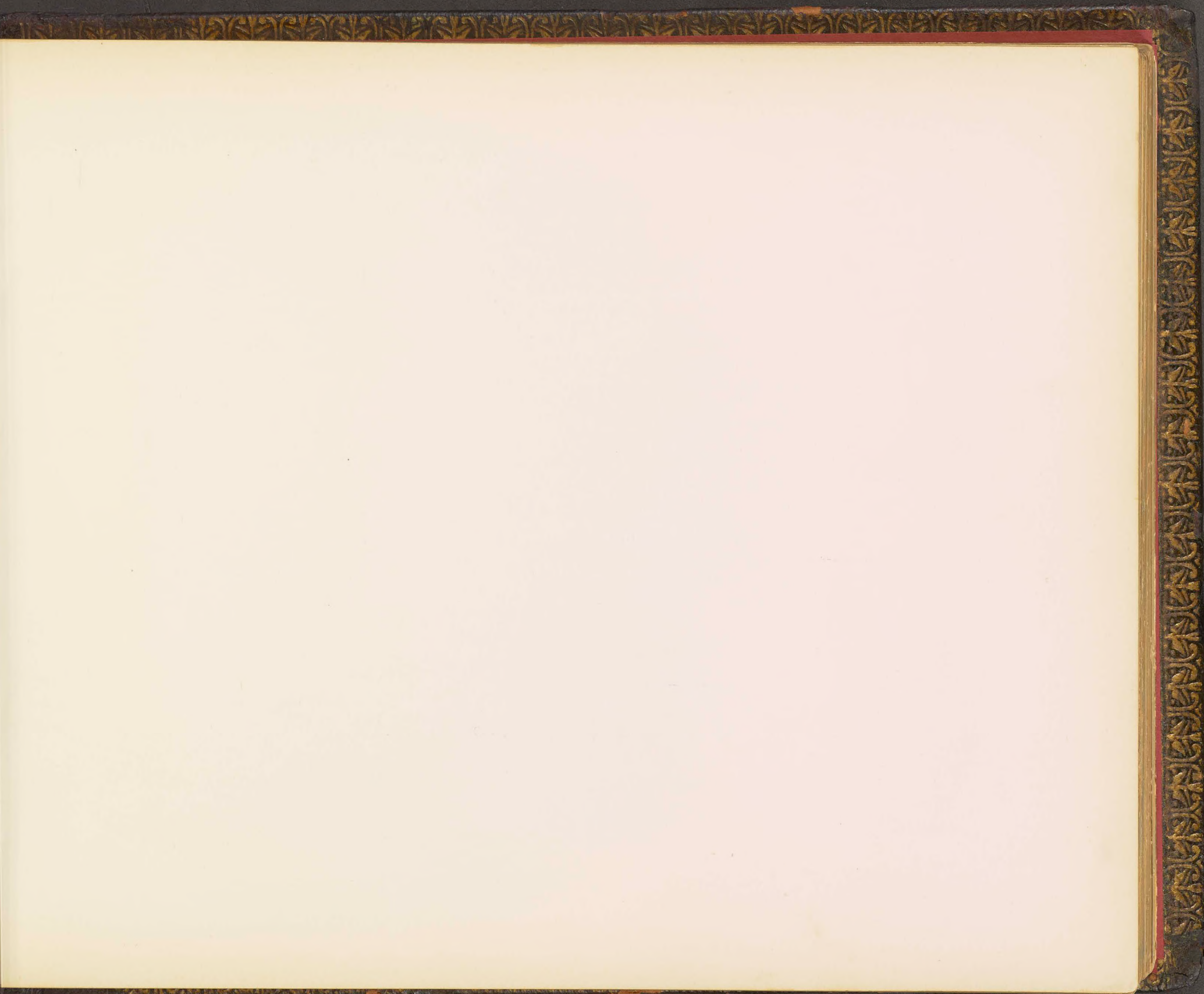
SITUATED in Commissioner Street, not far from the Stock Exchange, the Rand Club is a notable building. Nearly all the leading men belong to it, and meet here daily at one o'clock to have lunch and chat over the affairs of the day.

The main entrance is at the side, and on the left of this is the large dining room, where meals of the most *récherché* description are served. The bar, on the right of the entrance, is a gorgeous room, and overhead are the billiard and reading rooms. The interior decoration is very handsome, and all the appointments are thoroughly good throughout ; that important element—comfort—having been most carefully kept in view by the Committee. The building was erected in 1890, at a cost of £40,000, and reflects great credit on its architect, Mr. A. H. Reid.









Early Morning Market, Johannesburg.

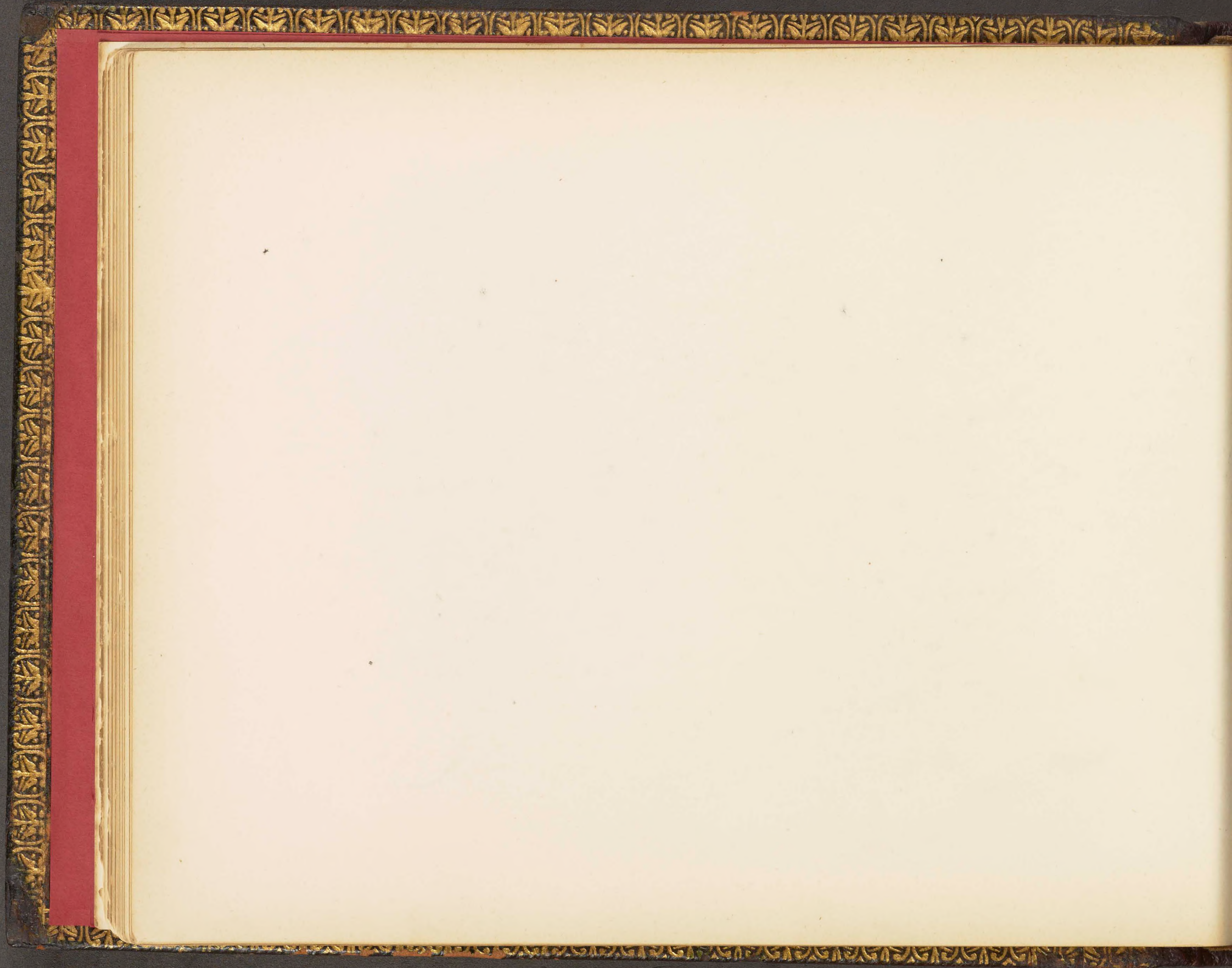


THE Early Morning Market presents a most interesting and wonderful sight to a stranger visiting Johannesburg. The Market Square, where it is held, is very spacious, covering an area of over five acres. From the first peep of day, wagons, which have travelled from all parts of the Transvaal, Orange Free State, and Natal, come pouring in by the hundred, and are closely packed side by side; while behind them an eager bargaining crowd of market agents, hawkers, cheap jacks, Boers, Indian Coolies, and Kaffirs, buy and re-sell the grain, vegetables, forage, firewood, wool, hides, &c., brought in.

The fine new buildings on the right are those of Messrs. P. Henwood, Son, Soutter and Co., which have a magnificent arcade running through to the next street, a distance of 150 feet. One side of this is taken up by their own enormous store, while the other is let as shops, and the rooms above as offices, to the Johannesburg Sanitary Board and others. The buildings on the left are the store of Messrs. J. P. Ablett and Co., and the wholesale warehouse of Messrs. J. W. Jagger and Co.









Market Buildings, Johannesburg.



THIS large, handsome block of buildings was erected in 1890, at a cost of £40,000, on the site of the old Market Buildings, whose accommodation had grown to be totally inadequate for the enormous quantity of produce brought in. The most interesting time to visit the building is about seven o'clock in the morning, when all the auctioneers are in full swing selling the fruit, vegetables, &c., brought by the wagons. The bidders are a wonderfully mixed assemblage; ranging from buyers for the various hotels, restaurants, and boarding houses, and such householders as possess the happy art of getting out of bed in good time in the morning, to the Indian and Chinese fruit hawkers, who, at a greatly enhanced price, will later on carry round their ware, and try to "rook" as much as possible from those who have not troubled to get up and buy for themselves. If their skins are dusky, they have keen eyes for a bargain, and will fill those flat baskets, which they carry suspended on the two ends of a long pole balanced on their shoulders, at a much lower average cost than a white man could, and then make higher prices on its re-selling.

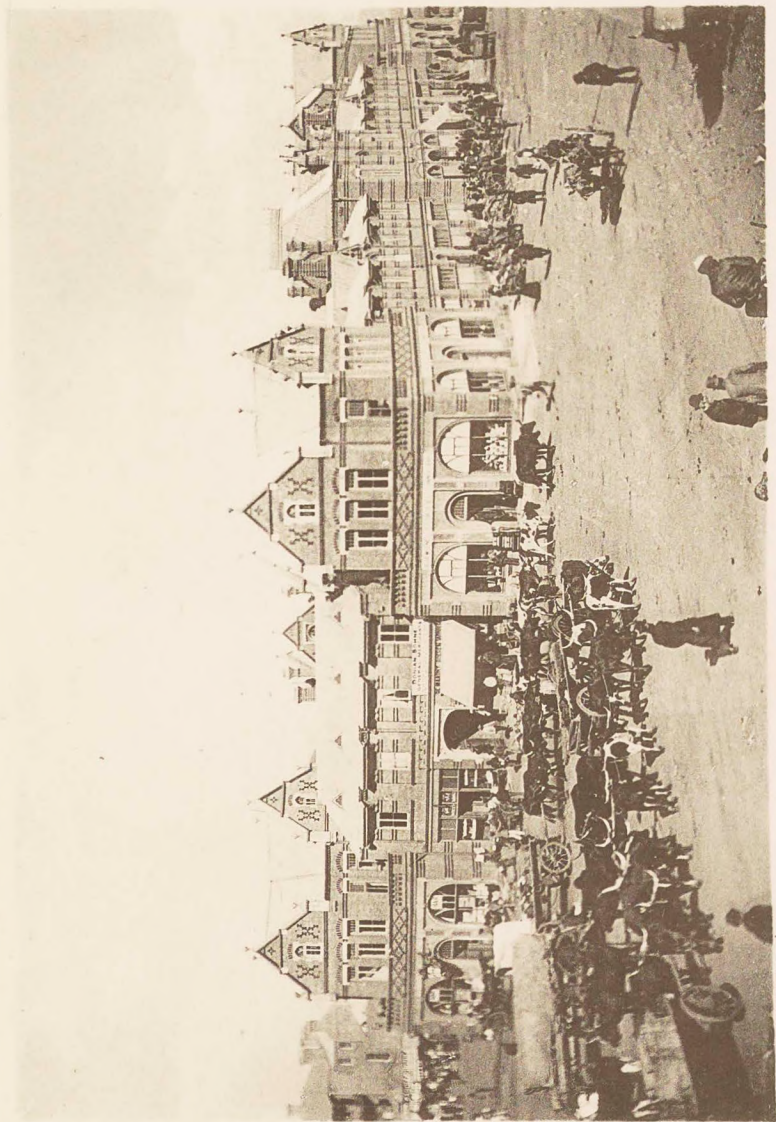
But the days of exorbitant prices are gone, when vegetables were as scarce as money seemed plentiful and men, in the first excitement of success and plenty, were sometimes known to bid as much as half-a-sovereign for a cabbage. Now, prices are fairly moderate, and the fruit and vegetables obtainable are likewise good in quality.

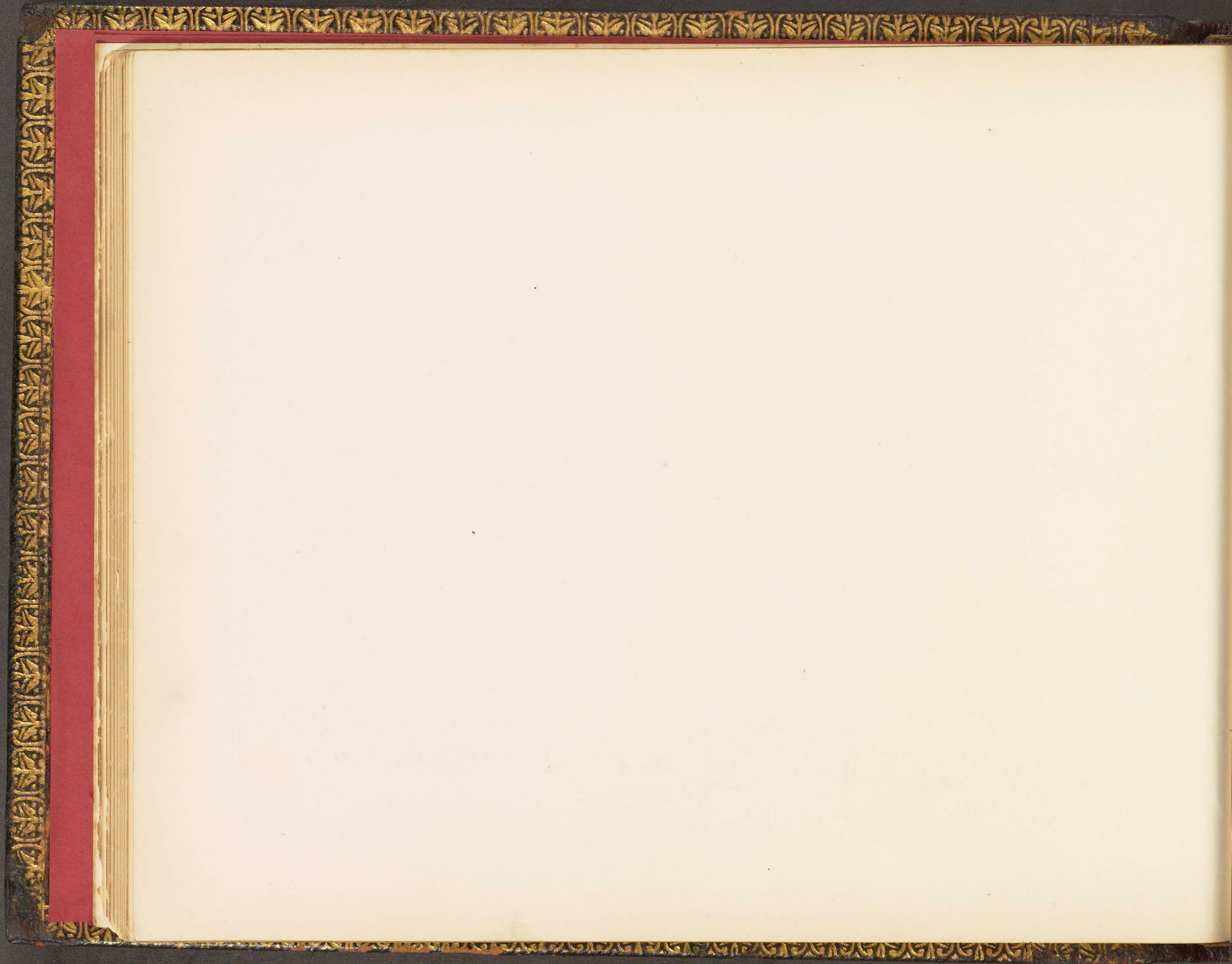
Palace Buildings, Johannesburg.

THIS exceptionally pretty block, which is one of the oldest of the handsome buildings of Johannesburg, was put up at a time when it seemed almost premature to erect anything so permanent, and therefore reflects the greater credit for farseeing on its founder, Mr. Gwynne Evans, the original owner of the greater portion of Pritchard Street.

It was built in 1890, at a cost of £16,000, at a time when Pritchard Street had a very different appearance to what it has to-day, and has the distinction of possessing the only spire in Johannesburg which stands out conspicuously from all points where a view of the town can be obtained. On the ground floor there is a fine toy and fancy shop, and, on the floor above, the Real Estate Corporation, Ltd., the present owners of the property, have their offices, the remainder being let as consulting rooms and bedrooms. The style of architecture is French Renaissance. The height of the tower—"the Rand Eiffel Tower," as it is sometimes dubbed, is 93 feet to the top of the flagstaff; and gave rise to a remark, made by a writer on Johannesburg, that it was "a curious place in which the stores have spires and the churches none." The design of this building is a great credit to Mr. H. Lindhorst, the architect.







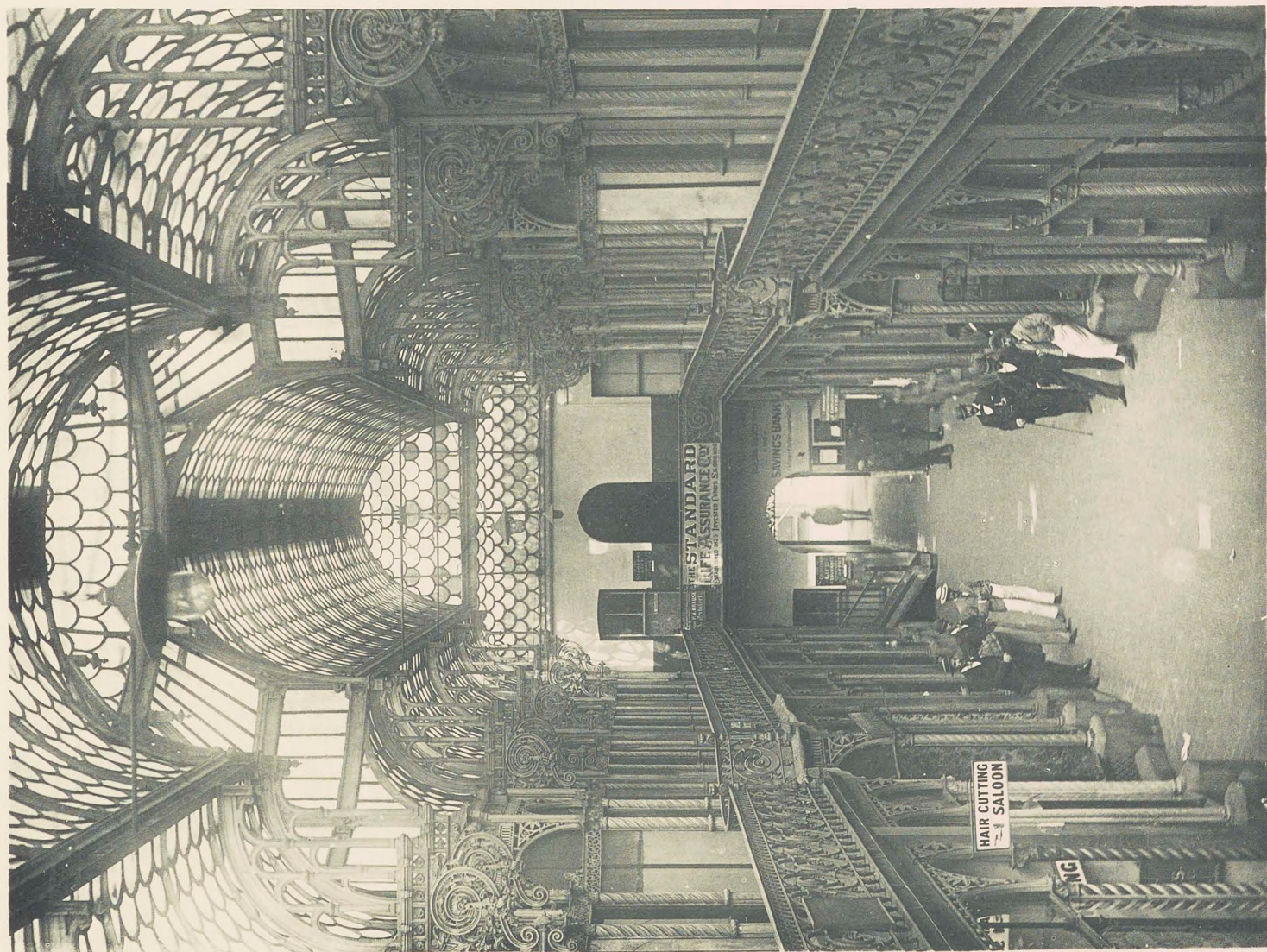


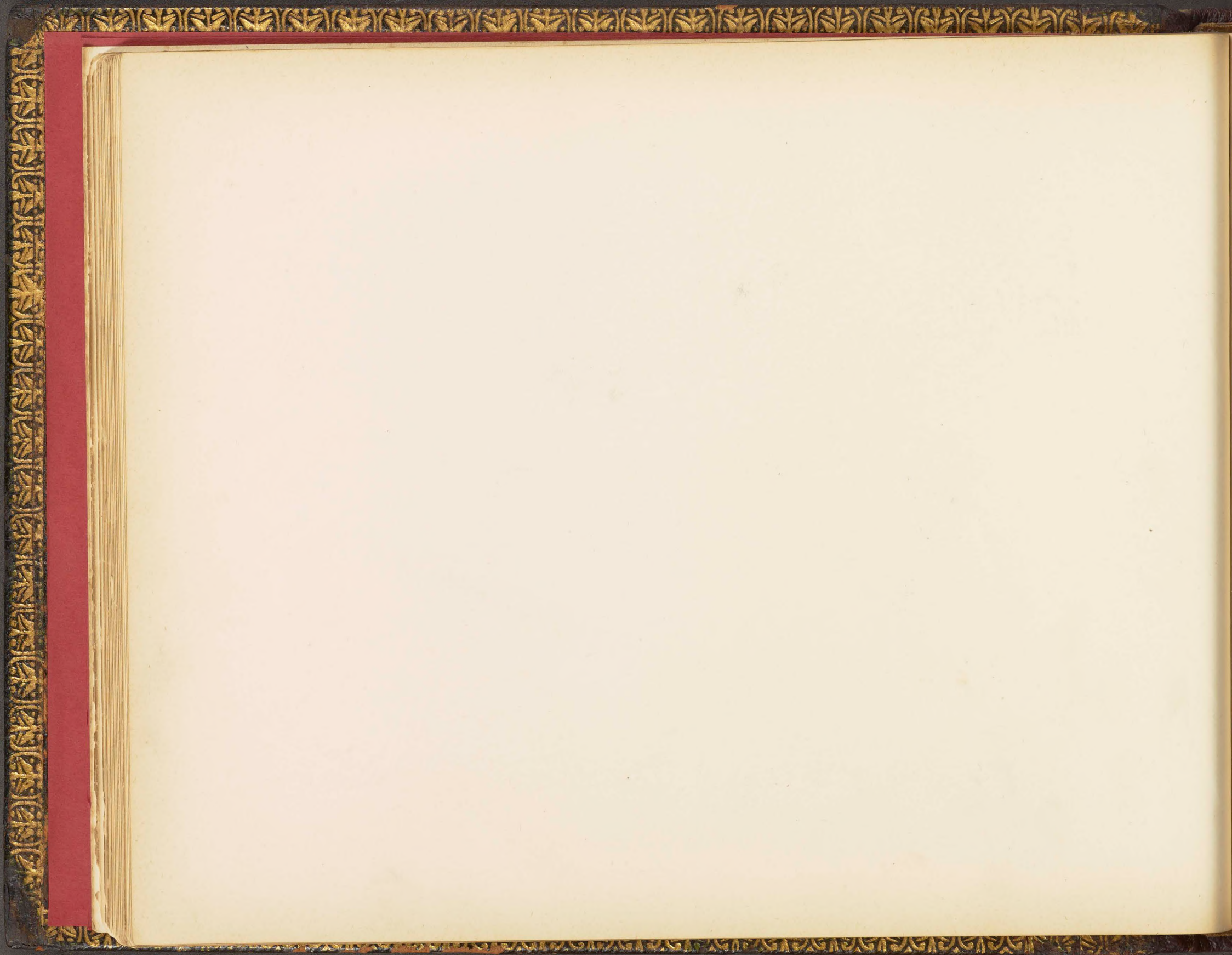
The Arcade, Johannesburg.

THIS handsome Arcade, leading from the Market Square into Commissioner Street, forms a feature of the town which is particularly striking to strangers. The design of it is so unique, graceful, and pretty, that, except for length, it challenges comparison with almost any of the arcades to be found in Europe. On the ground floor there are good shops on both sides, which always find ready tenants, and above those are rooms and offices. The moulded iron supports for the glass roof, painted in pale green, are very handsome, and give a nice airy appearance.

When the design of an arcade was first mooted, it was feared that in a hot climate it might be hot and stuffy, but the reverse has proved to be the case; and in bad weather everyone tries to avail themselves of its shelter in passing to or from business.







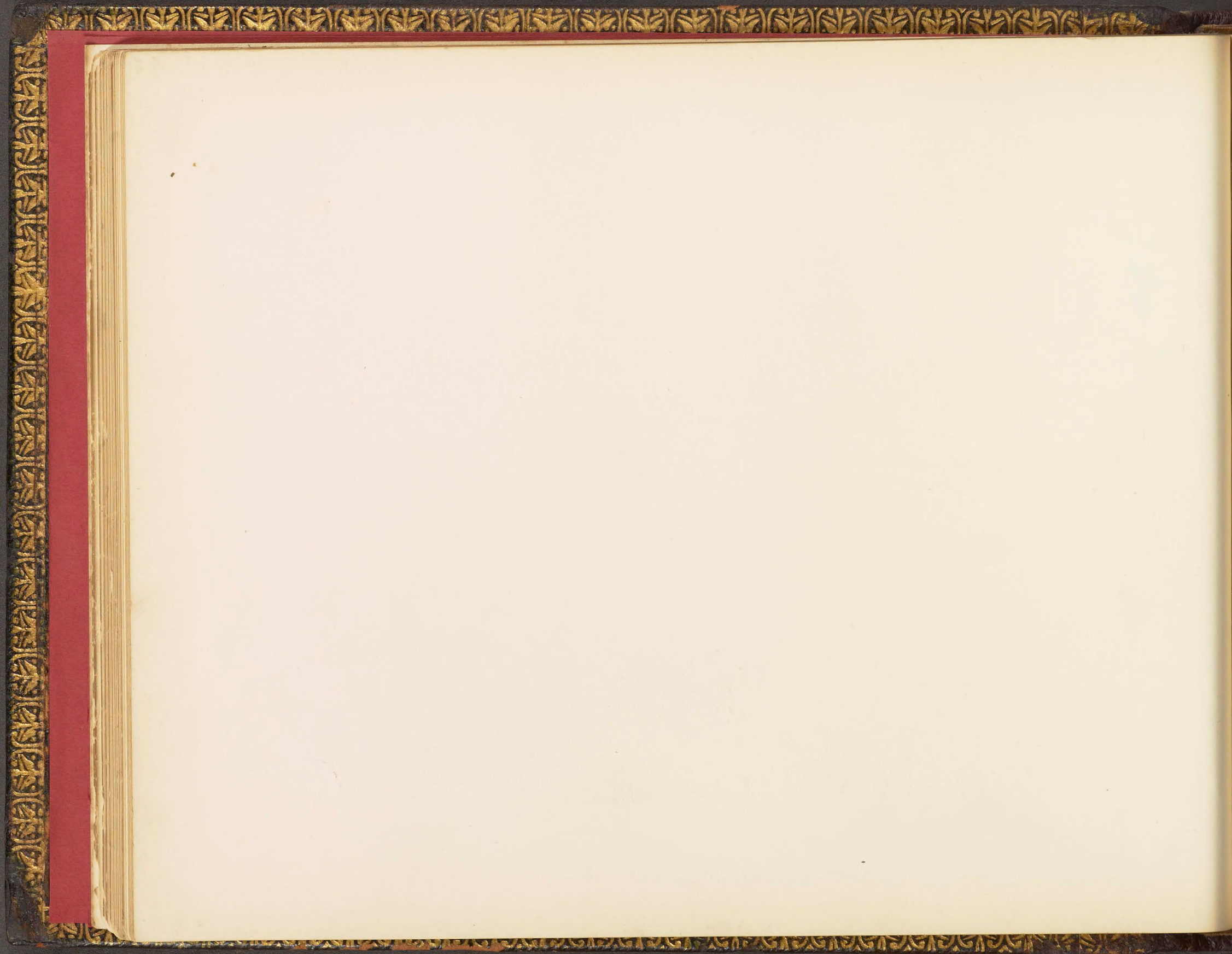


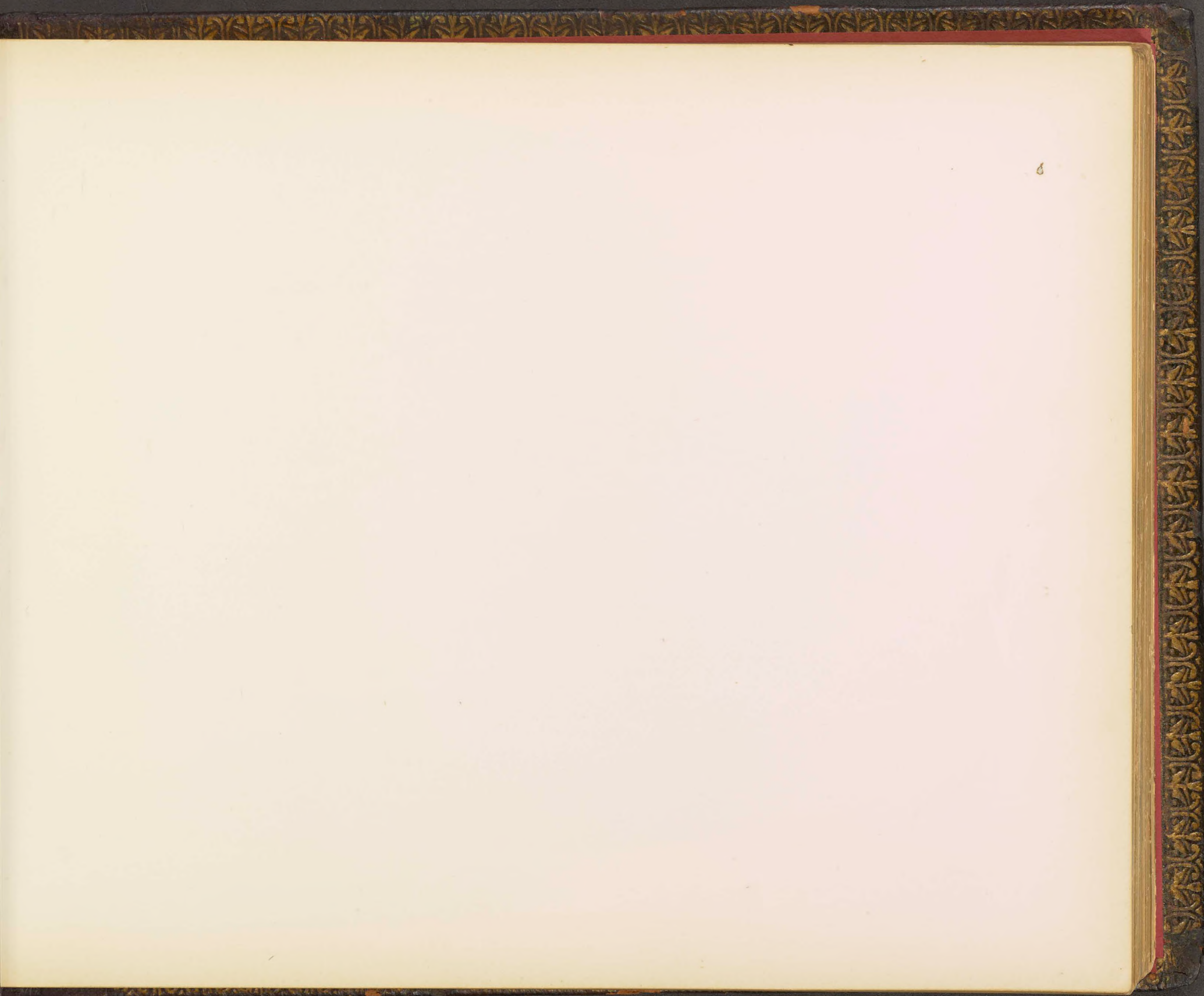
South African Mutual Buildings, Johannesburg.

THIS magnificent building, situated at the corner of Commissioner Street and Harrison Street, takes rank as one of *the* finest, if not the finest, in Johannesburg. It was finally completed about the middle of 1895, having been over a year in building. It cost nearly £40,000, and adds another to the splendid buildings of the South African Mutual Life Assurance Society, belonging to them at Cape Town, Bloemfontein, &c.; and is a worthy credit to the oldest South African Life Office.

On the ground floor, to the left of the main entrance, are the offices of the Society, the remainder being let as shops; while the floor above is fitted up with magnificent offices, and has also a splendid Board Room. A special feature of the offices is that each suite is fitted with its own safe, let into the wall in such a way as to effectually put an end to the attentions of the professional safe lifter. The whole of the lower portion is faced with cut stone, and below the level of the street there are large and marvellously well lighted rooms, which serve as workshops and warehouses for the shops above. The clock in the tower is by Gillett's, of Croydon. Electric light, gas, and water, are laid on all over the buildings; the bathrooms and lavatories for the bedrooms on the top floor are all of the latest type, everything having been specially imported. It is therefore little wonder that there are always ready tenants at good rentals, and it is easy to understand that the South African Mutual Life Assurance Society, by investing their funds in so profitable a way as this, are enabled to give such advantages to those who deal with them. Altogether, the whole place is considered to reflect the greatest credit to its owners, and the architect, Mr. W. H. Stucké, whose design for it was the successful one in an open competition.







Pritchard Street, Johannesburg.



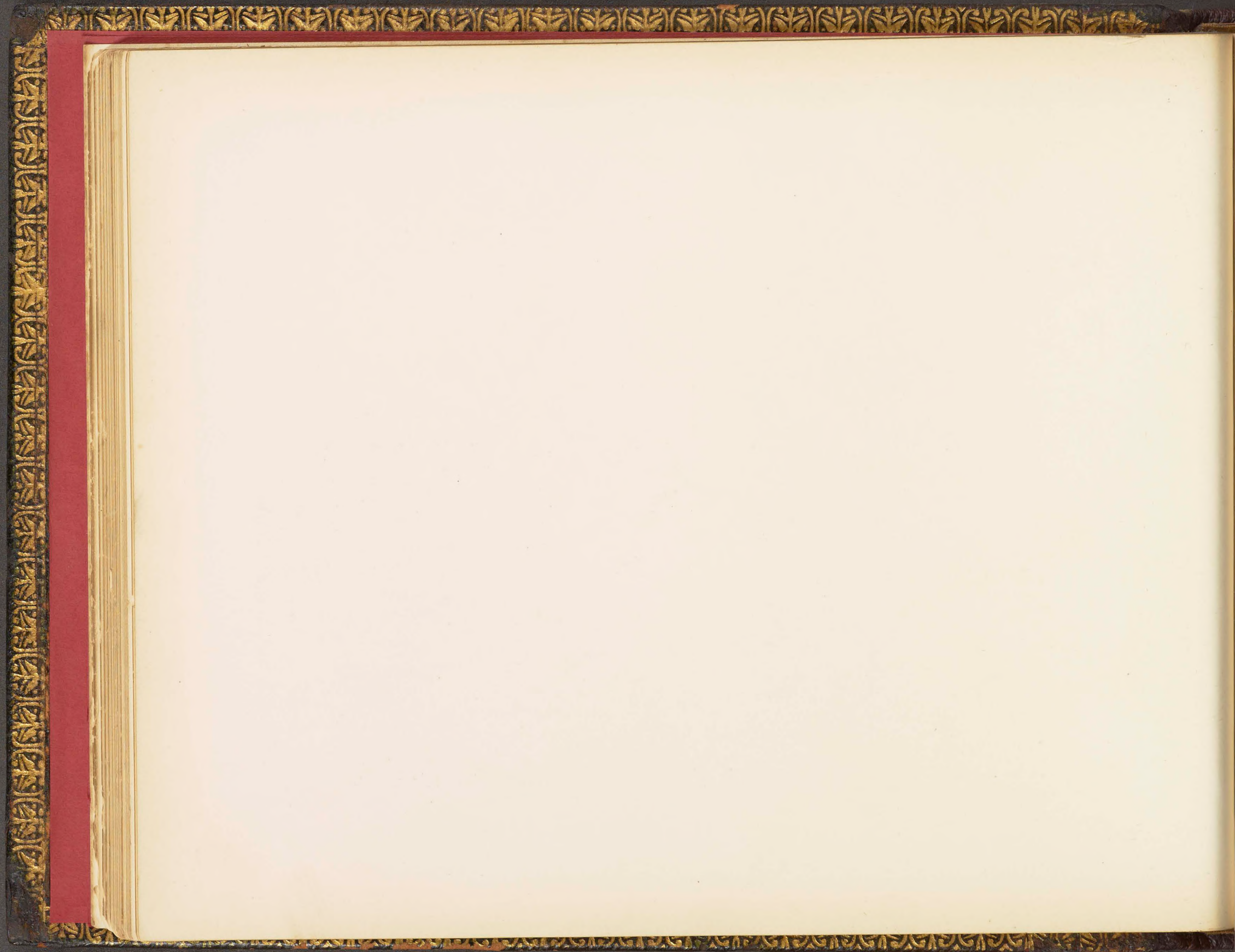
WHILE Commissioner Street is the men's street, where mining and broking business is carried on, Pritchard Street is, *par excellence*, the ladies' street; and is by no means inaptly spoken of as "the Regent Street of South Africa." And, indeed, the comparison is not altogether inapt, even if the age of the place is left out of consideration. Fine shop follows fine shop, and the display of choice goods behind their large plate-glass windows is something wonderful. Perhaps the place looks at its best on Saturday evenings, when it is ablaze from end to end with electric light, and all Johannesburg seems to have turned out to shop and exchange greetings.

The fine building on the left is Mount's Bay House, the grand drapery and clothing establishment of Messrs. Chudleigh Bros., with a magnificent array of plate-glass windows running round into the other street. It was erected by the firm in 1892, and is both architecturally and financially a success, as there are numerous comfortable rooms in the two storeys above the shop, from which they draw good rentals. The block further on is owned by Messrs. Duffus Bros., photographers, whose artistically decorated picture galleries are always free to the public; and beyond, the shops of Messrs. Paddon and Brock, Store Bros. Muirhead and Gowie—all names well-known throughout South Africa, are worthy of notice. The building next, with the sky sign name, is that of Messrs. Thorne, Stuttaford and Co., and is claimed to be the largest retail establishment in the Transvaal. They employ over a hundred assistants, and besides drapery, clothing, fancy, and shoe departments, are complete house furnishers.

Altogether, in no place will a visitor be more struck by the progress of Johannesburg, than in Pritchard Street.









The Wanderer's Club and Grounds.

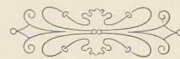


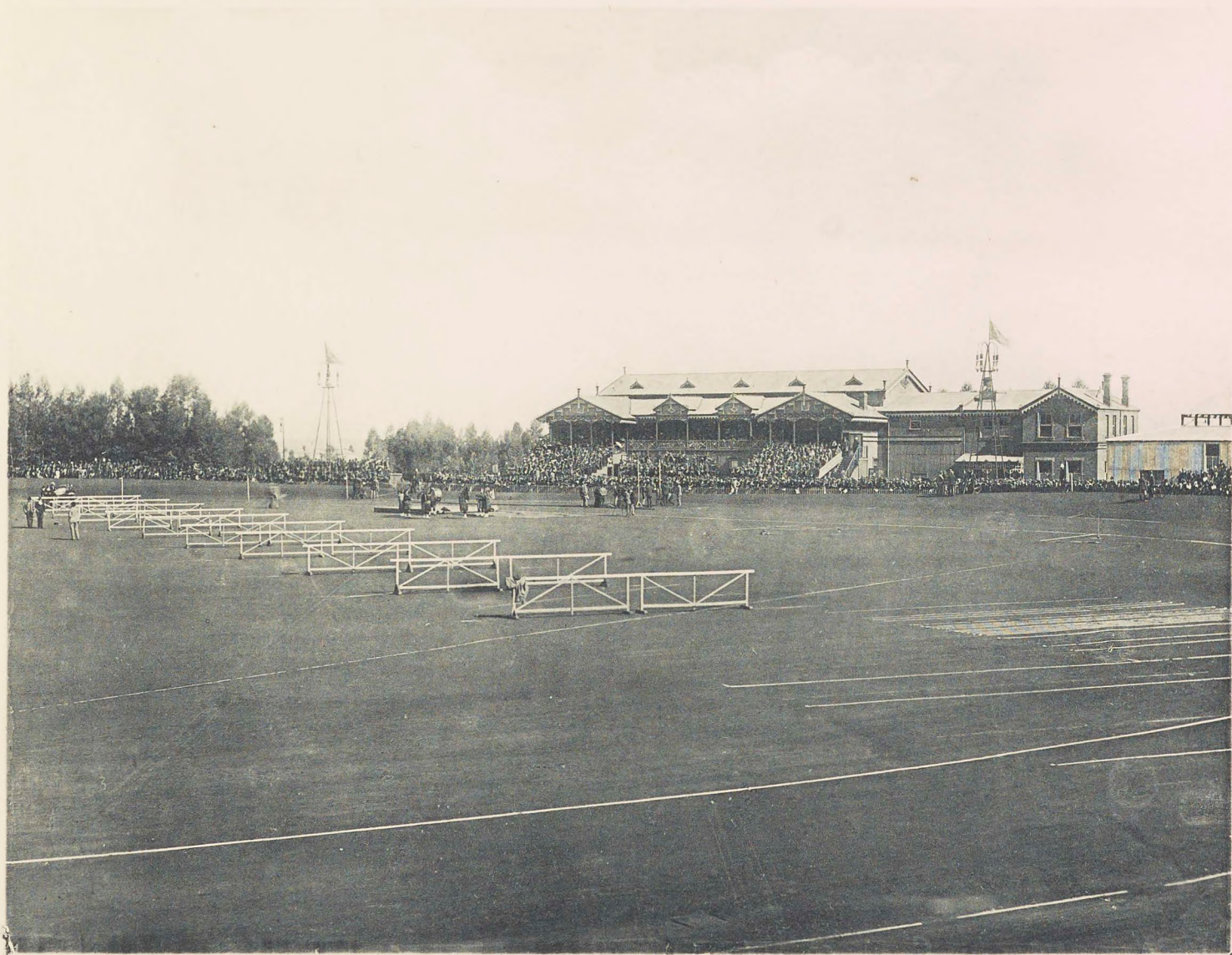
THE Wanderer's Club is an institution in which every one in Johannesburg takes an especial pride and interest. It is the centre of all sport, amusement, and pastime.

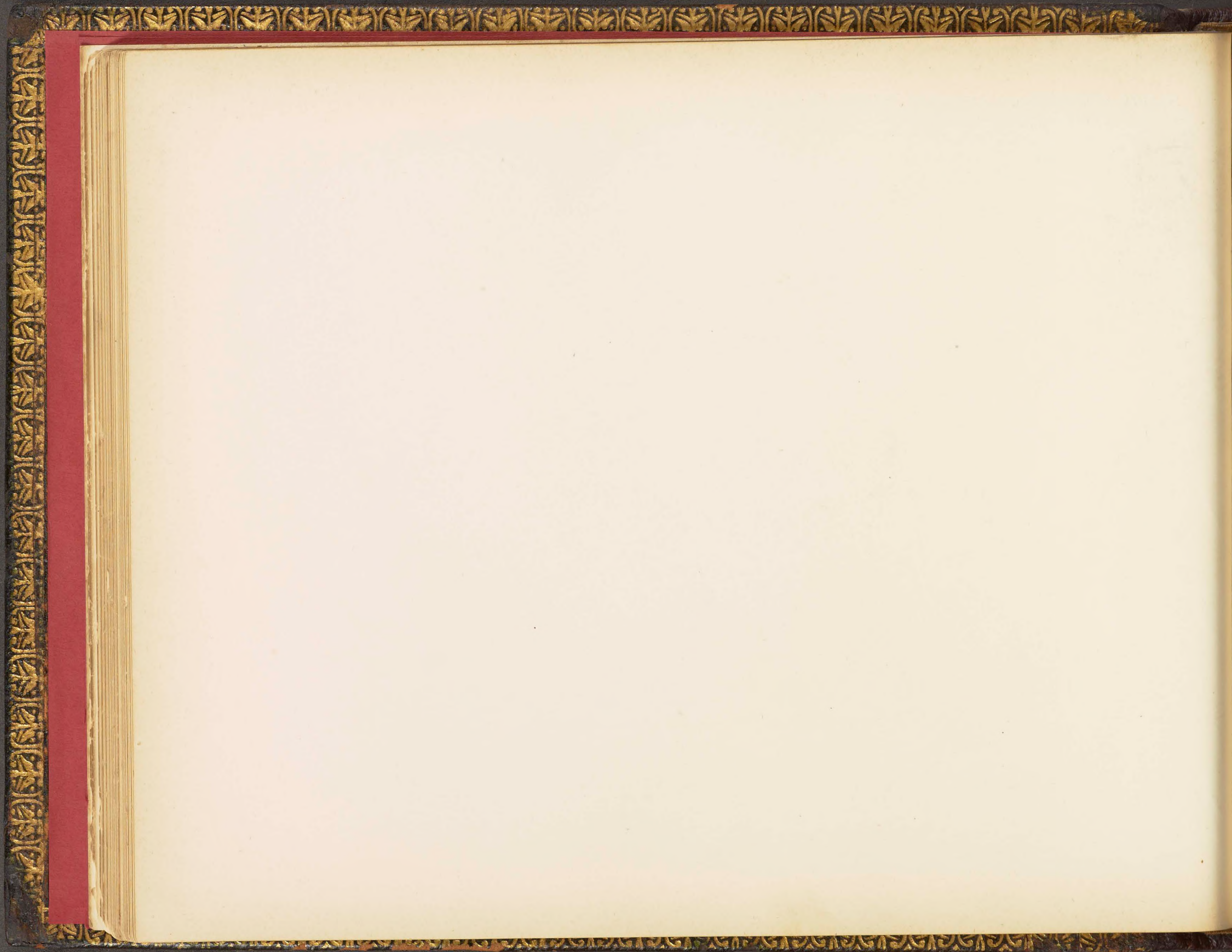
Here, on public holidays, Johannesburg in all its brightest and best, turns out in its thousands to witness the efforts of its sons, brothers, and friends, in the great athletic sports held in the club's grounds; here, on Sunday nights, under the blaze of its electric lights, large and fashionably dressed crowds promenade, to listen to one or other of their two bands (brass and string), rendering the best instrumental music to be heard in South Africa; every girl lovingly remembers its last dance, and looks longingly forward to the next on that perfect floor. In a word, the Club is unique in its character, and it may be safely described as the most remarkable sporting association in the world. For where else shall we find a club which takes up all forms of athletics, and does them all well too? Clubs in other places take up one or two branches of sport; but here is one which includes them all—cricket, football (both Rugby and Association), lawn-tennis, bicycle racing, gymnastics, etc.—all of which have their different sections; and besides these, all kinds of athletic sports, such as boxing, running, and walking matches, etc., are promoted.

At least once a week during the season there is a ball or Cinderella dance in the magnificent hall of the Pavilion, and at other times excellent performances are given by the orchestral and dramatic sections of the Club, on the handsome stage in the hall. There is a Social section with billiard and reading rooms attached, and during the summer, when fine, outdoor dramatic performances are given on a temporary stage; when audiences of from 3,000 to 5,000 people are not uncommon. The latest addition is a new skating rink, capable of accommodating some 3,000 people.

Altogether, since its formation at the end of 1888, no less a sum than £20,000 has been spent on the buildings, electric lighting engines, and grounds, of this splendid Club, to which Johannesburg owes so much of its reputation as one of the pleasantest places for residence in South Africa.







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Handwritten text in a cursive script, continuing from the previous block. The text is written in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper. It appears to be a continuous paragraph, though some words are difficult to decipher due to the cursive style and fading.

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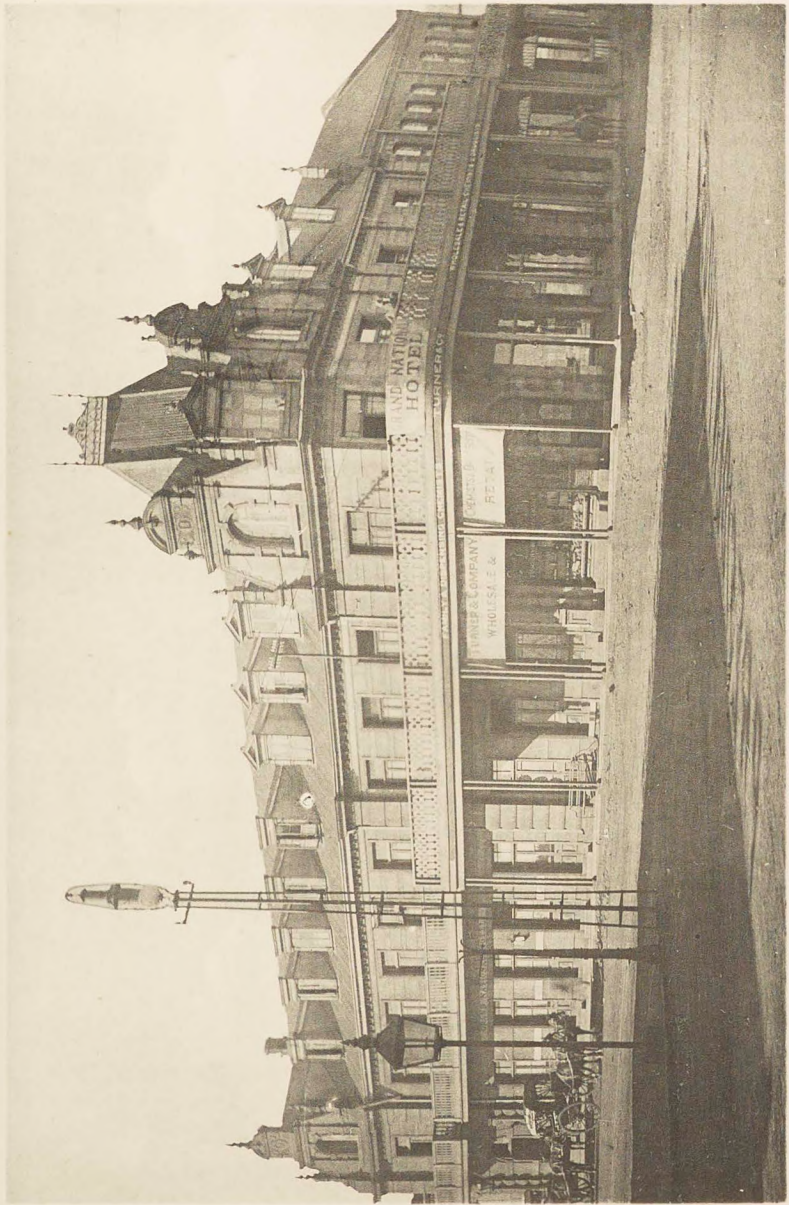
Grand National Hotel, Johannesburg.

THOUGH the oldest of the leading hotels of Johannesburg, the Grand National still maintains a position in the front rank. It was completed about the middle of 1889, and in consequence of the ever-increasing demand for more accommodation, enlarged about three years ago, so that it has now over 100 beds. The dining room, which is on the left of the entrance hall, is very large, so that it is sometimes used for concerts, dances, &c. On the opposite side to it, is a handsome bar, and beyond, the billiard room, fitted with two fine tables. The reading and drawing rooms, suites for families, &c., are overhead, and open out on to the wide verandah. Electric light is throughout, and everything has been designed to make the hotel as comfortable as possible, and as it is situated on the highest point in Johannesburg, at the corner of Pritchard and Rissik Streets, it enjoys a situation unrivalled for health and convenience.

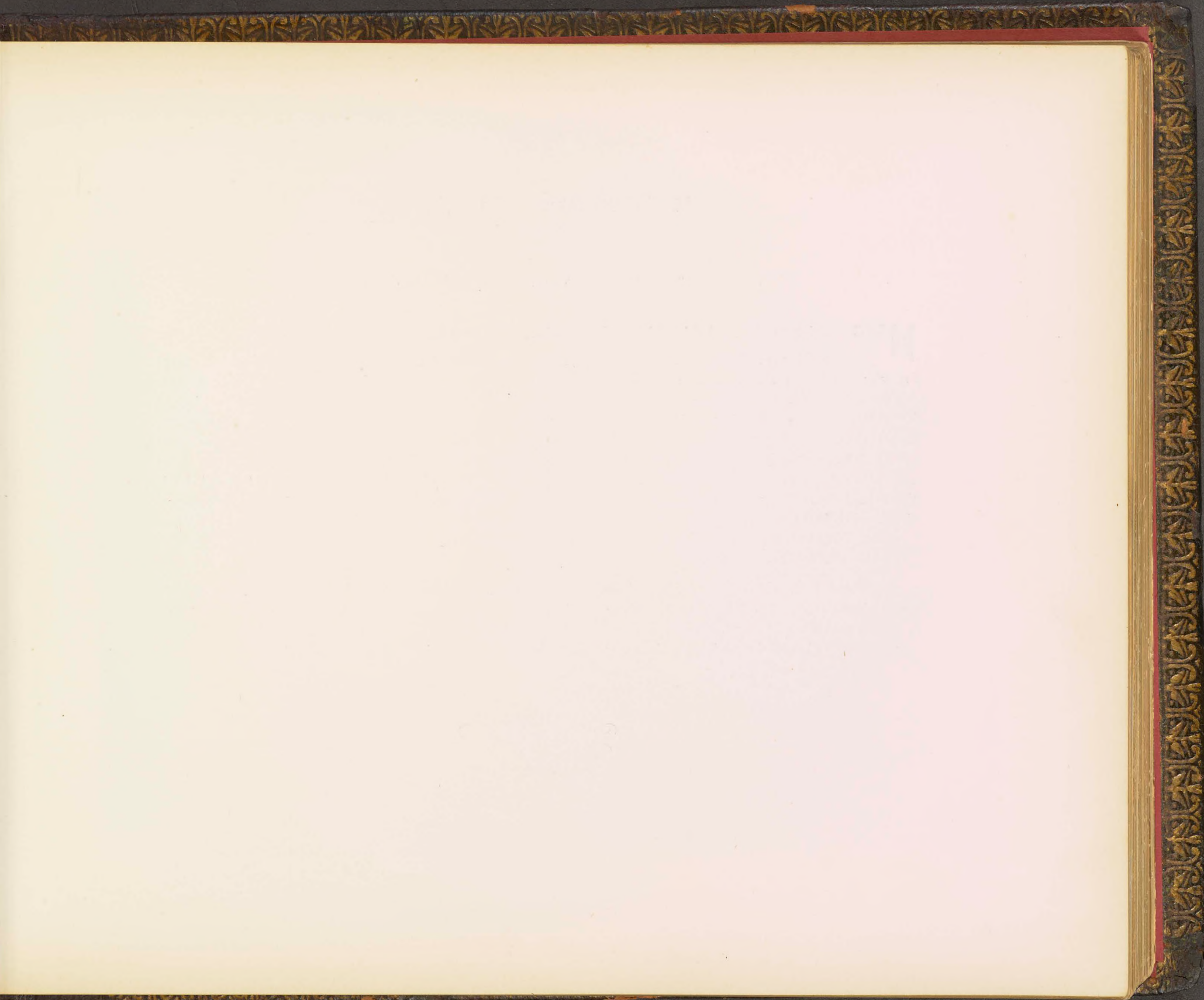
Rissik Street, Johannesburg.

THE view is taken from the balcony of the Grand National Hotel, looking down Rissik Street, across the top end of the Market Square, and brings in a picturesque line of well-built shops adjoining the Palace Buildings. Rissik Street is one of the main arteries of the town from the north side; and, as the Doornfontein and Hospital Hill trams run up it, gets plenty of traffic. It shares with Commissioner Street, Pritchard Street, and Eloff Street, the honour of being slightly wider than any of the other streets, which are, otherwise all of a uniform width. It takes its name from Mr. Johannes Rissik, the present Surveyor General of the Transvaal, to whom was originally entrusted the surveying and laying out of the town.

Johannesburg, it may be mentioned, is remarkably well planned. Instead of people being allowed to put down houses just where they liked, as has generally been the case in other mushroom cities, such as Kimberley, the whole town was properly marked out in the first instance into building stands with good wide parallel streets, and others crossing them at right angles; plenty of space being left for squares, so as to avoid the errors of overcrowding, so terribly marked in other countries.







A Johannesburg Dust Storm.

"In nothing extenuate, nor keep back aught in malice."

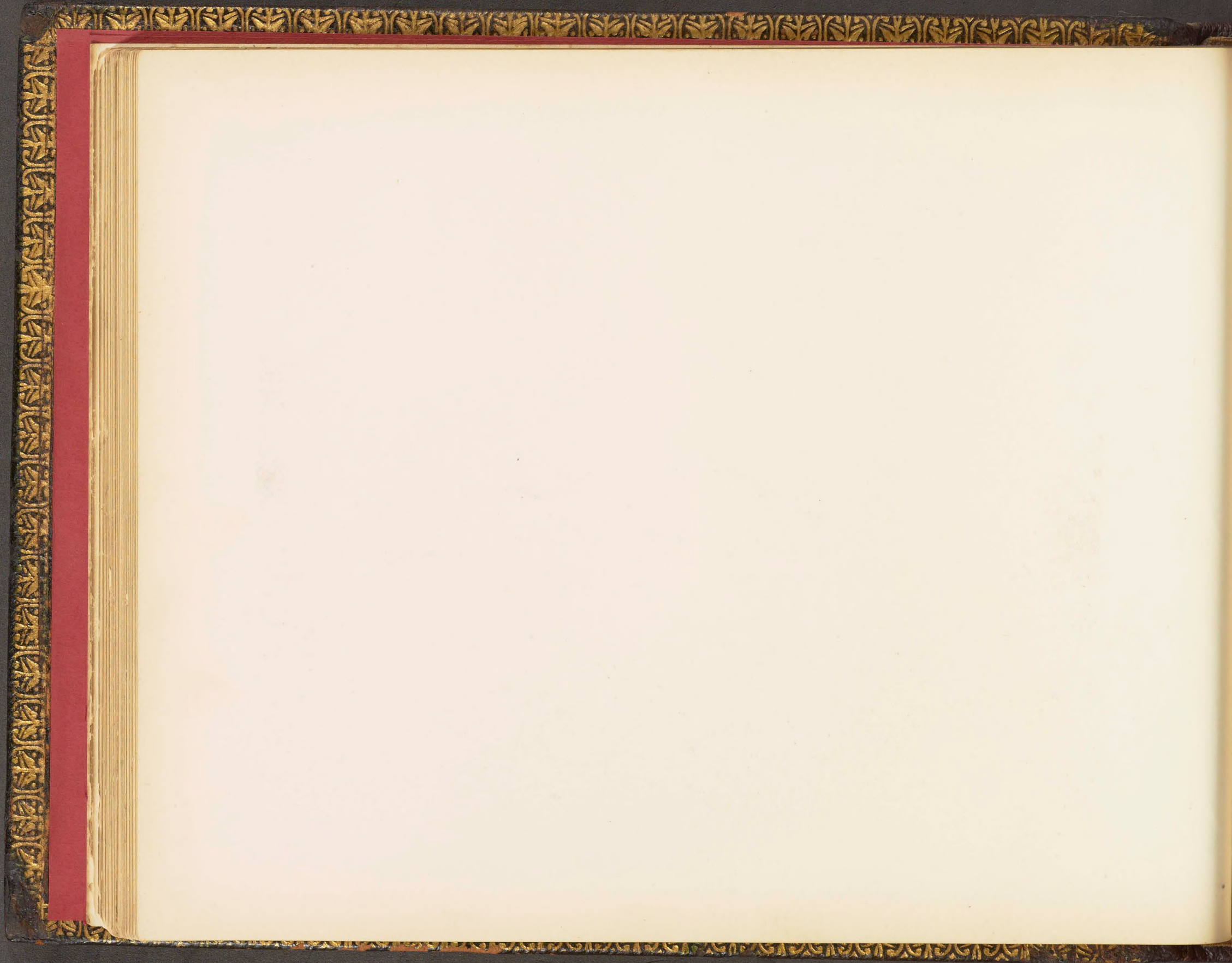
HERE is a picture of a good old-fashioned Johannesburg Dust Storm.

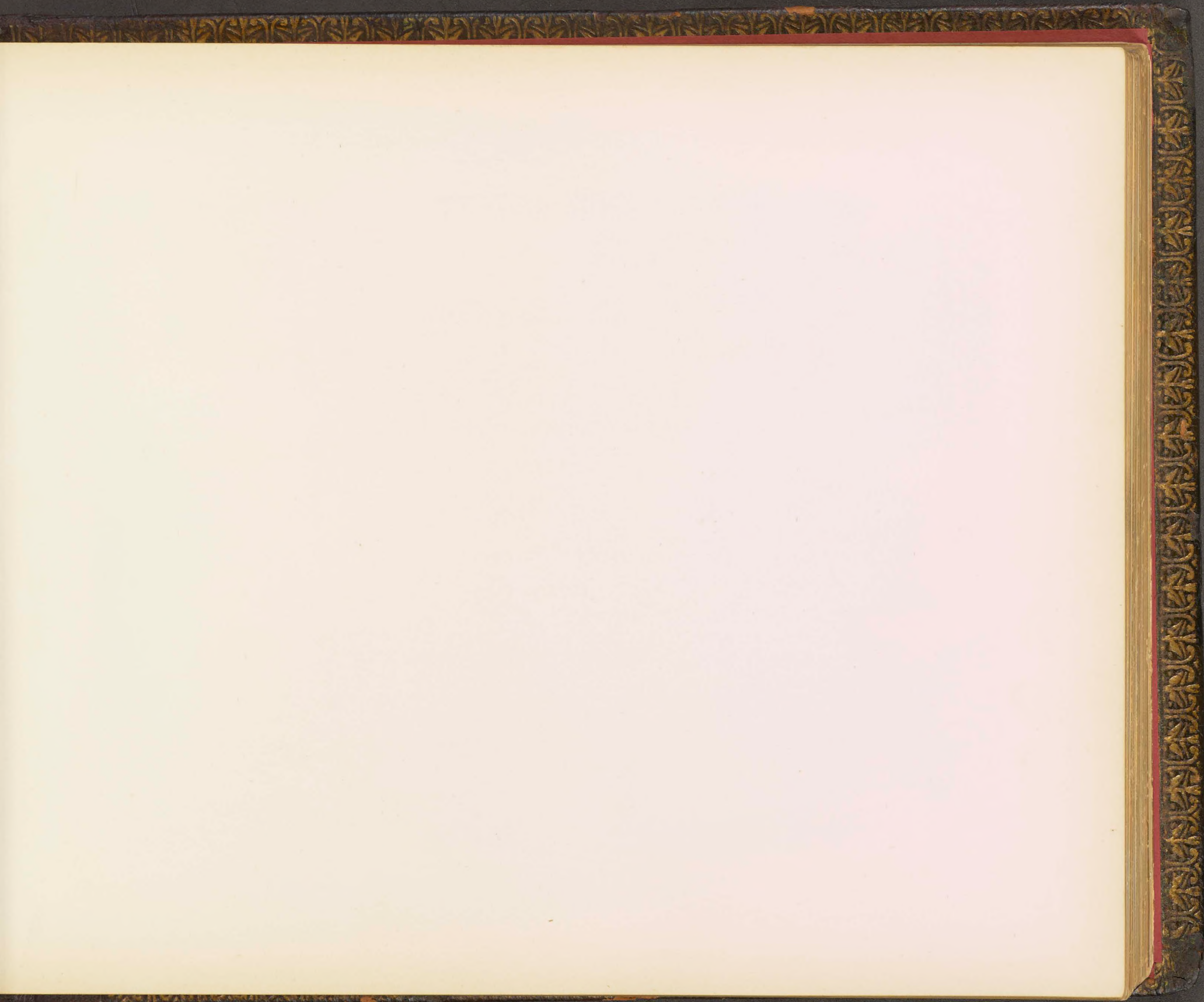
Providence is just, and had to send us something to serve as a drawback to our magnificent weather ; for why should we expect to have the best climate in the world ? Why should we expect to live in a place where it is generally only hot enough to be pleasant in summer, and cold enough to be bracing in winter ? Therefore, as other lands get their fogs, slushy snow, eternal rains, or tempests ; to prevent us from getting ungrateful, and taking things as a matter of course, a right down good old dust storm is sent us every now and then ; and some of them are dust storms too ! Sometimes for a few minutes the opposite side of the street has been known to be entirely blotted from sight by a blinding wall of red sand sweeping along. Who is there in Johannesburg who has not gone struggling down the street with eyes shut, and just every now and then half opening one to avoid running into other people ? And then on reaching home how he has realised the prevailing brown of everything, by finding *white* marks the shape of the fork or glass he has just lifted from the usually snowy tablecloth !

Thank heaven, this dust nuisance is, in a great measure, getting to be a thing of the past. In the old days, when water-carts were still unknown in our midst, when the streets were but wagon tracks, and the trees had not grown up to stay the wind, "the dust fiend" was indeed a terror ; but though like "the poor," it will probably be "with us always," yet as time goes on, it will doubtless continue to grow less and less.









A Johannesburg Picnic Place: Kruger's Waterfall.

*"Strong and free, strong and free,
The flood gates are open, away to the sea;
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar."—C. KINGSLEY.*

*"So it fell out that we went on alone,
Round by the wood and the wishing stone,
And there I whispered the wish of my life."*

FROM dust storms and the bustle of a busy town, it is pleasant to come to scenes like this, and but few omit to give so charming and grand a waterfall a visit before leaving the neighbourhood. The place has additional interest too, in the fact that it is the source of one of the largest rivers in South Africa, the Limpopo, or Crocodile River, which forms the northern boundary of the Transvaal.

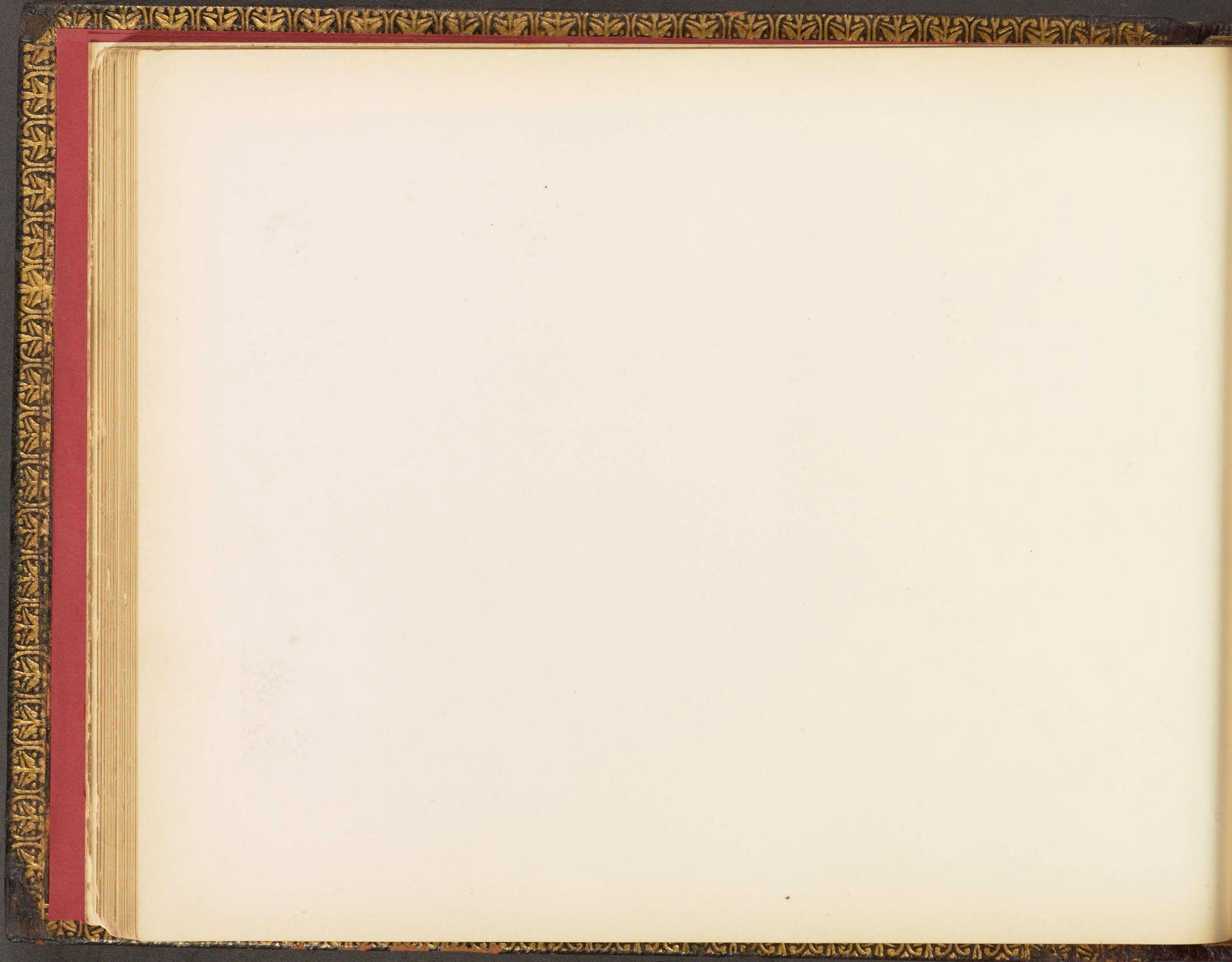
How delightful it is to sit among the trees by the deep pool at the foot of the fall and watch the water come thundering down—a height of 220 feet—from the rocks above; which here form a great horse-shoe of high towering walls, covered nearly to the summit with trees and foliage! The fall is in a series of three grand cascades, the middle one being especially fine. There is a path which leads right under it, from which the grandeur and beauty of the ever-falling water can be enjoyed to heart's content; but anyone trying it should possess good nerves, and not mind getting a little wet, for the path is narrow and steep, and slippery with the spray.

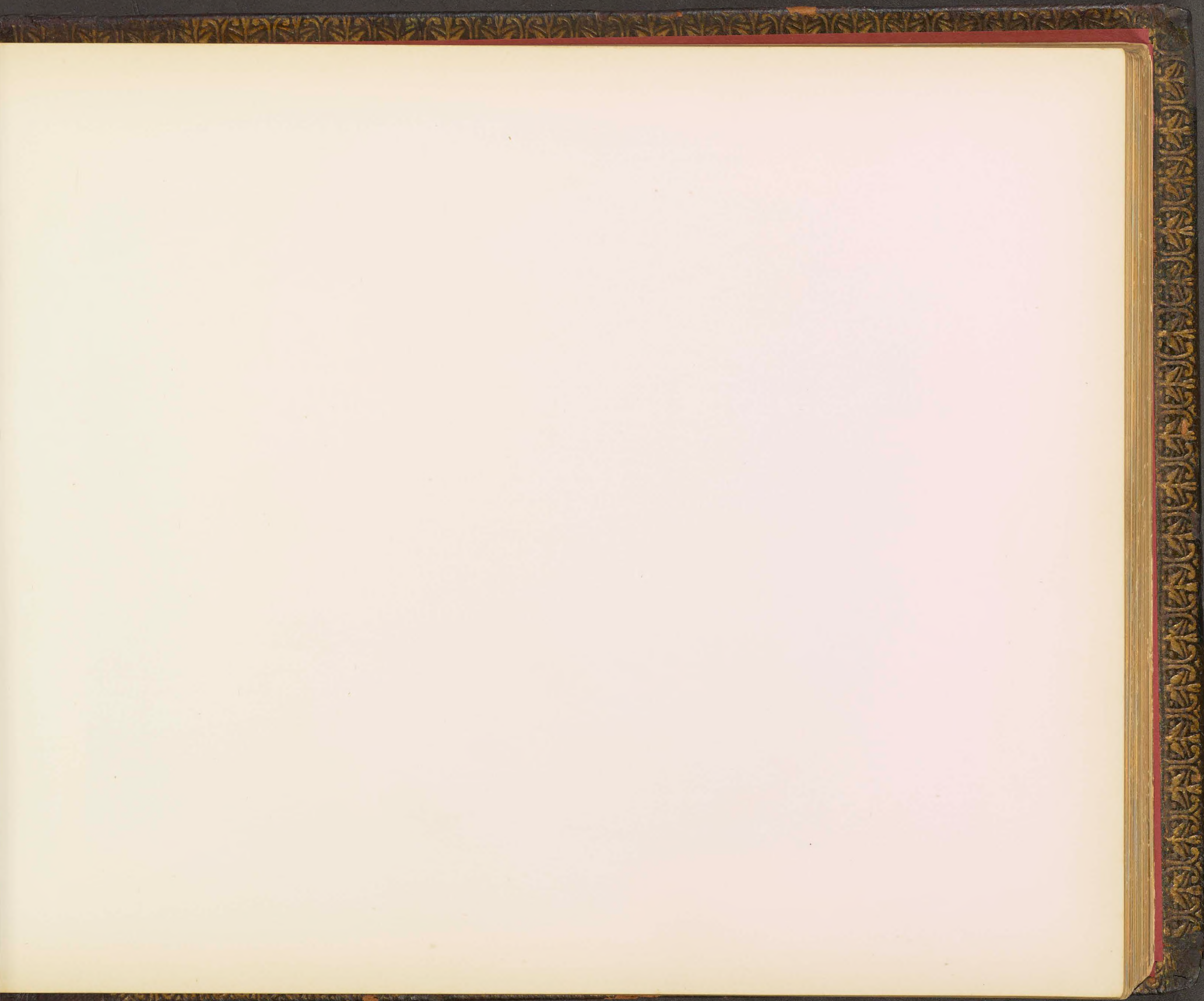
The Waterfall is the Johannesburgers' favourite place for a picnic. And nothing can be nicer than to drive off, a merry party of young men and lasses, on a sunny morn, to such a beautiful place.

What whispered loves these grand old encircling rocks could tell? In fact it is quite a joke the number of engagements that have been here made. At Christmas, or Easter, and other holidays, the number of people who come is very considerable, some bringing tents to spend three or four days and nights there; which in such a sheltered place, and in such a climate, is very enjoyable, unless the weather plays false, and rain—that enemy of picnics—intervenes.









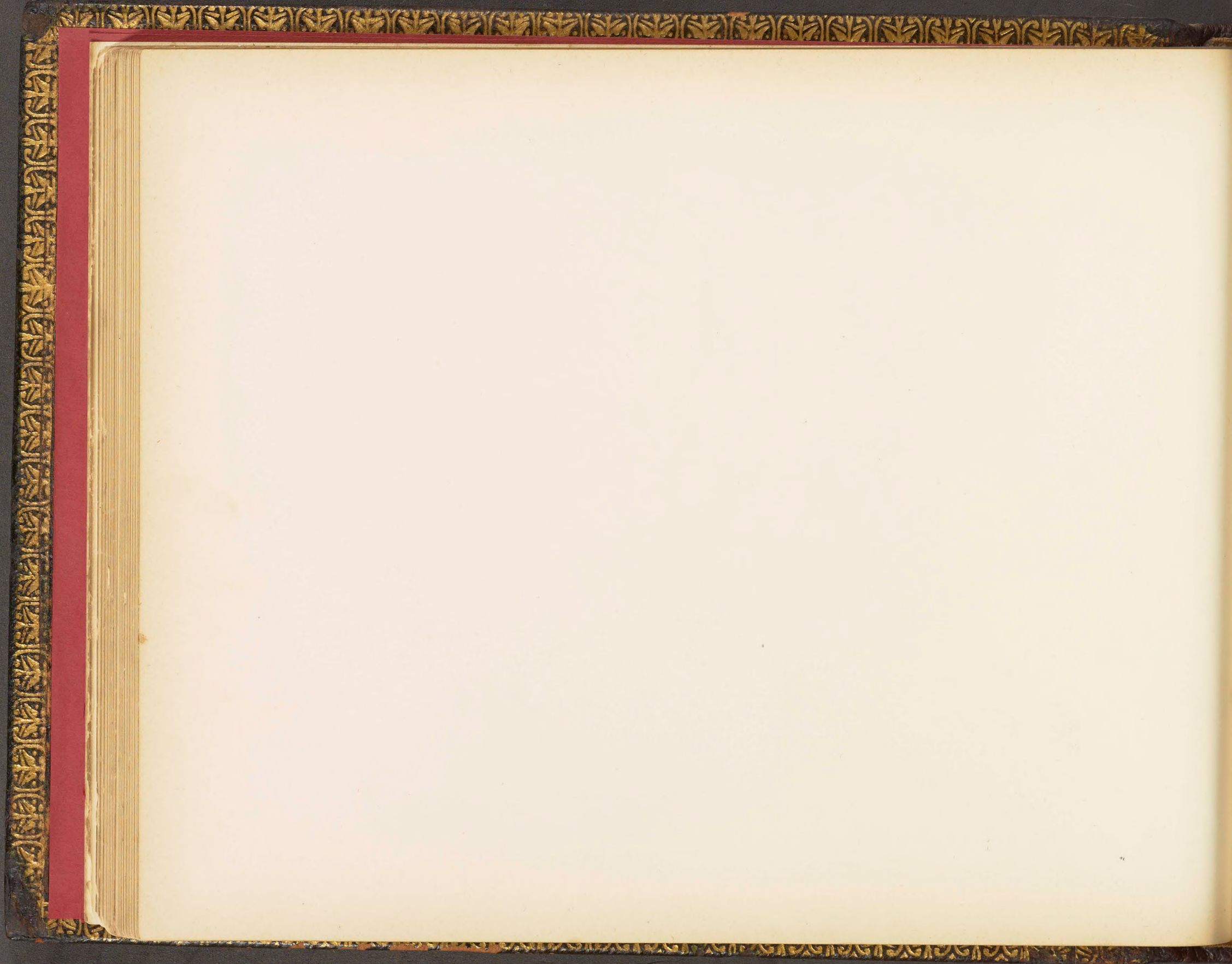
An Ox-Wagon.

PERHAPS there is nothing which more arrests the attention of a stranger from England, where the use of oxen for draught purposes is unknown, than the South African ox-wagon, with its long "span" of oxen (generally 16 or 18) led by a native "voorlooper," and driven by a Boer armed with a great whip.

It is interesting to notice the simplicity in the method of attaching the oxen compared to that of central Europe, where a more elaborate system of yoking by the head is employed. Here, the yoke is merely a rounded pole lying on the animal's shoulders, with pieces of wood, called "yokeskeys," going through it on each side of their necks, connected by a cord underneath; the pole being fastened to a centre chain, completes the simple harness.

The wagons are made of immense strength to stand the awful bits of road they have occasionally to go through, and for the same reason such a large number of oxen are employed to draw them. The one shown is merely a local wagon bringing firewood; generally there is a tent over the end in which the owner lives and travels about with his wife and little ones. The Boer in his wagon is a king in his castle; he is free to go where he listeth, and he has the advantage of taking his castle with him.







Panorama of Doornfontein from the Hill.

*"Where do they go when the day is done?
When the light with the gloom of the night is banded;
And the twinkling stars,
Through their lattice bars,
Each in his place show one by one."*—HEULIN.

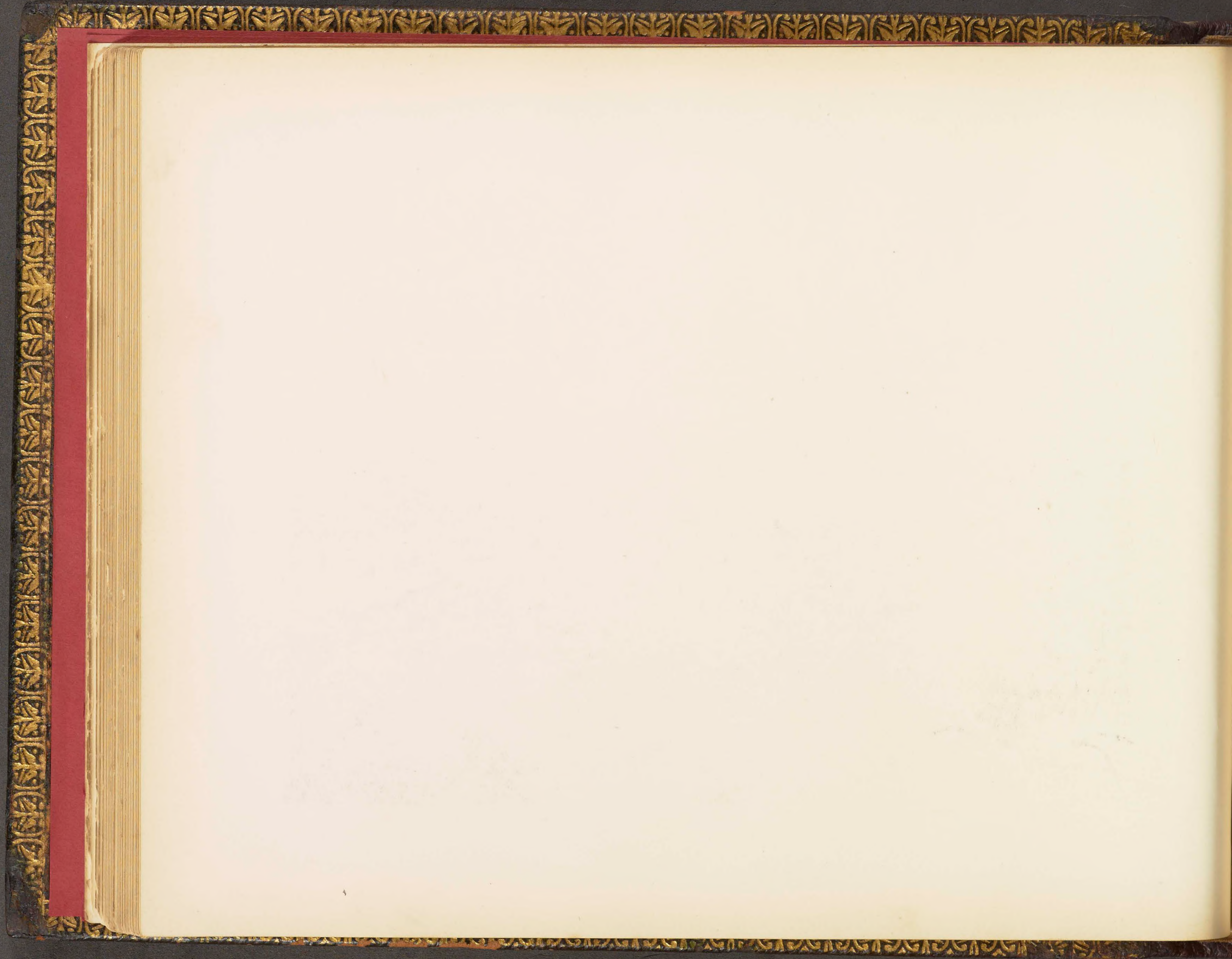
DOORNFONTEIN is the oldest residential suburb of Johannesburg, as being sheltered by the hills on the windward side, it was the district to which the eyes of the first comers turned as being the most desirable quarter in which to establish their homes. Here, in a space of only about eight years, bountiful nature has covered up in a vesture of green, all the original traces of nakedness and newness which were at first so apparent; so much so, indeed, that some of the houses are now almost lost to sight in the overhanging trees which have sprung up to such a height as to convert its streets into shady walks.

It may be mentioned that in no place in South Africa do trees grow so well as in Johannesburg, and this is the more remarkable, as, except for those that have been planted, there is scarcely a trace of a tree to break the monotony of the endless surrounding veld. Once planted, however, the seedling of to-day, in five years, will often be a gum tree sixty feet high.

The style of the houses in the foreground will help to convey some idea of the home life of Johannesburg. Being mostly of one storey, in accordance with the almost universal rule in South Africa, they appear peculiar to eyes accustomed to the lofty "sky-scrapers" of Europe; but ladies in hot climates are generally only too thankful to be saved the fatigue of stairs. Though of only one storey, many of these houses are by no means small, making up in ground floor area, what is lacking in height; while in furniture and general interior comfort, some are most luxuriant.

As a specimen of some of the nice houses that grace Doornfontein, we give in the corner a photograph of Colonel Rhodes' house, which, with its beautiful surrounding trees and grounds, is as nice a home as anyone could wish to see.







The Last Coach, with the English Mail, and the Old Post Office.

PEOPLE in England who talk so glibly of the "good old coaching days," to which a distance of some fifty or sixty years has lent a halo of enchantment, ought to have come out and tried a journey before the opening of the railway from Johannesburg to Kimberley.

The coaches had a happy though peculiar knack of starting at unearthly hours, generally at about 4 a.m. You had to resurrect yourself out of bed, and grope your way in the darkness down to the starting place and wait, perhaps in the freezing breeze of a winter's morning, for the coach to come. Round it came at last, bugle blowing, with ten or twelve fresh horses swinging it at a hand gallop. Twelve people were squeezed inside, and what a squeeze it was. Your legs were dovetailed into those of the man opposite; you were packed so tightly that you could not stir an elbow, and thus—a solid mass of humanity—you were pitched and tumbled about over awful roads for three days and two nights, till at last you were landed at Kimberley; where, if you were going on to the Cape, you would hail the prospects of a day and a half's railway travelling to reach the coast as a positive rest after what you had been through.

Outside a coach there is generally room for six passengers, besides the mail bags and luggage, which are fastened on the top, and at the back; there are often as many as three drivers, one to hold the reins, one to wield the big whip—like an enormous fishing rod with a line of leather thong—and a third, usually a Hottentot, to jump down every now and then, where the roads are bad, to supplement the attentions of the long whip by thrashing the animals along with a *sjambok*, as the short whip, formed handle and lash of a single piece of rhinoceros hide, is called. In the old days meals were very "moveable feasts." Sometimes, after starting at five in the morning, it would be noon, or even 1 p.m., before one got breakfast. Twenty minutes was allowed, and then the call of "all aboard gentlemen" roused you, though still hungry, to go on again.

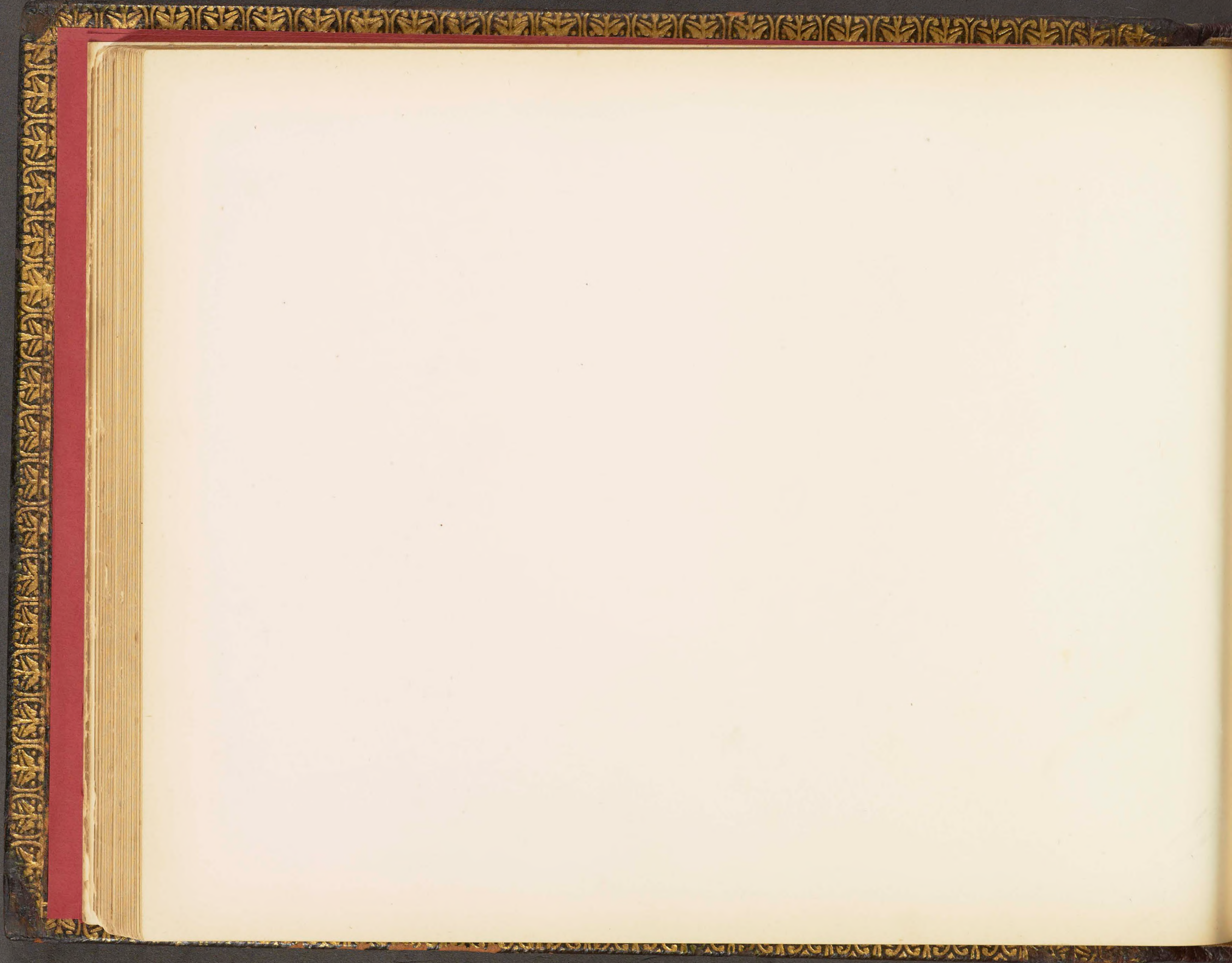
The picture given shows the last coach which left Johannesburg with the English mail, and brings in the end of the old Post Office. Coaches still run to Johannesburg on the Natal line, but as the Natal railway will soon be here, the "old coaching days" in this district will then be only a memory, much nicer to recall than agian experience.

Historic Views: The First Train to Reach Johannesburg.

NO wonder, when at last, the long-looked for railway, the *summum bonum*, as it seemed then, of everything to be wished for, at length reached the Rand, that the town turned out in considerable force to welcome the first train from the outside world, when it steamed in, at noon, on the 15th September, 1892. Hitherto, everything on which the town depended, its very food to eat, clothes to wear, iron and wood to build its houses, and machinery to work the mines,—everything had to be brought into the place by the terribly toilsome ox-wagon, which at the best of times would take three weeks in bringing its load from the Cape Colony or Natal, and might be delayed an indefinite time longer by swollen rivers in summer, or, worse still, drought in winter, which by converting the veld into a desert, sometimes rendered it impossible to feed the oxen, and so prevented their travelling. Of this, there had been a terrible example in 1889, when Johannesburg found itself, for a time, cut off from its supplies from the outer world, and a famine setting in in the actual necessities of life.

The word "Railway" seemed to mean "civilisation." Instead of an isolated community, Johannesburg was able to feel it was a part of the outer world which had suddenly been brought within measurable reach. Wonderful place that Johannesburg was before the railway, it would be as nothing to what we see it to day if the locomotive had never appeared in our midst. The expense of living and excessive cost of everything would have militated against its chances in competition with the outside world. Many mines which were unable to be worked except at a loss, were, through it and through the introduction of clever men which came when there was a proper means of reaching the Rand, converted into magnificent dividend paying enterprises, which have raised the name of Johannesburg into note throughout the world.







First Standard Bank, Johannesburg.



AFTER the foregoing pictures, showing some of the streets and buildings of the Johannesburg of to-day, a very vivid impression of what the early days were like is conveyed by this picture, showing, in place of the splendid building in which the Standard Bank now transacts its business, only a little thatched-roof mud hut, where the first bank was opened.

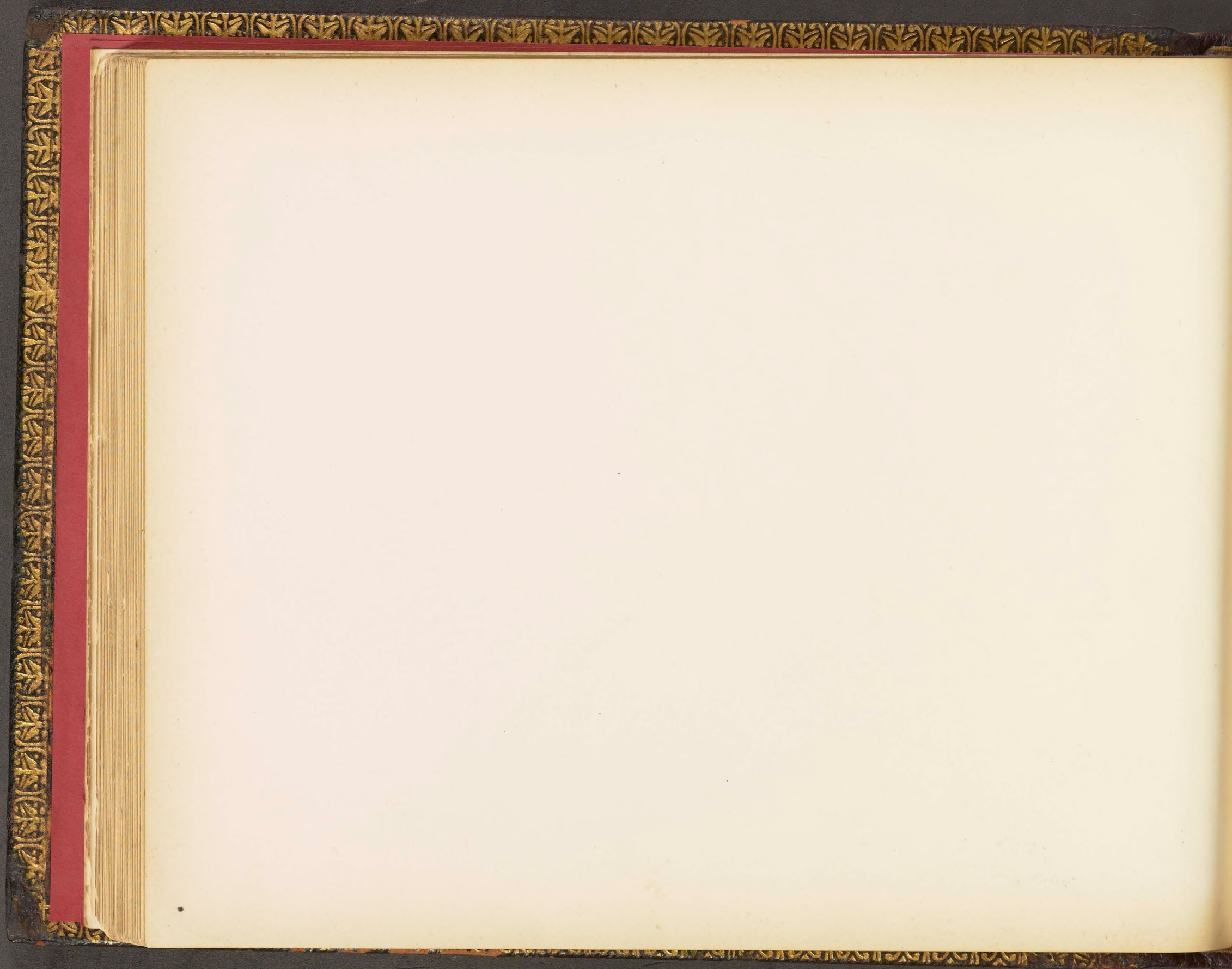
What difficulties had to be contended against in those days, only those who went through them can tell! All the gold and silver coin had to be brought up in coach or ox-wagon at considerable expense and risk of robbery, and when landed in the bank the only safe was the handy "six-shooter" and the vigilance of those who were on guard night and day. No wonder that specie was a scarce commodity, and that a special charge was levied on all coin paid out, of sixpence in the £1 on silver, and one per cent. on gold.

Then came the "boom," and the rush to Johannesburg from all parts of Africa and Europe. Business increased by leaps and bounds, beyond all capacities to deal with it, and the few men on the staff were tried to the uttermost. For as fast as fresh clerks were moved up to the branch, they were lured away by more tempting offers outside. The old building became far too small, and a move was made to a galvanised iron structure on the north side of the Market Square, at the corner of Harrison Street. This, in its turn, was soon more hopelessly insufficient than the other; crowds of customers would be waiting at the door nearly an hour before the time to open in the morning, and all day long the approach to the manager's door with its line of people standing one behind the other, waiting to see him, reminded one of a booking office before the start of an excursion train. None of the staff used to think of getting away before midnight, and at one time night shifts were employed to work through till morning.

Gradually, however, things quieted down and got better organised, large numbers of clerks were imported from London, and others sent up from the Colony, so that now in the grand offices owned by the Bank there are usually from sixty-five to eighty men on the staff, and business proceeds with as much regularity as in a London office. The Bank has now a very fine Assay Office for the testing and smelting of gold and ores.









How Johannesburg looked before the Trees were grown up.
A Panorama taken in January, 1891.



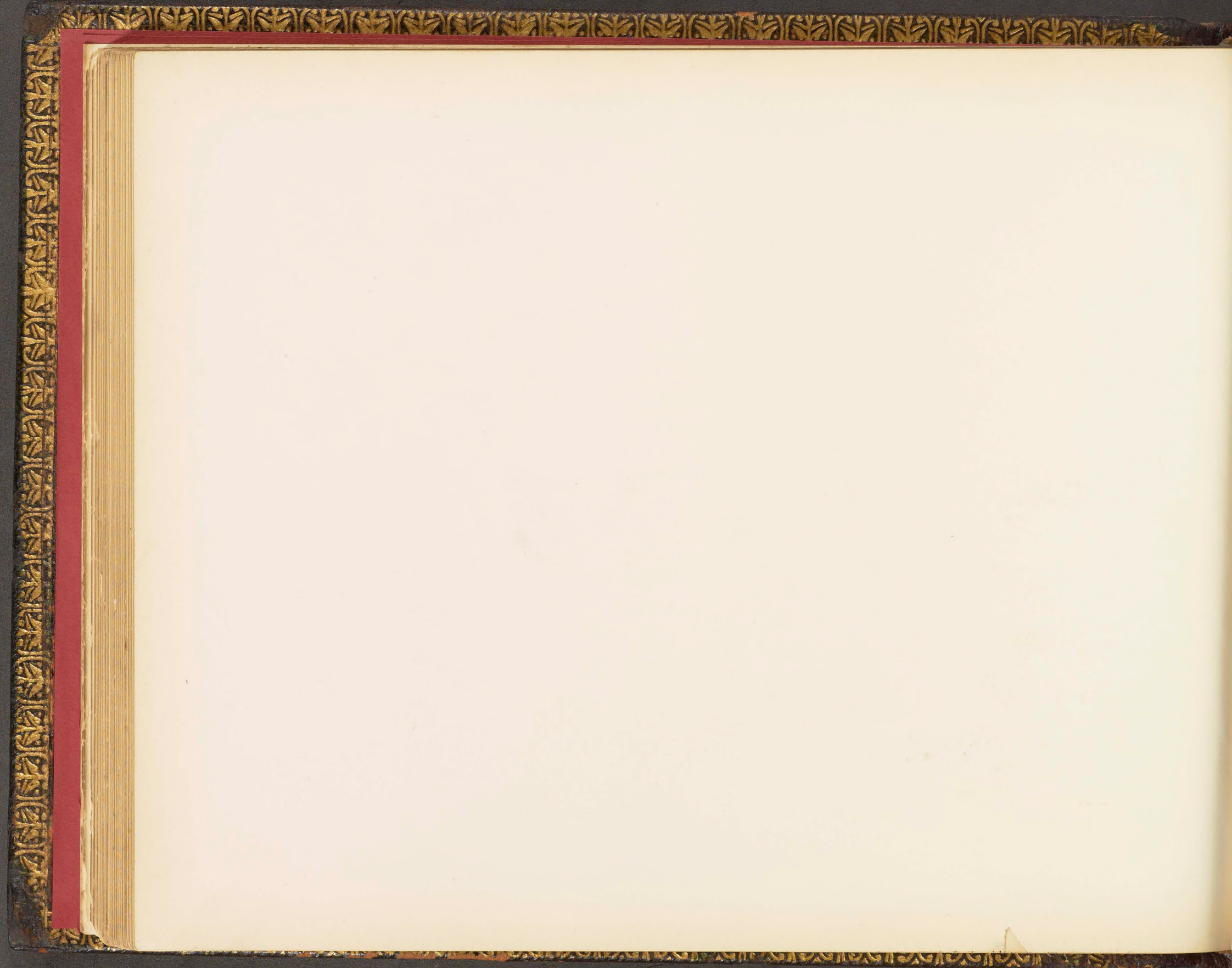
THIS is a picture which was taken from the Mounted Police Barracks on the occasion of the visit of the last English Cricket Team, who may be seen playing on the Wanderers' Grounds, in the centre of the picture.

It is interesting to notice that there was then practically nothing in the way of houses or trees in the foreground, all the magnificent line of houses, such as Mr. Rimer's, Mr. Gilchrist's, etc., in the street along the top of the Wanderers', have not as yet made their appearance; and the Wanderers' Club itself, instead of being hidden in a thick circle of gum trees as at present, lies all open, with nothing to prevent the spectator getting a distant view of what is going on.

When the picture is contrasted with the view of Doornfontein as it is now, and also with the first picture in the book, where the encircling trees are beginning to hide out everything, it will be still more apparent what a wonderful change has been effected in a little over four years by the extraordinarily rapid growth of the trees.









One Type of Our Servants: The Dressed-up Native.



MOST South Africans will at once say "thank Heaven we don't often get them as civilised looking as this one." For, to tell the truth, the average householder is by no means in love with the results of civilisation as manifested in the Kaffir. Long experience has taught him that the raw native straight from his kraal, wearing anything that he has had given him, though perhaps he may not at first know the difference between a pot or a kettle, or the uses of any other article pertaining to civilised man, is far more hard working, obliging, moral, and scrupulously honest—in fact "a Nature's gentleman" in ebony—in comparison with the dressed-up product of civilisation ; who seems to have acquired, with the white man's dress, all his special vices and none of his virtues.

And the raw "boy" in the long run makes by no means a bad servant. He will perhaps break your best soup tureen into forty thousand pieces, and then, in the calm confidence that the great "umlungu" (white man) is clever enough to restore it whole as before, bring it to you to mend ; but, at any rate, it is something to have a servant confess to breakages and not say "please mum, it must 'ave been the cat," as a home housemaid would do. Generally, "boys" are found to have learnt something of waiting and cooking under a previous master, and will soon improve so as to be able to turn out, with a little supervision, a very fair meal.

It is amusing to notice the Kaffir's childish desire to imitate the white man in dress, and if he cannot get hold of a complete rig out, like the gorgeous "masher" native here shown, he will wear any portion of a white man's attire he can—without the slightest reference to either use or appearance. You may see a great tall fellow stalking along wearing on his naked legs and feet nothing except one solitary legging ; or another, stark naked but for his waist cloth, trying to look dignified in a pair of green spectacles and a white top hat.









In the Witpoortje Kloof, near Johannesburg.



*"In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true."—BERKELEY.*

AFTER the treeless expanse and monotony of the neighbourhood of Johannesburg, how thoroughly one can appreciate a place like the Kloof, at Witpoortje. Starting from the bleak "high veld," the path seems, as it leads you down between the shelter of the great rocks which tower above, to be the entrance into a fairy land. A stream goes with you, now rippling and murmuring, then falling over boulders, and then resting in deep, clear-as-glass, pools. On the banks are lovely tree ferns, with their smooth palm-tree-like trunks, branching out into beautiful green fronds at the top. Some of them grow upwards of ten feet high, and are, doubtless, of a similar variety to those which were responsible for the formation of the great coal-beds of the earth. Maidenhair ferns, too, growing wild and free, with no other gardener but the moisture and the warmth afforded by the shelter, are to be found modestly growing, snugly hidden down by the water's edge.

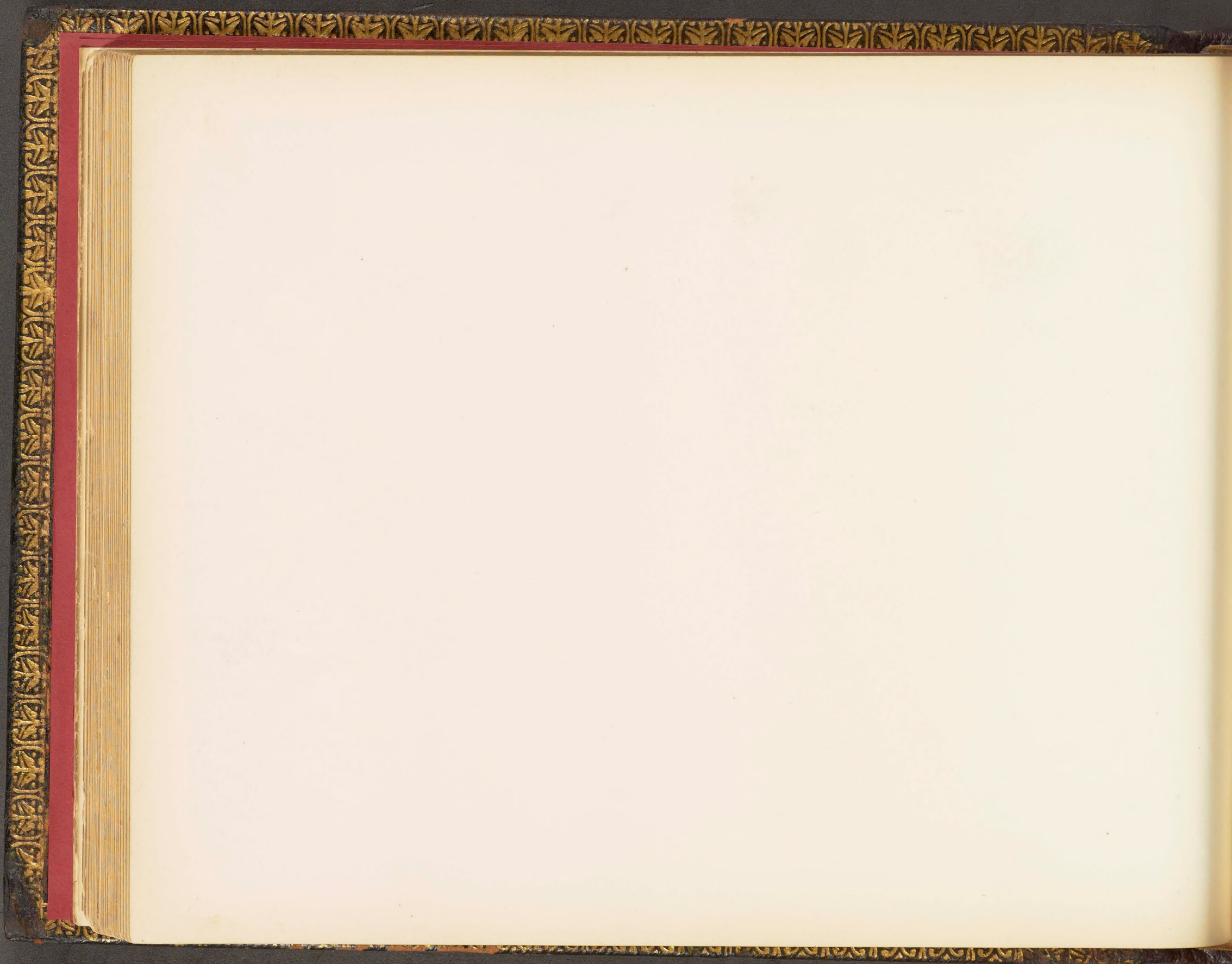
The Kloof leads from Witpoortje Station, on the Krugersdorp line to the fairy spot given in the next picture, and also to the Waterfall, and those who can manage the distance will find it a most delightful walk.

A Fairy Scene, near Witpoortje.

THIS is a very beautiful spot, and strangely enough, but little known even to those who know Witpoortje and the Waterfall well. The water comes down in a series of cascades with beautiful deep and calm pools intervening, where the shadows of the rocks overhead, and the overhanging trees, with the nests of the weaver birds drooping from them, are reflected as in a mirror.









Panning Oye to Discover Gold.

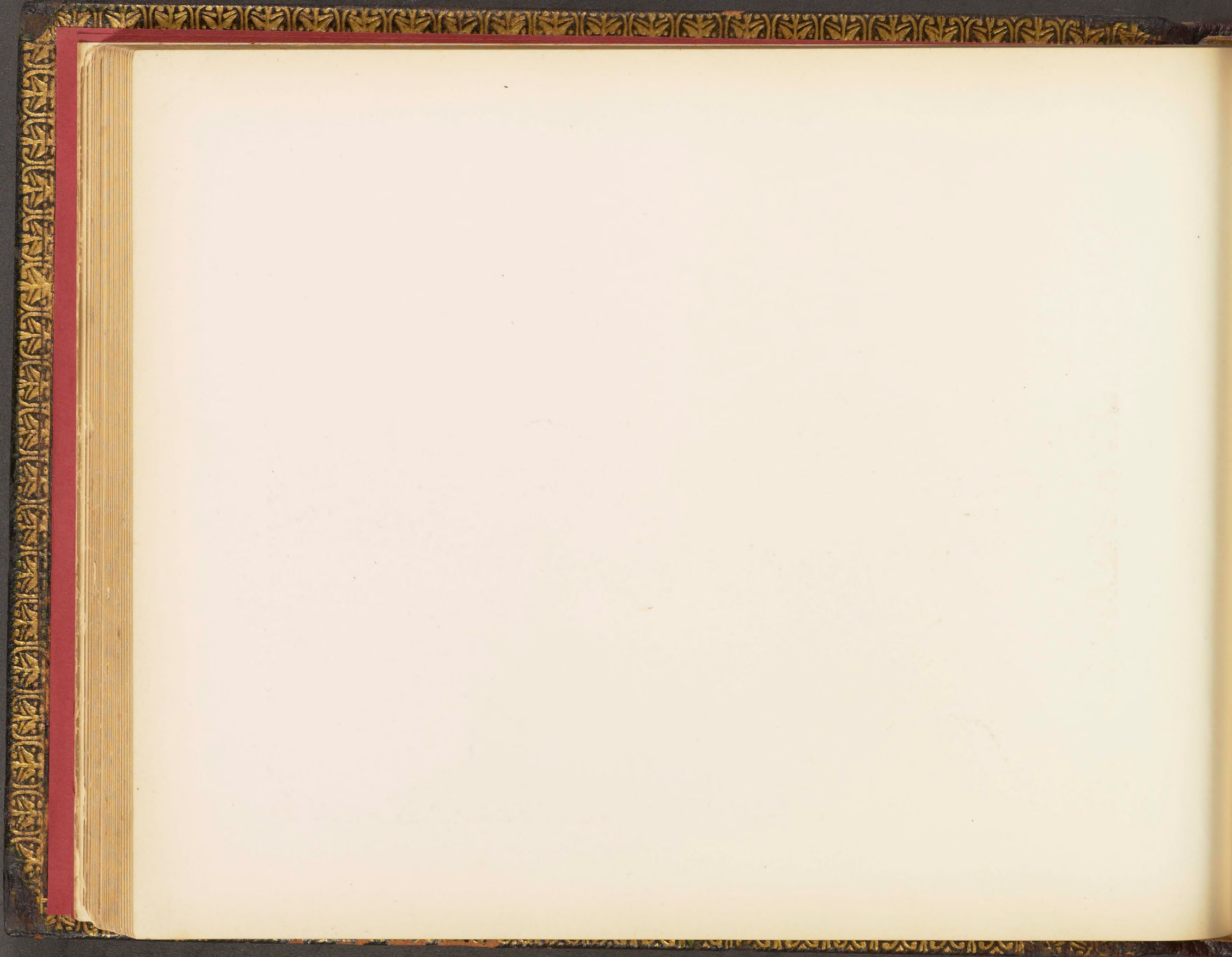
— “Here’s a cure,
For every evil men endure!
It is a substance which will give
All things for which you strive and live,
To fools it gives intelligence,
And to the guilty innocence;
Honour on rascals it bestows,
And to old women brings young beaux;
In short, whatever you would gain,
It will assist you to attain;
It is a perfect panacea.

— I drew near
This wondrous something to behold,
Of which such miracles were told—
It was a little powdered GOLD!”—(FABLES OF FLORIAN).

WHAT an anxious moment this represents to the prospector, who, perchance, after toiling for weeks and months, and waiting for the luck which seemed as if it would never come, has at last found what appears to be a likely-looking reef. How carefully he washes over the side of the pan by a sort of wriggling movement, the lighter portions of the specimen he has previously obtained and pounded up in a mortar, and watches, oh! so anxiously, as the stuff gets less and less, for any sign of the thin yellow streak at the corners, which may convert him from, perhaps, a wanderer on the face of the earth, into a man of fortune, whose life, henceforward, will be one of ease till the end of his days.

No wonder that there is a special fascination about gold hunting, and that the saying “once a digger always a digger,” has such truth in it. It is a fine healthy free life, though often hard beyond description. In out of the way places, such as was the district of the Witwatersrand before the discovery of gold, prospectors had often to be content with mealie “pap,” and nothing else, as food for weeks at a time, and at night only the hard ground for a bed.







General View along the Line of the Main Reef.

ON the left of the picture is the eighty stamp battery and cyanide works of the May Consolidated Gold Mining Company, and on the right those of the Glencairn Company.

This view, though it shows but a very small portion, will serve to convey some idea of the long array of shaft-heads, batteries, cyanide works, etc., along the line of the great reef, the discovery of which raised such a splendid city in the wilderness, and with the all round prosperity accompanying it, lifted the whole state from well-nigh impending bankruptcy to the prosperous important position which the Transvaal holds to-day.

When it is considered that from this one reef series there is not only more gold extracted than from any other gold field in the world, but (excepting the United States) from any other whole country in the world, the immense importance of the mines along its course will be readily recognised.

In character, it differs widely from the gold bearing strata of other places. Elsewhere, gold is usually found either as nuggets in alluvial ground, or in quartz reefs containing visible specks of the precious metal. Here, however, this is not the case.

The term "Banket," given to this class of rock by the Boers, their name for the almond rock that children buy in the sweet shops, accurately describes the appearance of these reefs, which consist of quartz pebbles lying in a cement rock like plums in a pudding, round and through which the gold is found to be almost microscopically disseminated. Where on other gold fields the boast is of the richness of the reefs, and of the number of ounces they run to the ton, our boast is not so much of the richness of the ore, as of the remarkable *quantity* of it, and the marvellous *regularity* in which the gold is distributed through it. Gold mining, which, in other countries has always been regarded as the most uncertain of all speculative undertakings, is here reduced down to the regular certainty of an ordinary commercial business. We have our data to go upon, our reefs have been proved, by boring to reach them with diamond drills at different depths, to be of the same size and quality as at the surface, and so by the simple rules of arithmetic, we are able to calculate the prospects of our mines somewhat as follows:—"This reef averages '*so many*' pennyweights to the ton, worth '*so much*'; it costs '*so much*' to extract those pennyweights from the ton, there is a balance of '*so much*,' and that balance per ton, though small in itself, if multiplied by dealing in an enormous way with many tons, will then produce dividends at the rate of '*so much*' per cent. on the capital."

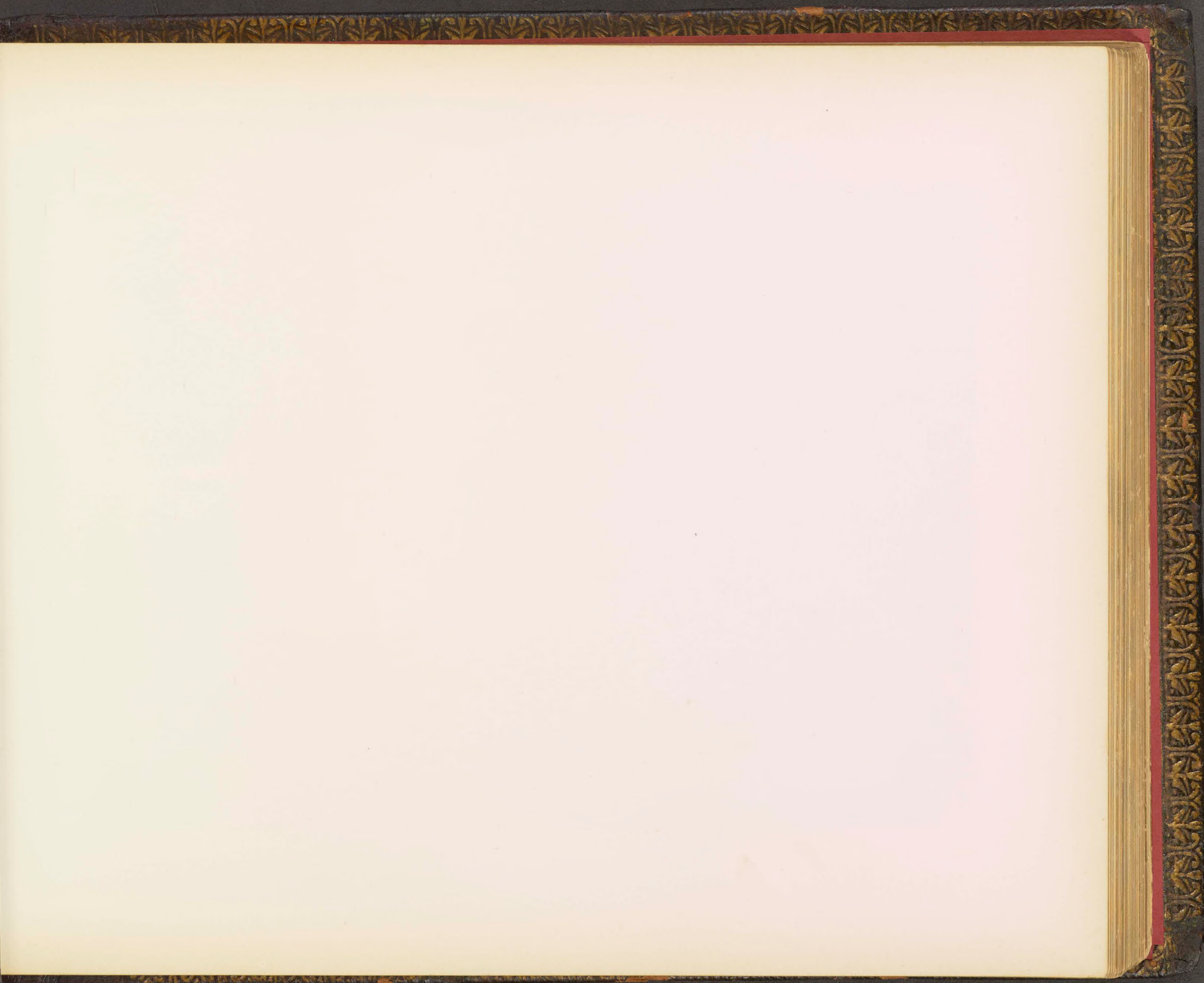
Though, in speaking collectively, the term Main Reef is used, it is really only one of a series of parallel reefs which dip into the earth at distances apart, varying from two to thirty feet. Of these, the Main Reef, though the widest, is, indeed, the poorest; and, consequently, in some of the mines, attention is almost entirely confined to the other reefs, whilst the Main Reef itself, if used at all, is only worked to maintain the supply of ore to the mill.

To give some idea of what these mines have done, and are capable of doing in the future, we cannot do better than quote Mr. Hamilton Smith, the great mining engineer to Messrs. Rothschild, who, in his masterly report on "The Future of the Rand," published in the "Times" of February 19th, 1895, says:—"From the Rand mines, since their commencement in 1887, up to December 31st, 1894, I estimate that 10,110,000 tons of ore have been extracted, yielding 6,544,584 ounces of gold bullion, worth about 69s. an ounce, and thus having a gross value of about £22,600,000. For the year ending 1894, from about fifty producing mines, there was a yield worth about £6,980,000, and the dividends declared by them for the year amounted to £1,466,266, or 20 per cent. of that output."

Two years previously, Mr. Hamilton Smith had reported that a total yield of £325,000,000 (three hundred and twenty-five million pounds sterling) could be reasonably expected to be mined at a profit from this one district, and in his report mentioned above, he considered that this estimate would be probably far exceeded. What has so much established the confidence of the public in these reefs, which dip into the ground at angles varying from 30 to 60 degrees, is that, on being tested by boring for them with diamond drills at more than a mile from their outcrop, and at a depth of nearly 2,500 feet, they were found to be just as rich and regular in their formation as at the surface, which conclusively proves their continuance for a long vista of years ahead.







Mining Underground.

(TAKEN BY FLASH-LIGHT AT A DEPTH OF 500 FEET, AT THE MAY CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINING CO.)



*"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd and rolled,
Heavy to get and light to hold."—HOOD.*

"**H**EAVY to get!" Yes, indeed! as those will tell you who earn their bread toiling in the bowels of the earth, breathing only such air as can find its way to them hundreds of feet below the surface; where this picture was taken by means of magnesium flash light.

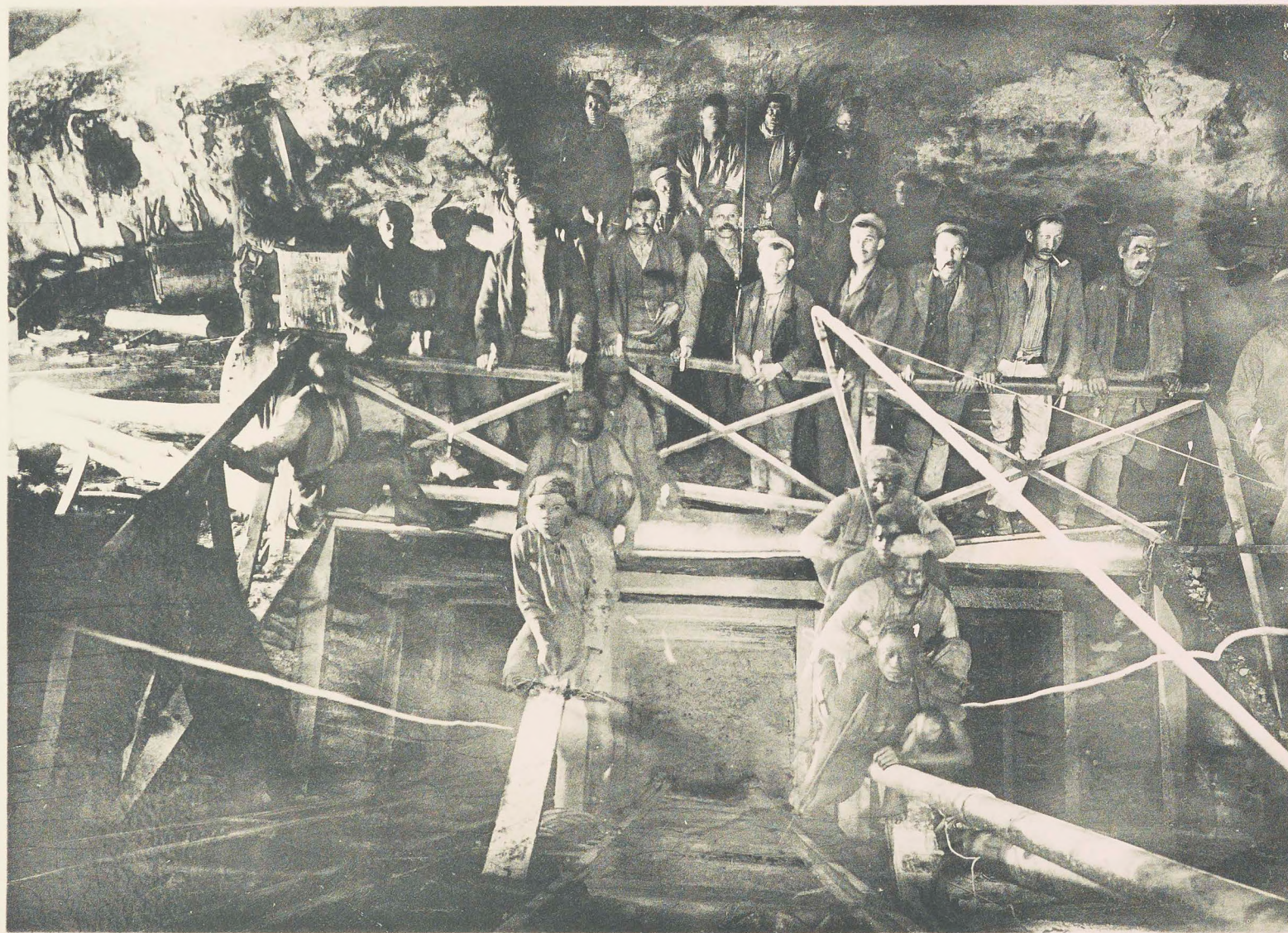
Such a picture as this, though procured at great expense, is never very satisfactory, the blinding light converting everything into blacks and whites, but it conveys some idea of life below ground which will be probably appreciated.

This kind of mining is very different to what is popularly associated with the gold digger, who, in a red shirt, washes "pay-dirt" in his claim, and expects every moment to turn up a nugget which will bring him in a fortune. Here, alas! instead of such a free and easy style of gold getting, the miner has to be in the pay of a large company, who can only make a profit by dealing in an enormous way with bodies of hard rock in deep reefs containing the precious metal in comparatively microscopical quantities.

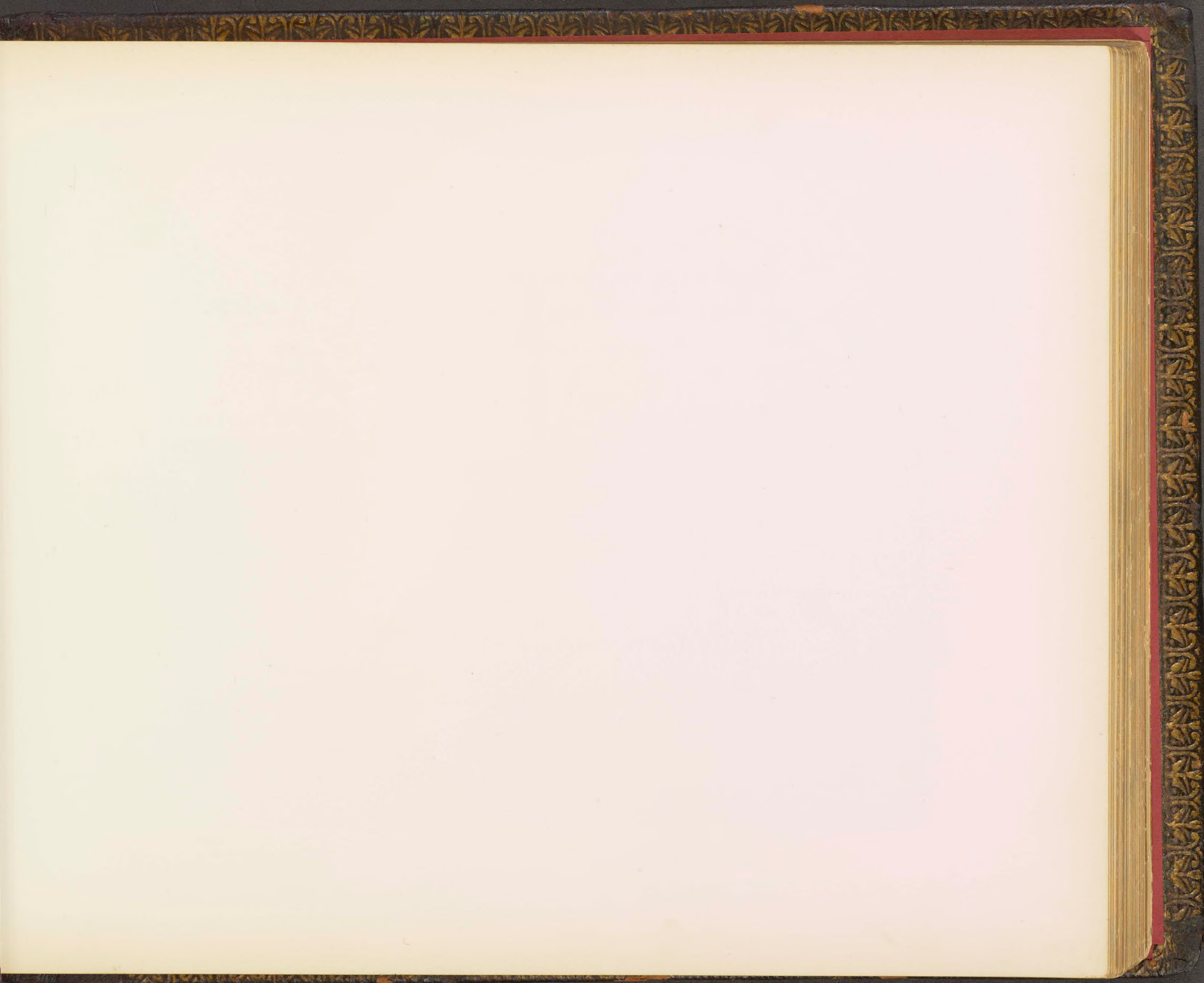
The ore is extracted by blasting with dynamite, and excepting when the drilling of the necessary holes for the charges is done by machine drills worked with compressed air, hand drills, about an inch thick, and a yard long, are used. There are generally two Kaffirs to a drill, who take it in turns, one to hit and the other to hold it; and so laboriously, stroke by stroke, a hole is made in the hard rock. Then, when three or more holes are made, dynamite charges with detonating fuses are inserted, everyone retires, a loud rumbling explosion is heard, and, when the deadly poisonous dynamite fumes have cleared away, the broken rock is loaded into trucks which take it to the hauling shaft for raising to the surface.

Such is the daily life of those who toil for our gold, hard at any time, and not unexposed to risks of many kinds, which being taken into consideration, and the place where they have to work, make it evident our miners deserve to the full, all, and more than all, that they get.

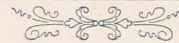








Head Gear, Fitting Shops, and Engine House,
Langlaagte Royal Gold Mining Company, Limited, Johannesburg.



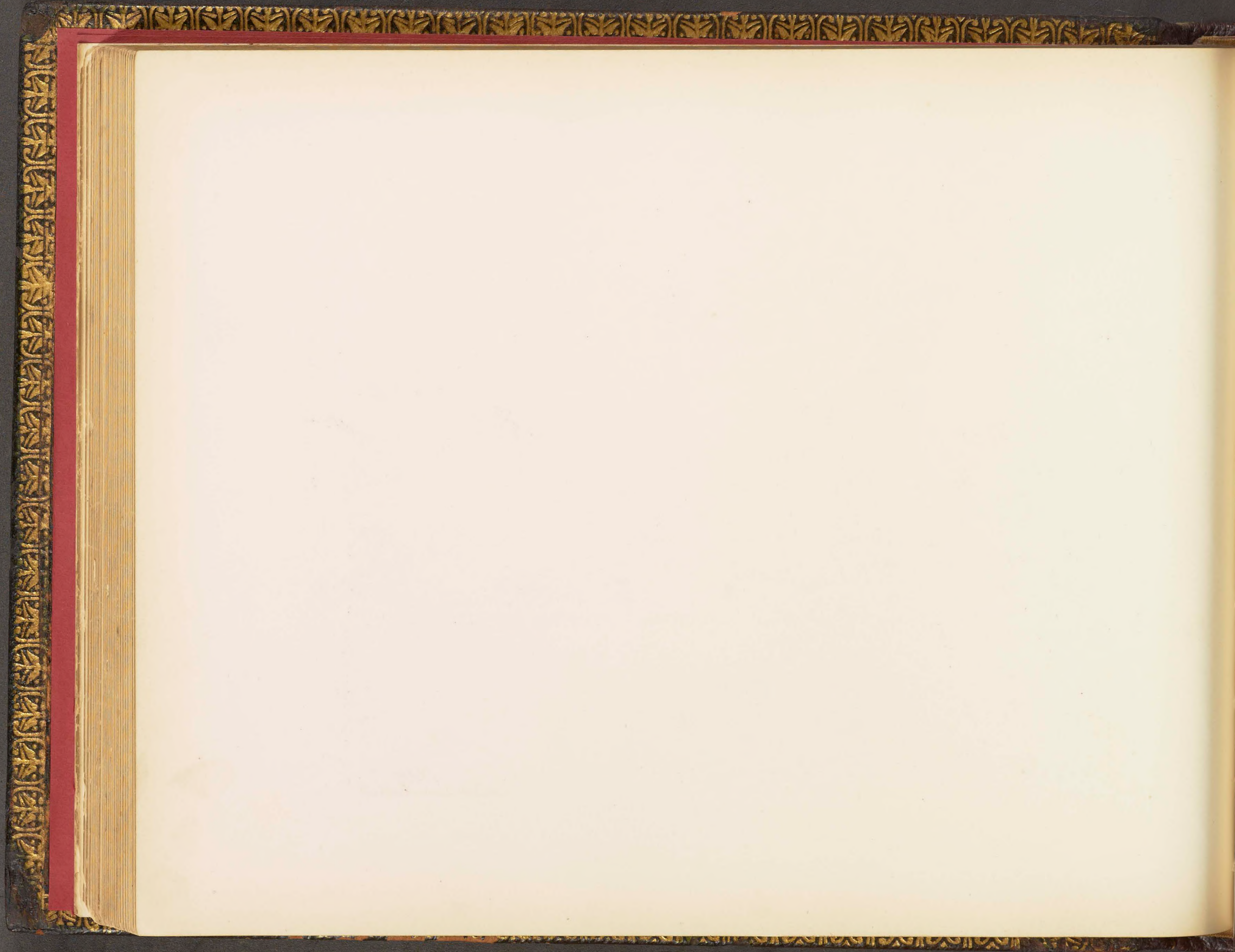
THIS new head gear, which has just been completed, is considered one of the finest on the Rand, and presents a great contrast to the smaller and simpler forms of hauling apparatus formerly considered necessary. Now, in nearly all the best mines, a form similar to that here shown is employed, an enormous saving in labour and handling being effected thereby.

The method of handling the ore is as follows. The ore, as raised in the skip, is automatically capsized from the top of the shaft head into a huge ore bin; from which it is released as required into trucks placed below to receive it, which run on the line of rails to be seen in the front of the picture, direct to the battery where it is crushed up. Any lumps of ore which might be too large, are prevented from going into the bin by screens which divert them first into stone breakers. By the simple expedient of having several emptying doors, placed at regular distances in the bottom of the bin, a number of trucks are loaded at once.

The Langlaagte Royal is a mine which was for a long time under a cloud, but is now under the present able direction and management, beginning to give some proofs of the great future it has before it.







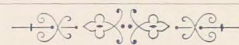


Exterior of the Crown Reef Gold Mining Company's Battery.

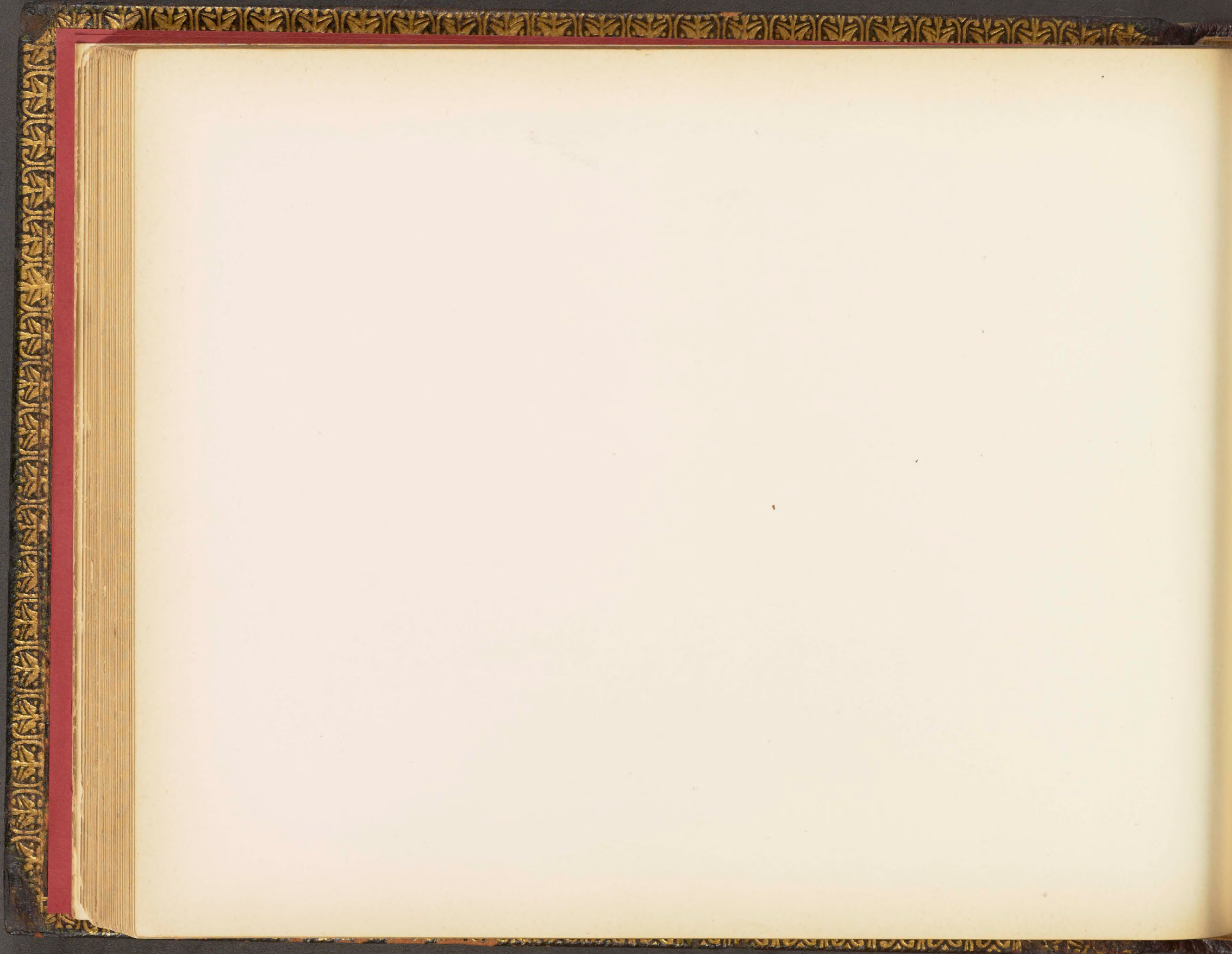
THE Crown Reef Gold Mining Company is one of the largest and most successful companies on the Rand. It is a typical example of a main reef gold mine—one that has enormous quantities of low grade ore, which by careful and economical management, and dealing with it on a large scale, can be made to pay handsome profits.

Thus, since the formation of the Company seven years ago, it has produced gold to the value of £1,342,014; and has paid out to its shareholders no less than £305,900, or equal to 269 per cent. on its capital. At the last general meeting, it was stated that 199,604 tons of ore had been mined in the year, and the total cost of dealing with same, including all expenses, and also including depreciation, only averaged £1 7s. 6d. per ton.

The mill house here shown contains 120 stamps of the most approved type, each of which crushes on the average, nearly five tons every twenty-four hours. The ore is conveyed into the battery by a series of trucks running on an electric tram line. The Crown Reef possesses the distinction of being the only Company on the Rand using electricity as a motive power. The dynamos for generating same are in the engine house, on the left of the picture.









Interior of a Battery: Crown Reef Gold Mining Co., Ltd., Johannesburg.

*"Is there any hour
From daybreak till another dawning comes,
When gentle silence can droop her wings
In sweet compassion on thy throbbing heart?
Is there no respite from the thundering wheels?
Is there no shore, in this loud stunning tide,
Whereon thy waves could break and then be still?"—A. S. SWAN.*

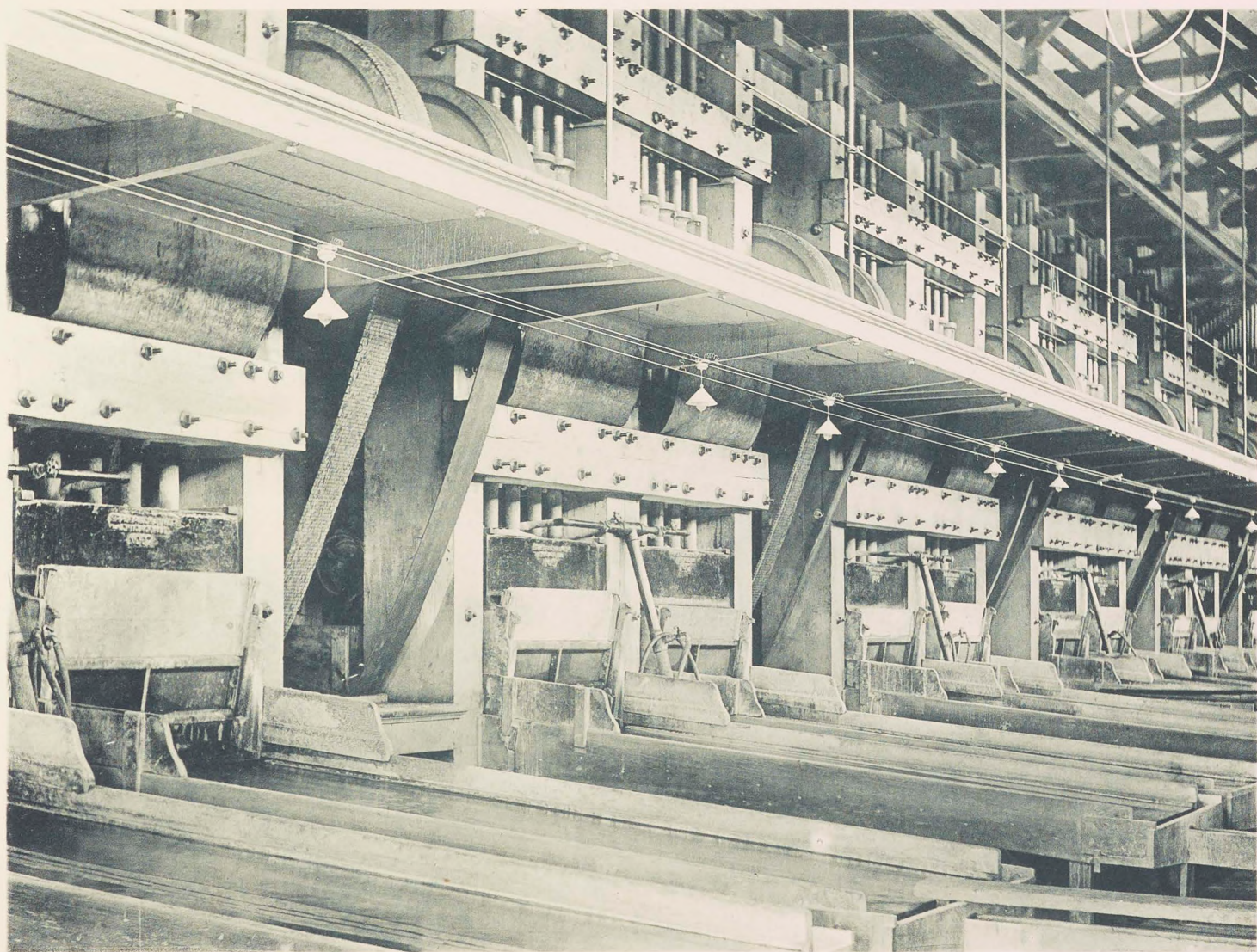
WE give here a photograph of one side showing sixty of the stamps of the new 120 stamp battery of the Crown Reef Gold Mining Company. The mill is one the latest type of Messrs. Fraser and Chalmers, of Chicago, fitted with automatic feeders, and illuminated with the electric light.

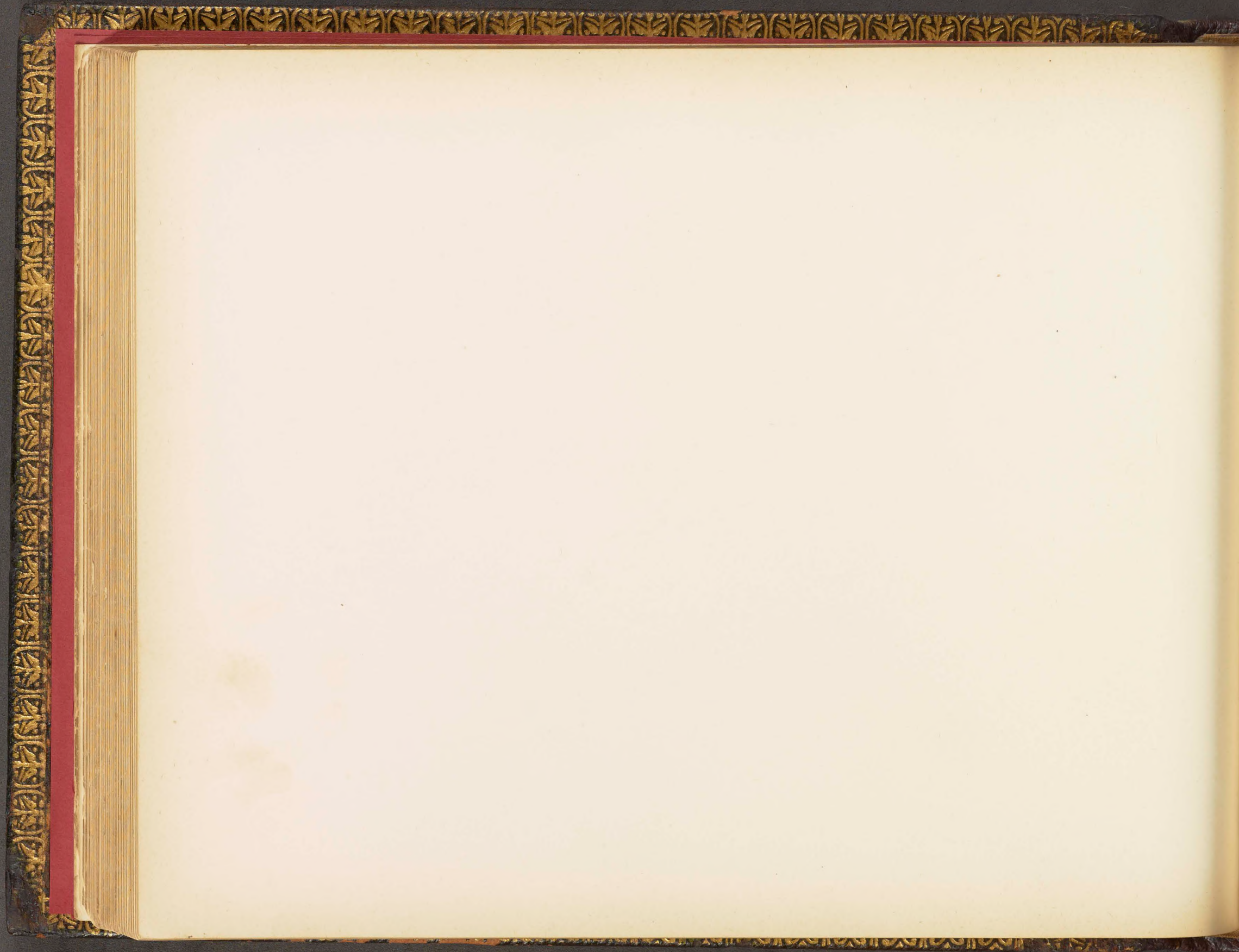
For the benefit of those who have never seen a battery, we would explain that it is here the gold ore is crushed up. It enters by automatic feeders from behind, together with a stream of water into the stamping boxes, where the stamps, huge rods of iron, weighing 950 lbs. each, like great pestles playing in a mortar, crush the hard rock to a powder, which is carried out by the water through fine sieving in the front of the stamping box over the sloping plates to be seen in the foreground. These are of copper, coated with mercury, which latter metal has the power of amalgamating with itself any gold passing over its surface. The plates are periodically scraped and the "amalgam" obtained therefrom, put into a retort which drives off the mercury in the form of vapour, leaving the gold behind, which is afterwards smelted into bars ready to take to the bank for shipment to Europe.

The roar of a large number of stamps playing under one roof has to be heard to be realised; in fact in some mills it is almost impossible for one unaccustomed to the noise to hear a word addressed to him, even if shouted in his ears; and at a distance the confused roar of the various mills along the Main Reef sounds like the noise of the sea.

The life of an amalgamator in charge of one of these mills, is by no means an easy one, as the batteries never stop, night or day. He has for eight or twelve hours the responsibility on his shoulders of seeing that nothing goes wrong with the huge and costly machinery entrusted to his care.









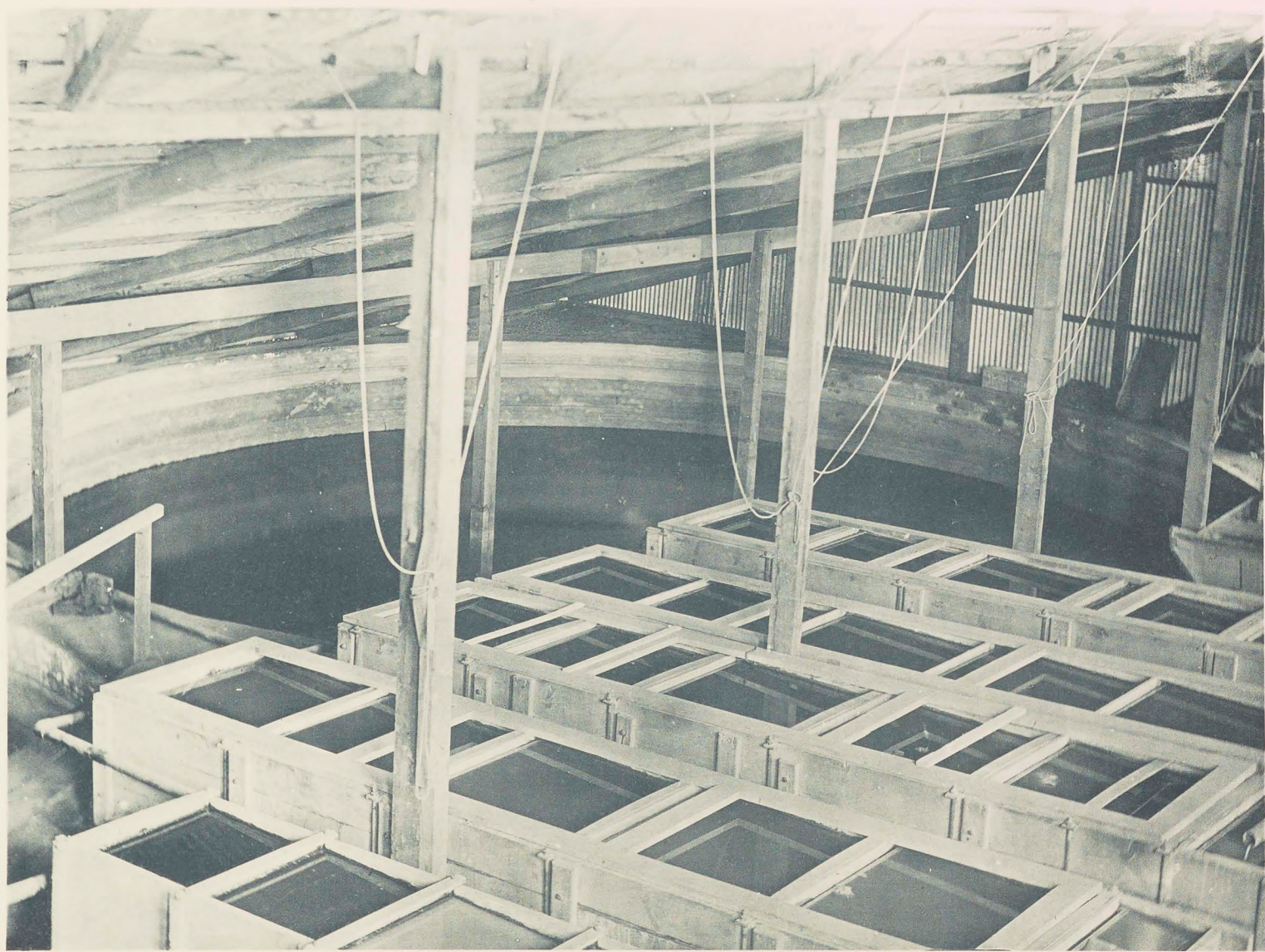
Cyanide Works at Langlaagte Estate and Gold Mining Company, Johannesburg.

BEFORE the introduction of the use of cyanide of potassium in the treatment of tailings, more than half of the gold contained in the ore passed from the battery unextracted and was consequently lost. At first, the ore, coming from near the surface, was oxydized by the action of the air, and contained its gold in a free condition, unassociated with any chemical agent which would prevent its readily attaching itself to the plates in the mill.

But, as depth was reached, the character of the ore changed. Instead of a reddish colour, it grew to be of a blue hue, and though, when tested in the laboratory of the assayer, seemed just as rich as ever, yet when passed through the battery only about half, and sometimes less than half was left on the plates, the remainder passing out with the tailings, because chemically associated with iron or sulphur pyrites, so that it no longer had affinity for mercury. Numberless expedients were proposed and patents taken out with the idea of overcoming this apparently insuperable difficulty; but though some really extracted the gold, the process cost more than the value obtained.

At last, owing to the discoveries of a Mr. McArthur, a young Glasgow chemist, the difficulty was solved. He found that by passing the tailings into vats, and subjecting them to a weak solution of cyanide of potassium, the refractory gold would be gradually dissolved from its chemical associates, and that the solution when drawn off and passed over zinc shavings, would give back the gold in the form of a precipitated black powder, which could be smelted into bars of fair quality.

The process was simple, and above all it was cheap, in solving the gold it had solved the problem of how to work the mines at a profit; the mills pay the expenses, but it may be said to be from the tailings, so long undervalued, that the profits come. The view given shows one of the enormous vats in the cyanide works at the celebrated Langlaagte Estate Gold Mining Company.





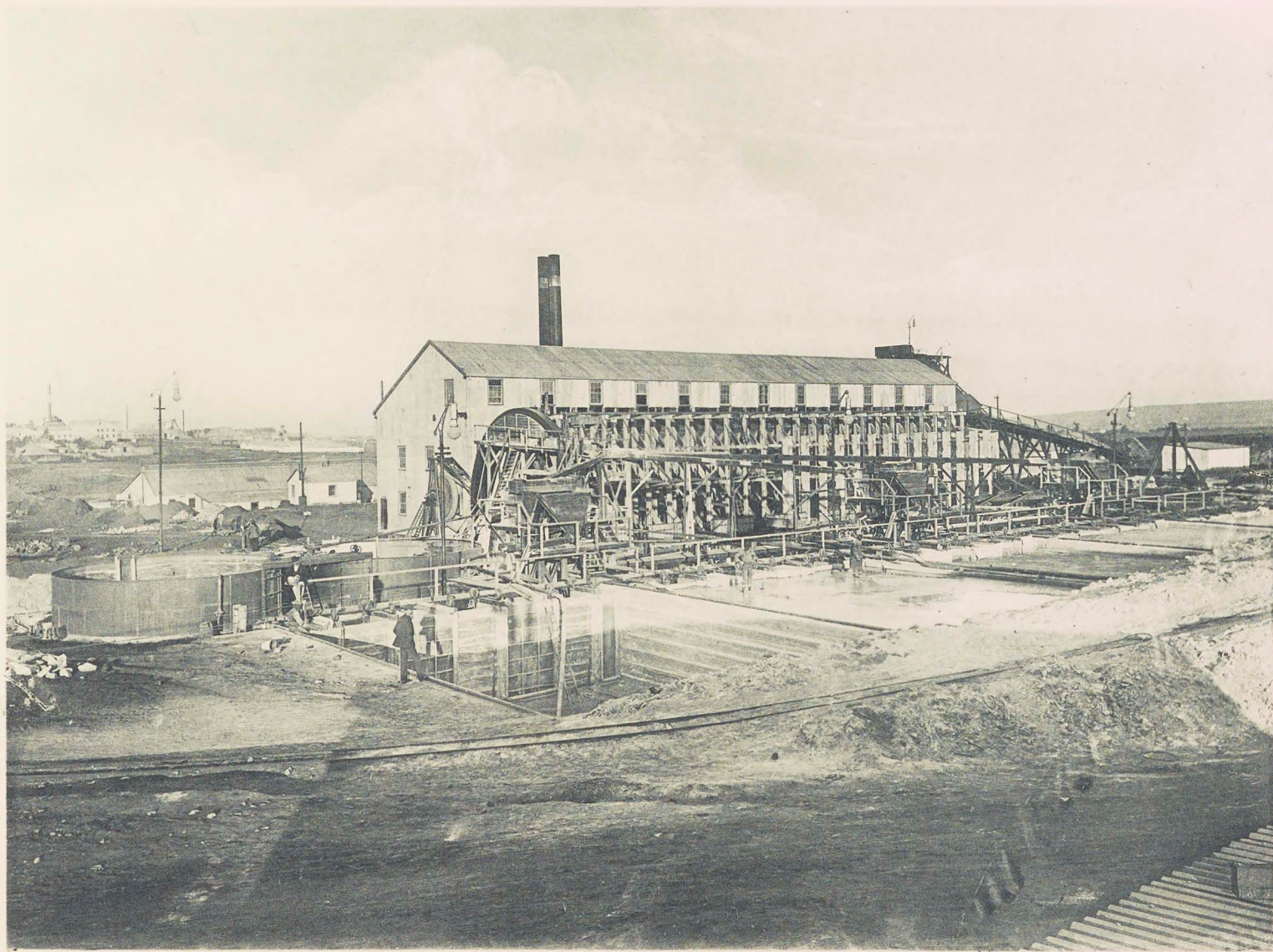


New Battery and Cyanide Works, City and Suburban Gold Mining Co.

NEARLY every leading gold mining company on the Rand now has cyanide works of its own, using the McArthur-Forest patents, or improvements on them, under royalty. Some of the cyanide works are on the most colossal scale, with huge vats, each of which is capable of holding many hundred tons of tailings at once.

The view given shows a portion of the new cyanide vats of the City and Suburban Gold Mining Company, together with the back of their eighty stamp battery, to which, as will be seen, an additional eighty head are in course of erection, which will make it, when completed, the largest battery on the fields.

This Company is now one of the best and most important on the Rand. Under the able and energetic direction of its general manager, Mr. T. J. M. Macfarlane, it has steadily advanced, so that its old shares are usually quoted in the market at about twenty-five times their nominal value, which is not to be wondered at, considering that it now pays dividends of about 200 per cent. per annum.







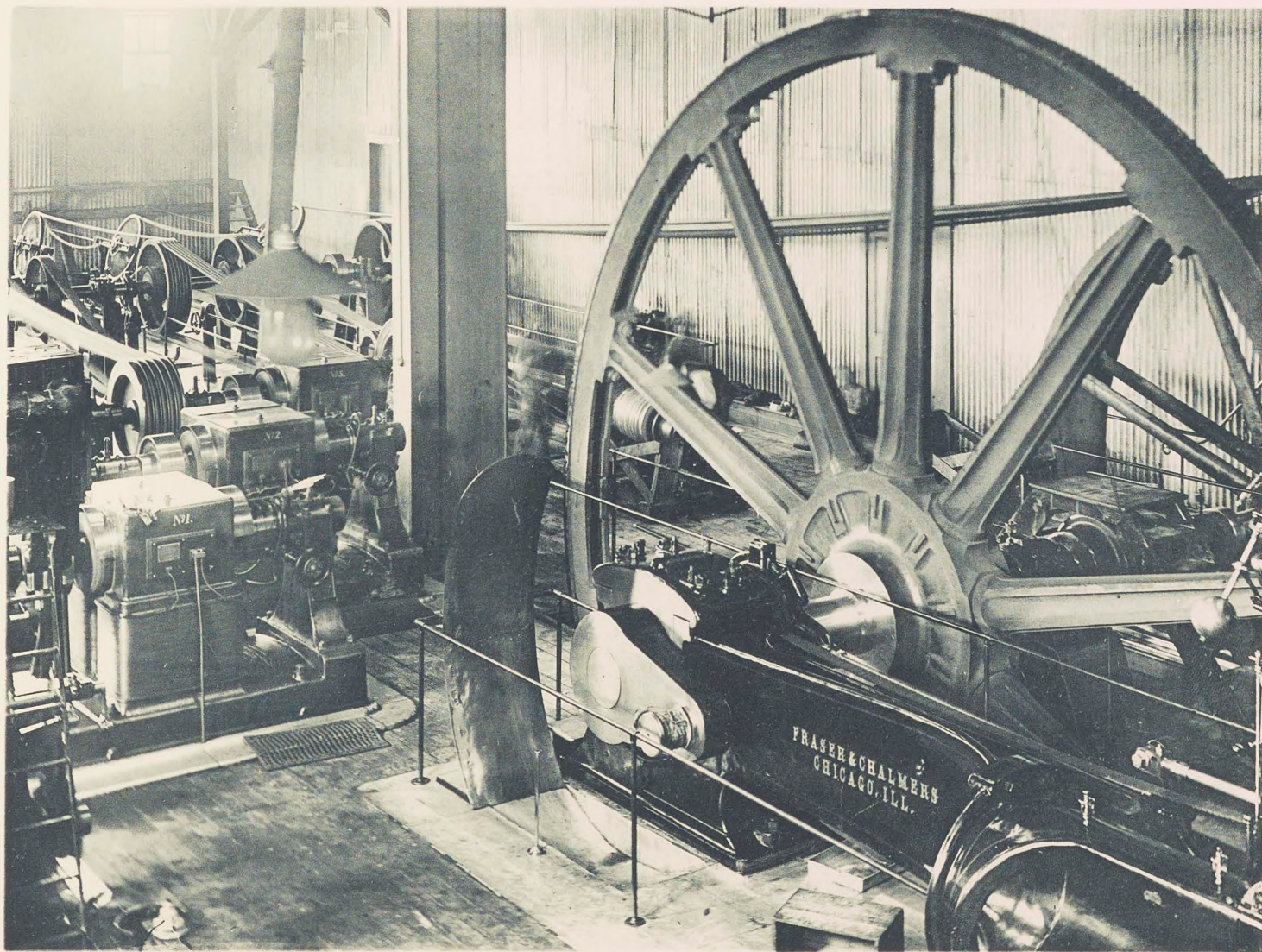
Engine and Dynamo Room, Crown Reef Battery, Johannesburg.



As may be imagined, the engines required for driving those great batteries have to be of the most powerful type. When it is considered that each stamp weighs about 1,000 lbs., it will be readily understood there must be not only an enormous amount of power required to keep on raising 120 of them, and that also, in order to maintain the necessary momentum, a fly-wheel of the hugest description has to be used.

The one photographed is no less than 24 feet in diameter, and weighs 20 tons. The engine, like the battery, is by Messrs. Fraser and Chalmers, of Chicago, who make a large proportion of the mining machinery employed on the Rand. In the same room, are also the dynamos for supplying the electric light, and for furnishing the motive power to the electric tramway, which is conveyed along a wire hung over the rails. The travelling electric motor communicates with this wire by a fishing-rod-like arrangement with a wheel at the end, the electric current being completed by the rails themselves, on which the trucks run.









Fitting Shop : Geldenhuis Deep Level Gold Mining Co., Ltd.

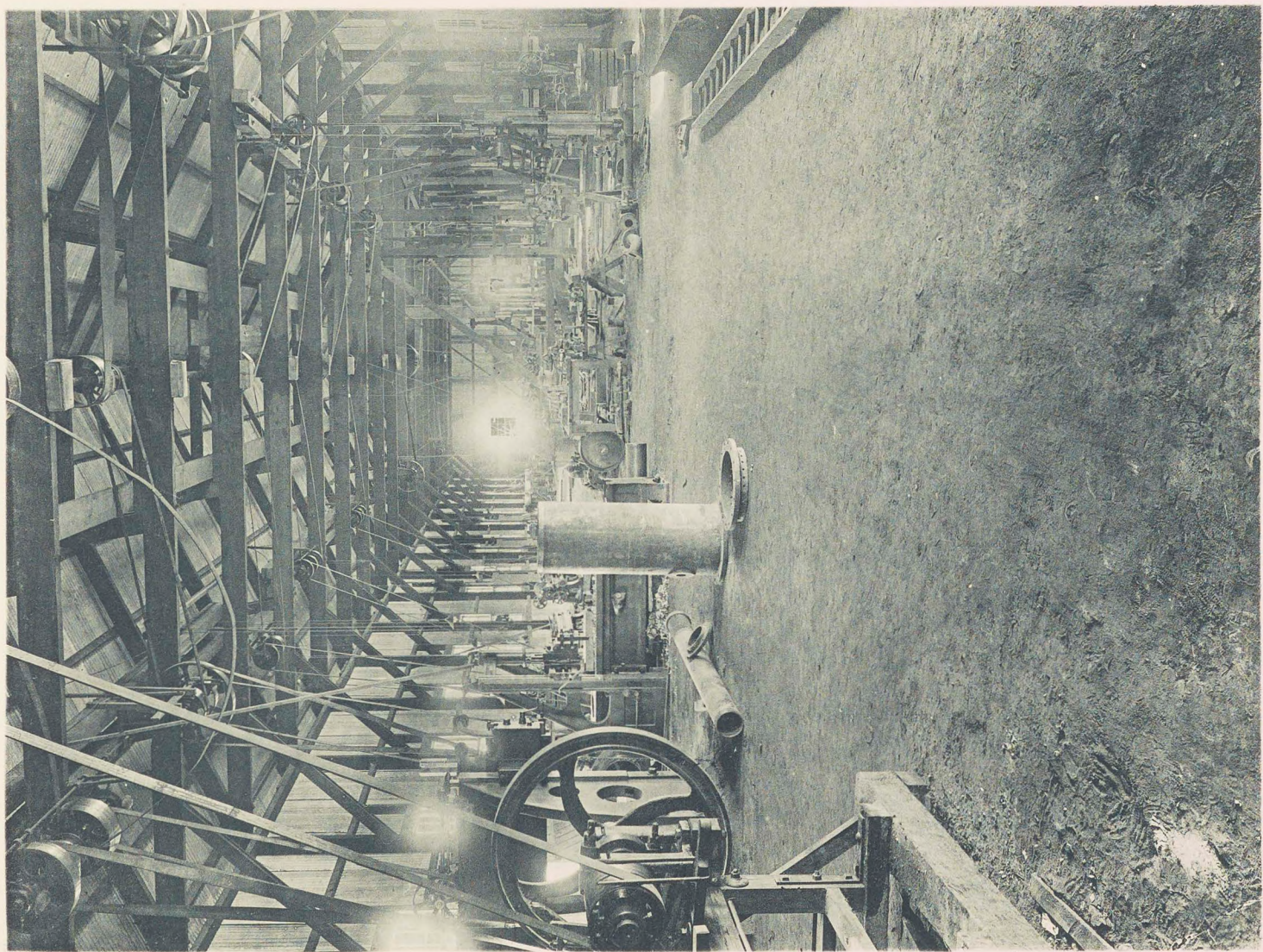


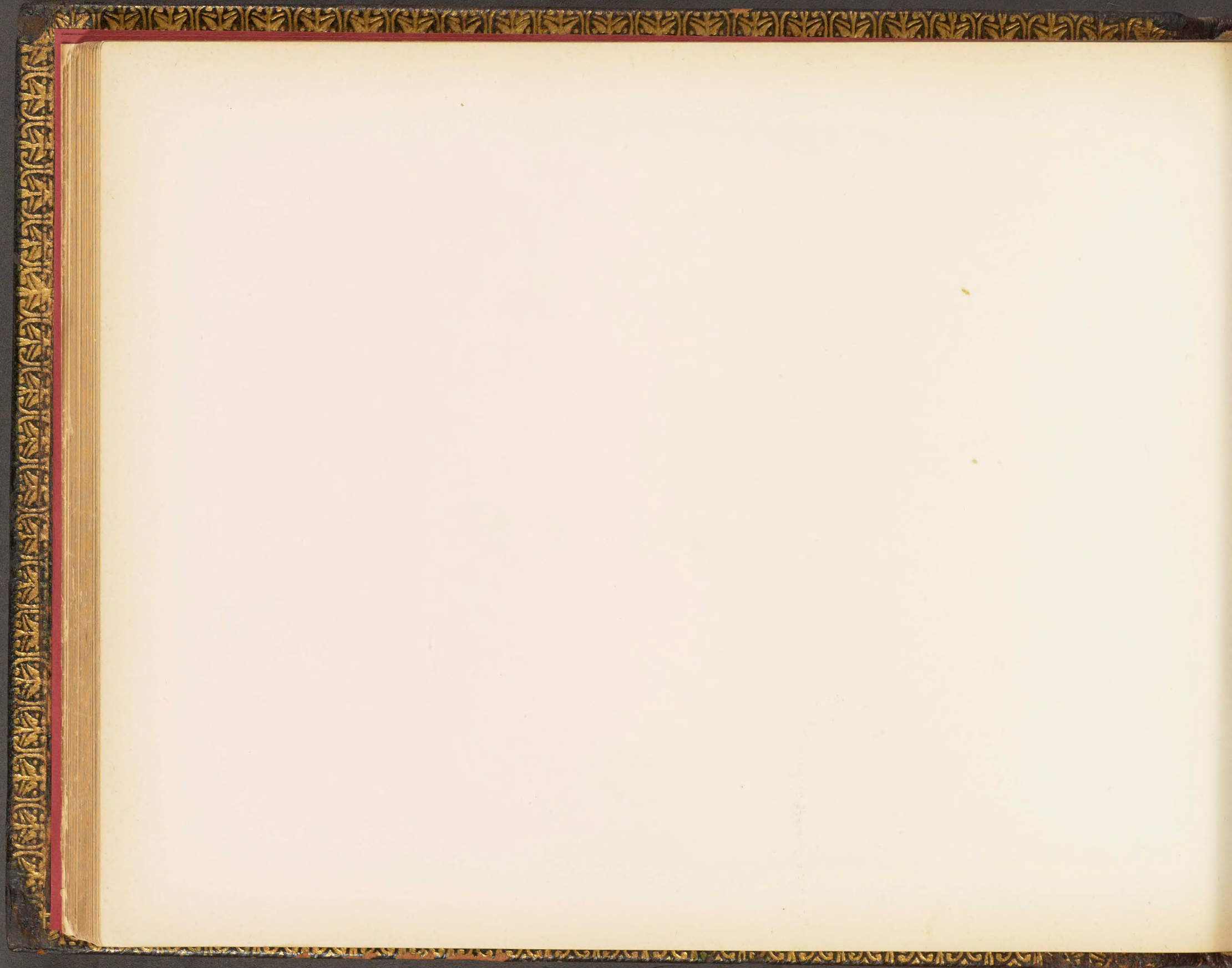
THESE great mines, in the process of ever erecting more and more machinery, require to keep a perfect army of fitters and blacksmiths to adjust and erect the parts imported, and for continually sharpening the drills used underground. The fitting shops of the Geldenhuis Deep Level Company are considered to be about the finest of any mine on the Rand, having the heaviest and most perfect machinery, employing about 40 men on each shift. There are also fine workshops for wood turning and carpentry, etc.

The Geldenhuis Deep Level Company was the first of the deep level companies started under the auspices of the Rand Mines, Limited. Operations were commenced in October, 1892, by the sinking of two shafts which are now down to depths of 587 and 868 feet respectively. Five levels have been opened up, and the sixth is well under way. The mine consists of 211 claims, and it is expected that by the time crushing is started, no less a sum than £600,000 will have been spent on it. The first 100 stamps should be in operation by the end of 1895, when about 300 white men and 2,000 natives will be employed. By possessing its own siding, leading from the railway, the mine has the advantage of having all its coal, timber, and stores, delivered direct on to its premises. Cyanide works and dams for slimes are being erected, and it is also intended later on to add another 100 stamps to the mill. The reservoir, built to supply this and the other deep level companies with water, has a capacity of 700,000,000 gallons, kept in by walls of solid masonry 40 feet thick at base, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet on top.

Altogether, everything has been designed and carried out in the most large-minded and common-sense way by the Company's General Manager, Mr. H. C. Perkins, and Mr. R. E. Bowen, the Manager.







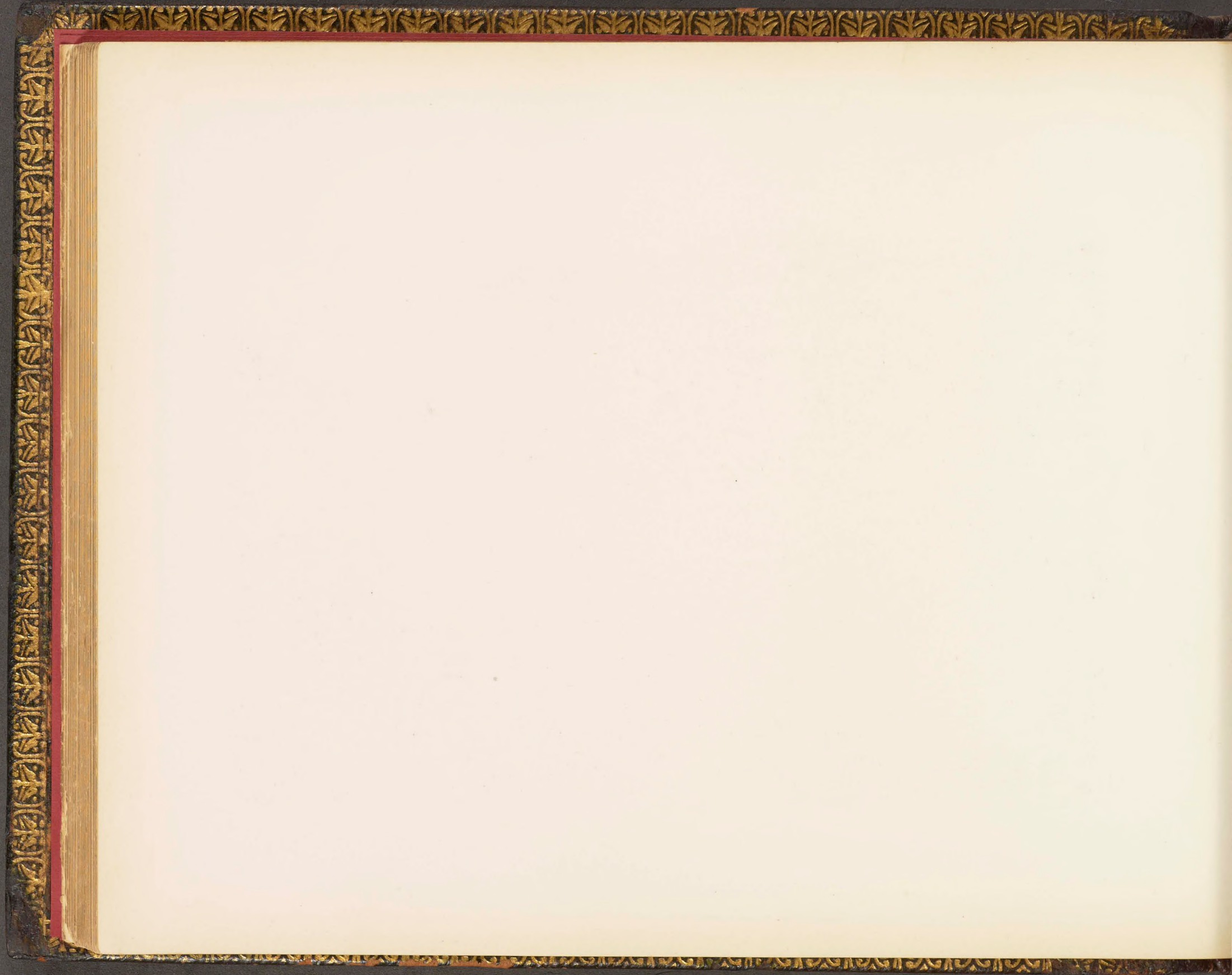


A Mining Group.

THOUGH the lot of a miner anywhere is by no means an easy one, the white man in a South African mine has a far better time of it than the mates he left behind in the old country. Here, besides having better pay, he is more of a "baas," having several Kaffirs placed in his charge, over whom it is his duty to keep his eye, and see that they stick to their work.

The Kaffir, though a good enough worker on the whole, like his white brother, is not generally gifted with any special yearning to do more, or work faster than he is obliged ; unless of course he is paid by the piece, when, his pay depending on his exertions, he will sometimes exhibit surprising vigour. But it makes a great difference what sort of overseer there is to look after him. If he is one that he likes, and one who understands something of his rather peculiar temperament, and if, moreover, the "baas" can speak a word or two to him in his own language to chaff him or chide him, he will work away with a heart and a will, singing with every blow he delivers on the head of the drill.







Assay Office, Ferreira Gold Mining Company, Ltd., Johannesburg.

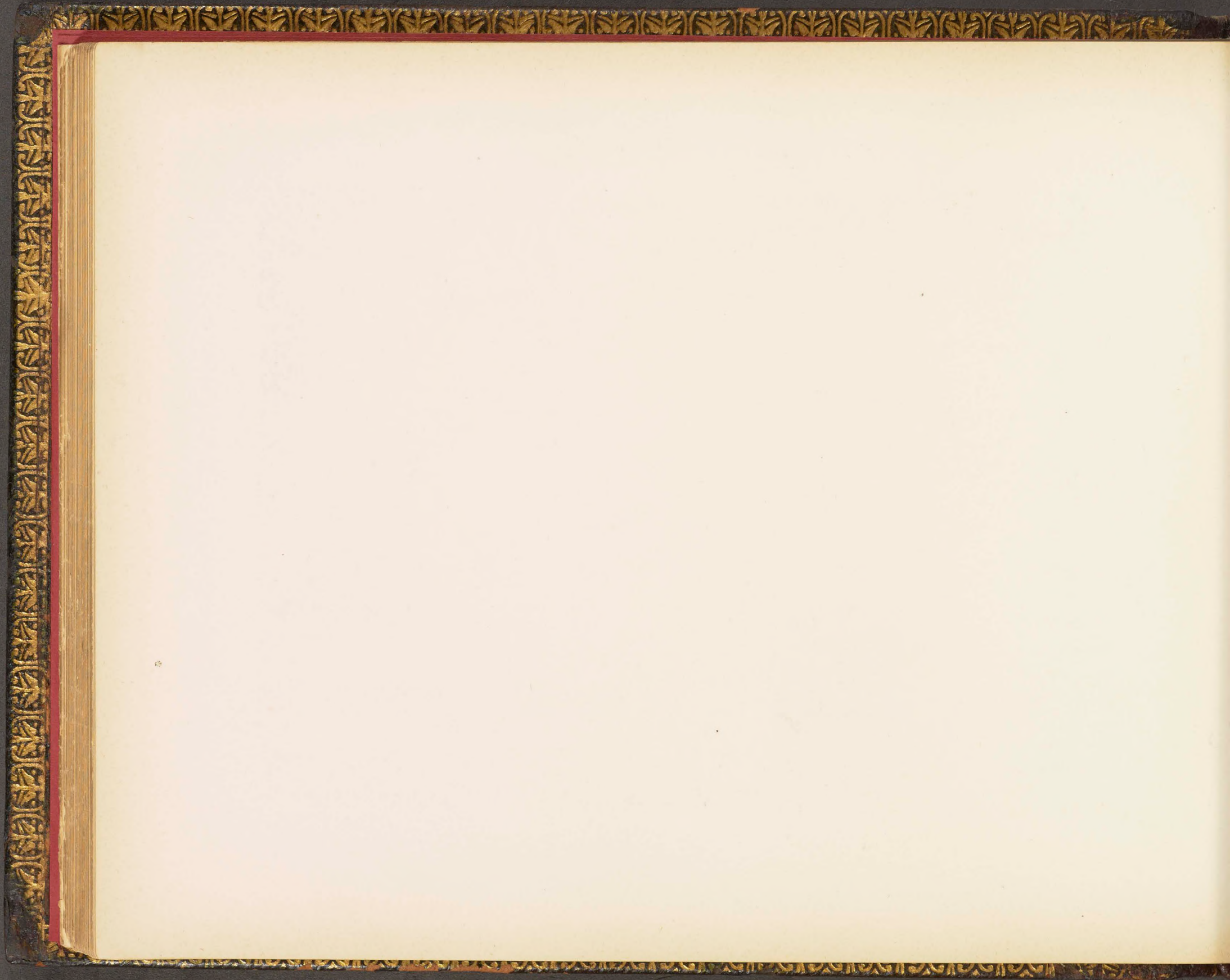
ON nearly all the mines, assay offices are established in order to test the value of the ore as it is taken out, and for retorting, testing, and smelting the amalgam from the plates. Otherwise it would be difficult to know precisely what quality of stuff was going into the mill; for, as the gold is seldom visible, it might be possible, as actually happened at a mine near Barberton, for a quantity of barren ore to be crushed up before the error was discovered. By frequently testing his ore and tailings, and knowing what to expect from them, the mine manager is able to form a very fair idea if any gold has failed to be handed in from mill or cyanide works, and also whether his method of treatment is yielding him the proper percentage of gold or whether he should try some variation to improve it.

To effect such an analytical testing, and from a crushed up pound weight of ore discover to the exact fraction how many pennyweights of gold there are to the ton of stuff—for it is generally only a matter of pennyweights, and not even of ounces to the ton—naturally requires instruments of the very greatest fineness and accuracy; so much so is this the case that the scales employed, one of which is to be seen under a glass case in the background, are *adjusted to detect differences up to the ten-thousandth part of a grain*; a fineness which will be more readily appreciated if a piece of paper is weighed and a lead pencil mark put on it, when, if again put into the scales, the extra weight of the mark will at once upset the balance.

Gold is usually smelted up into bars similar to the one in the foreground. Such a bar is about two inches longer than an ordinary brick, with about the same width and thickness. But the weight of this one was 1,042 ounces, which would represent a value, at about £4 per ounce, of nearly £4,200.









Head Gear, Ferreira Gold Mining Company, Johannesburg.

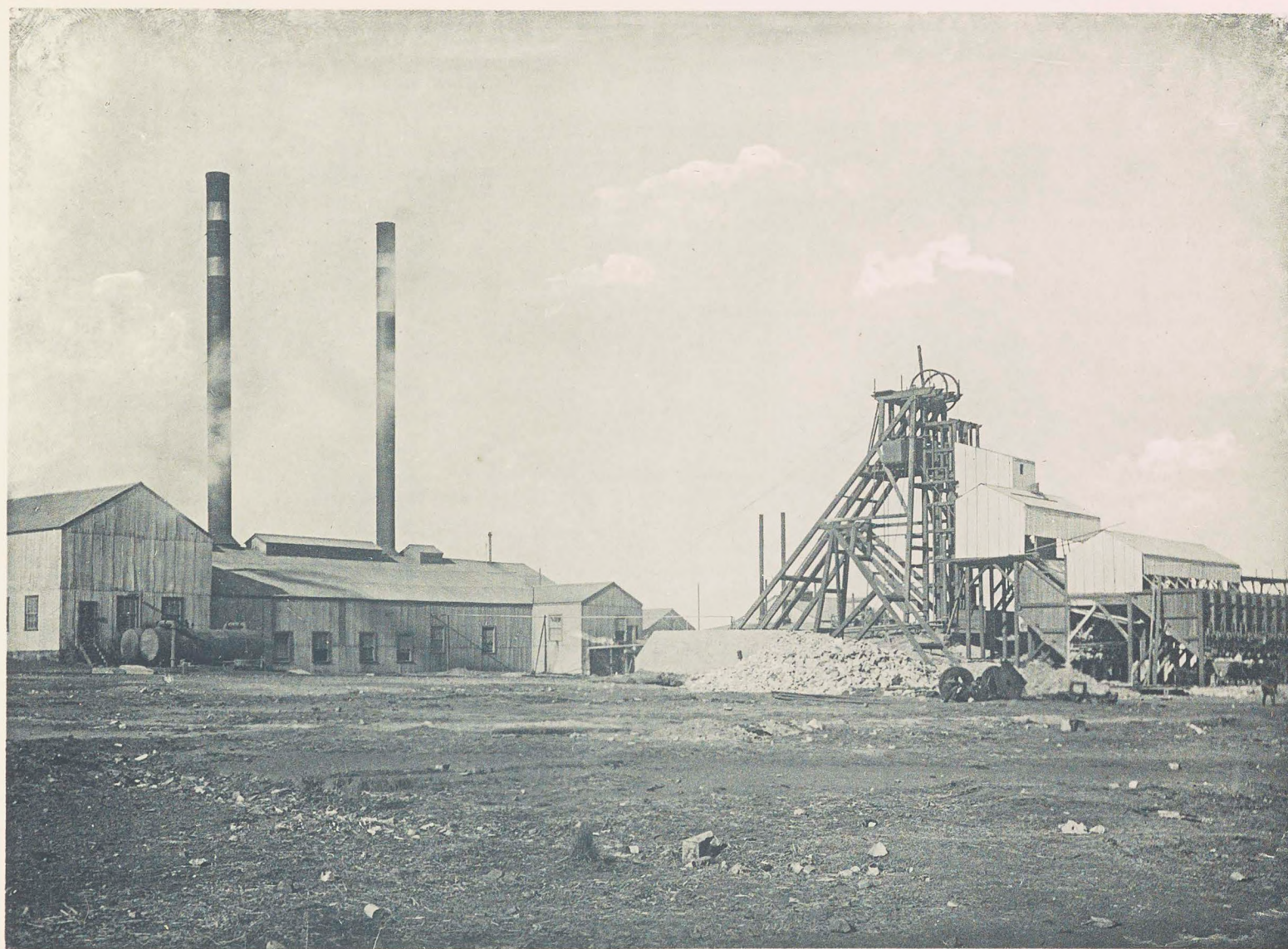


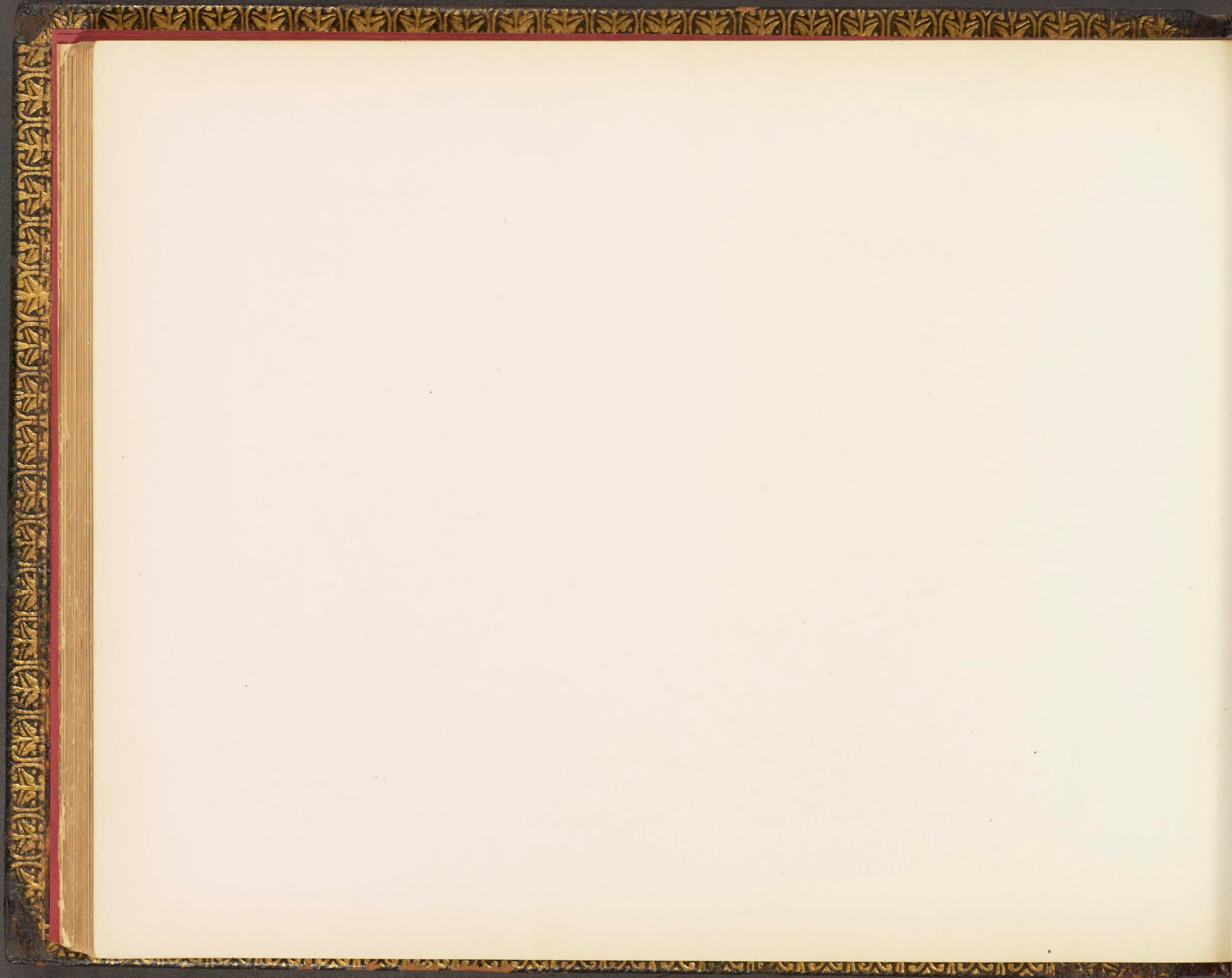
THE Ferreira Mine is one of the leading properties on the Rand. It is situated almost in Johannesburg itself, and under the far-sighted policy of its General Manager, Mr. J. H. Johns, has been distinguished from the commencement by being properly opened up and developed before it started crushing. This was in marked contrast to the way so many of the mines were managed, or rather mismanaged, in the old days, which led to the loss of public confidence and subsequent panic on the markets in 1889-90.

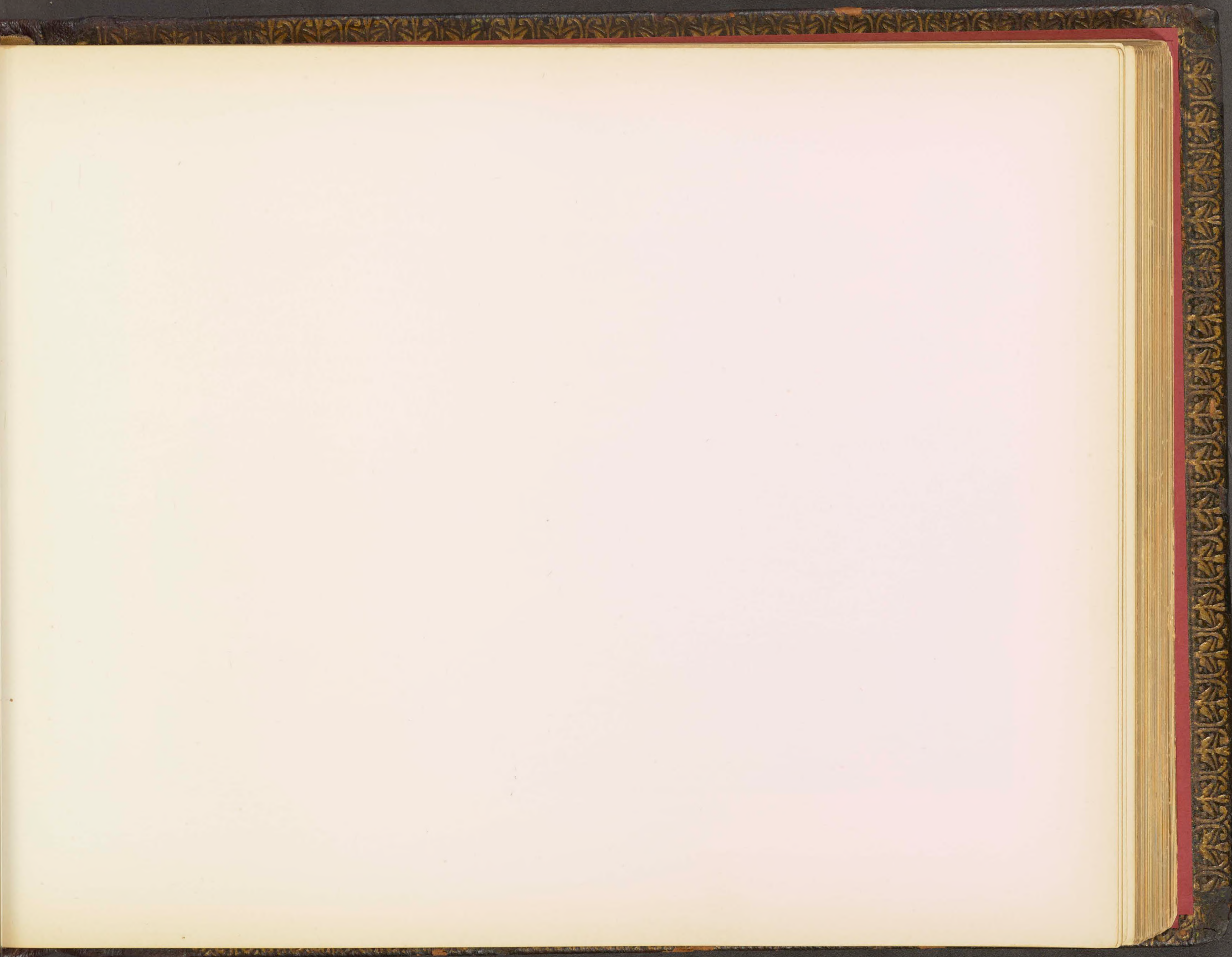
Previously, it had been the regular thing to open up the reef by just quarrying it out in trenches along the outcrop, and even where shafts were sunk and something more like real mining made its appearance, only the richest bits of ore were taken out of the mines; and so with no development ahead, and all the plums taken out of the pudding, one mine after another had to for a while shut down.

In the Ferreira such a hand-to-mouth foolish policy was not pursued. Long after its neighbours were crushing, the Ferreira, excepting for a little trial battery which it had erected at the place where "Sans Souci" now stands, was still silently developing and opening up its levels, so that when at last it started crushing, it did so with a new and magnificent battery, fitted with all the improvements gained from the experience of its more hasty neighbours. Consequently, it was at once able to enter on to a dividend-paying era, distributions of 20, 50, and 75 per cent. following quickly upon each other to the fortunate shareholders. As it has a very moderate capital, no wonder that its shares are quoted at about £17.

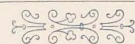








Social Life at the Mines: A Mine Manager's House.



"All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy."

THOUGH the quarters furnished for single men at some of the mines still leave much to be desired, many of the houses of the managers and higher officials are very nice. The one shown is that of the popular and hospitable manager of the May Consolidated Gold Mining Company, Mr. E. F. C. Osterloh.

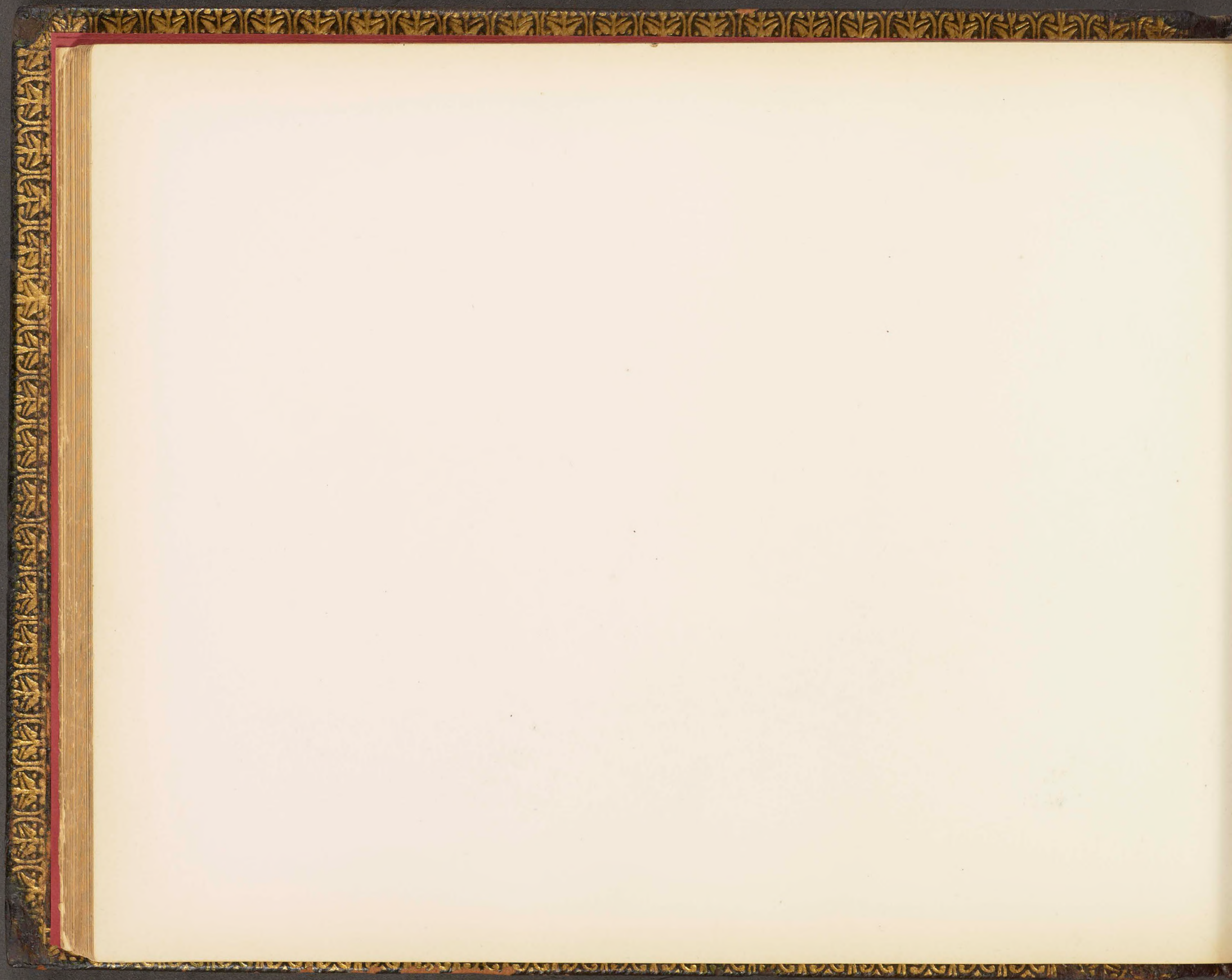
Though built externally of galvanised iron, houses of this class, being brick lined, are very comfortable. Like nearly all South African houses, it is of course of only one storey, with a delicious deep "stoep" (verandah) all round.

The "stoep," to a South African house, is its most charming and indispensable feature. In a country like this, where people are able to sit out of doors so much, it is only natural that half the time elsewhere spent in the house is here devoted to the fresh air of the "stoep," where one can have afternoon tea, or, slung in a hammock, and hidden by the creepers in front, enjoy an after lunch *siesta*. Nearly all the houses along the mines are lighted with electric light, which is generated at but little expense by having a dynamo in the engine room.

One pleasant side of life at the mines, is the open-handed hospitality extended to all comers, and though there is so much hard, and some of it unpleasant, work, existence is not the dreary round of monotony which might be expected. On most of the properties a good cricket or football team can be got together, and there is usually a first-class tennis court; and as a large number of those employed are "off shift" during the day, chances of practice are afforded which enable the mines to furnish some of the best cricket, football, and tennis players in the district.









Native Compound : New Primrose Gold Mining Co.,
Johannesburg.

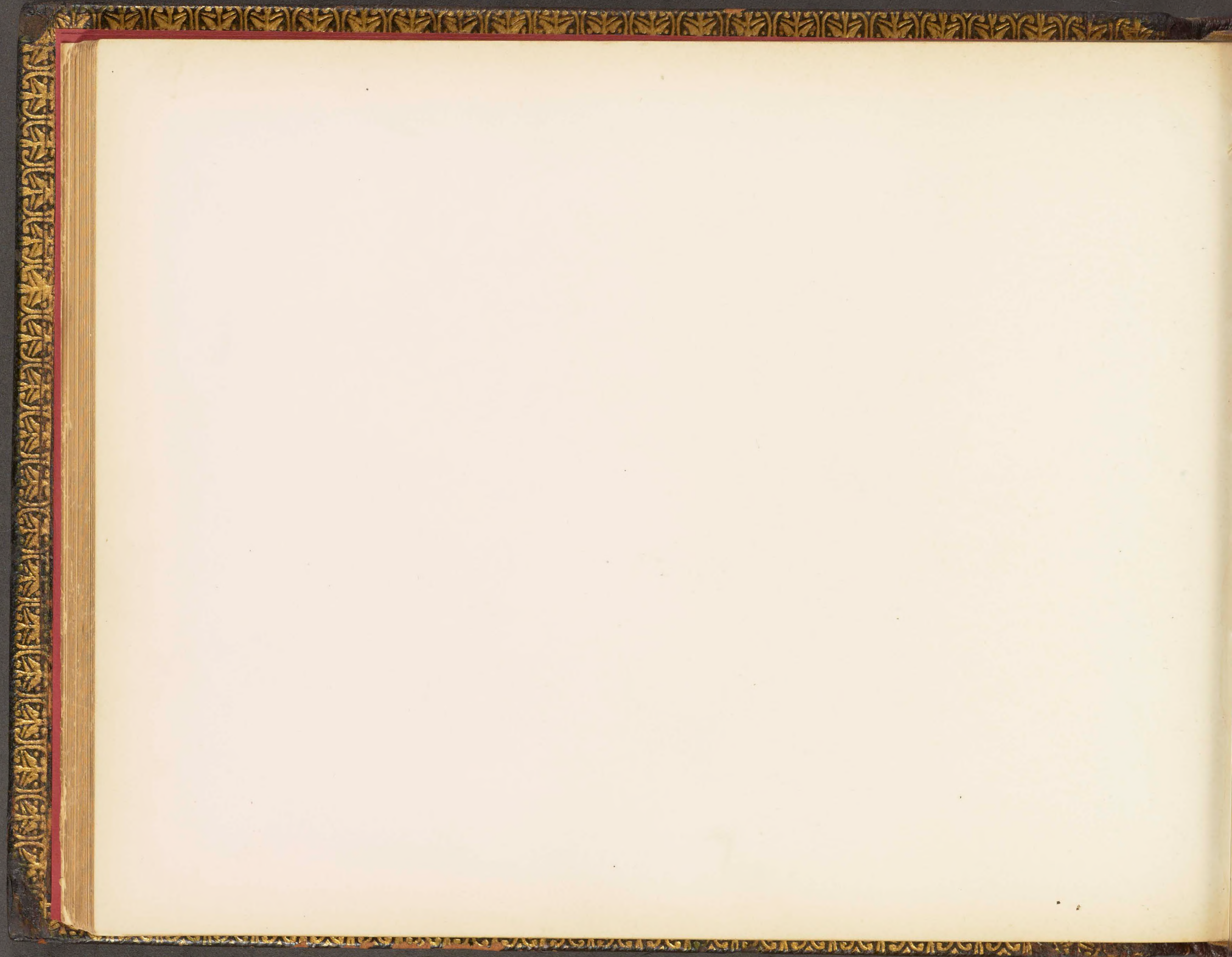


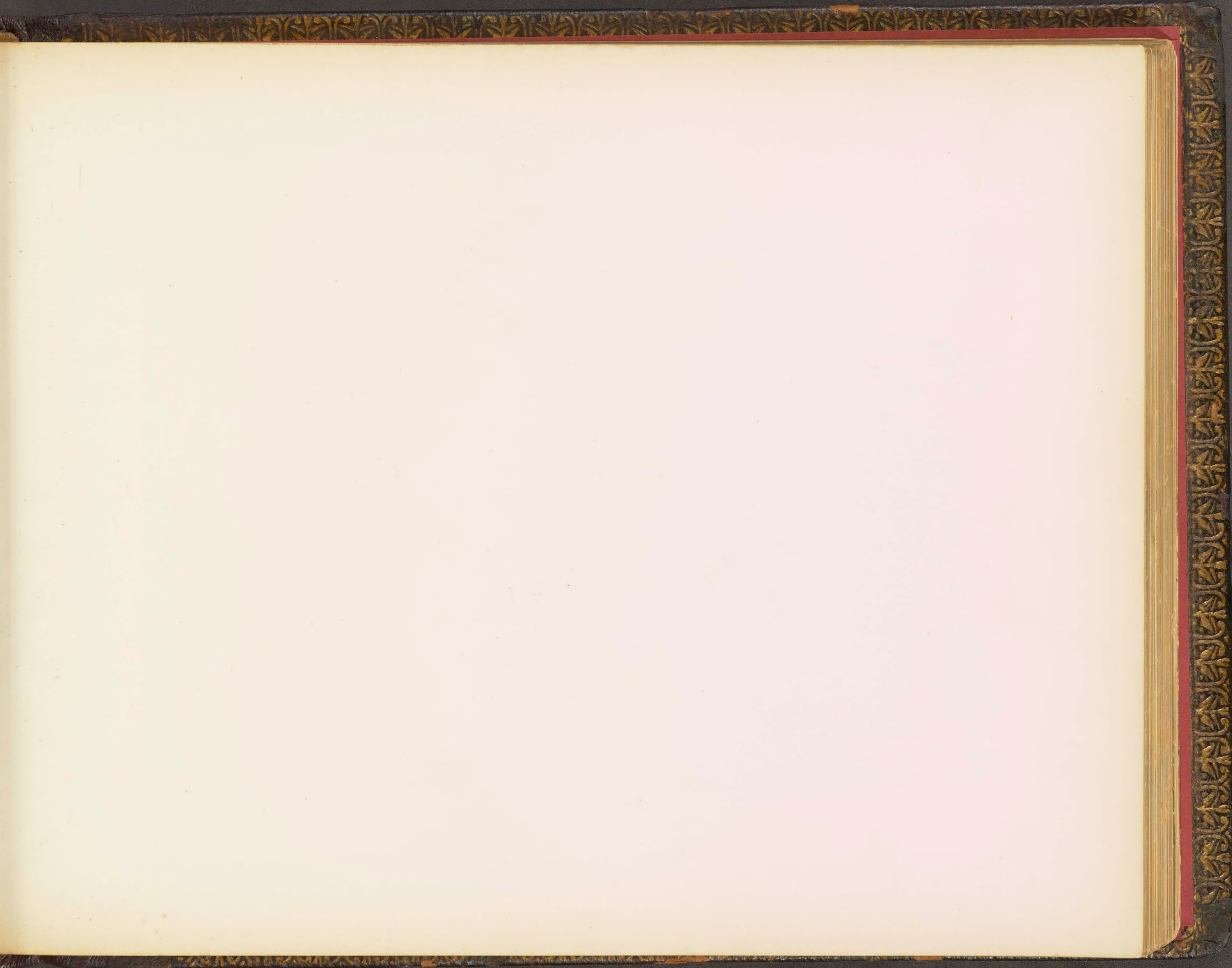
WE give here a picture of one of the biggest compounds on the Rand, where no less than 3,000 natives, employed by the New Primrose Gold Mining Company, are housed. It is, as may be imagined, quite a little village in itself, where, though in the eyes of white men there would be but little comfort, such a place seems to perfectly content the less luxuriant natives. The three pitched-roof buildings in the centre are the kitchens, where enormous quantities of mealie meal are made into the porridge which forms almost the entire diet of the average native. The building in the right corner is the native hospital, where accidents or illness are carefully treated ; in the centre on the same side is the office of the compound manager.

As can be readily understood, the post of compound manager is indeed no sinecure, and requires one who not only speaks the native languages well, but is also a man of tact and courage. It is his duty to see that the "boys" under his control turn out at their proper times to go "on shift," and cases have not been unknown where, temporarily maddened by drink, natives have broken out into open riot, and the services of the "six shooter" been requisitioned to prevent destruction of life and property.









Natives Returning from Work.



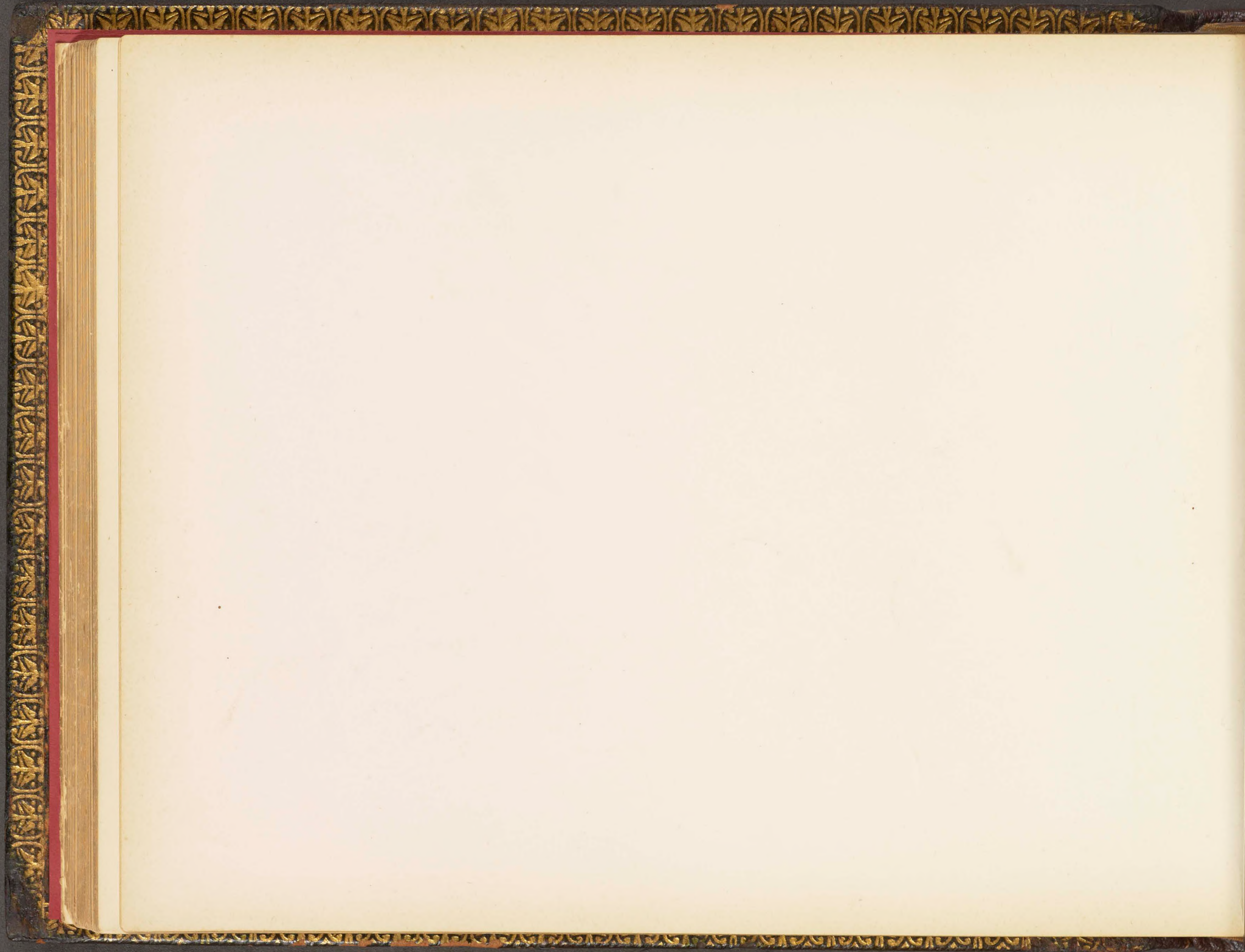
ONE of the interesting sights, in the neighbourhood of the gold fields, is that furnished by the coming and going of the long files of natives, walking one behind the other, to and from their kraals, hundreds of miles away, seeking work or returning laden with the spoils of their labours.

There is no mistaking those coming for work ! They usually arrive at the mines thin, wretched, and in a half-starving condition. Often it is found that they left their homes in some fever district, such as Amatongaland, weak from a recent attack of the malady, to walk a long journey of three or four hundred miles with only about two days' provisions in hand. Indeed it is extraordinary how some of them get to their destinations alive. Arrived at the mines, they soon, however, gain strength and flesh. Their pay of from £2 10s. to £4 a month, is indeed good for them ; their wants are almost *nil*, for, unless they take to drink, they save every sixpence, and have a religious horror of changing a gold piece.

Consequently, in about two or three years, the native who arrived almost starving is able to return to his kraal with what represents to him a fortune. He loads himself up with all sorts of things wrapped round and round in mummy-shaped packages, and staggers home, carrying in his hands, and not on his hitherto untrammelled feet, the new pair of hob-nailed boots, which he will never be able to wear, that the hawk-eyed Russian pedlar has planted on to him at twice their value, together with all sorts of other rubbish.

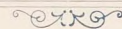








The Native at Home.



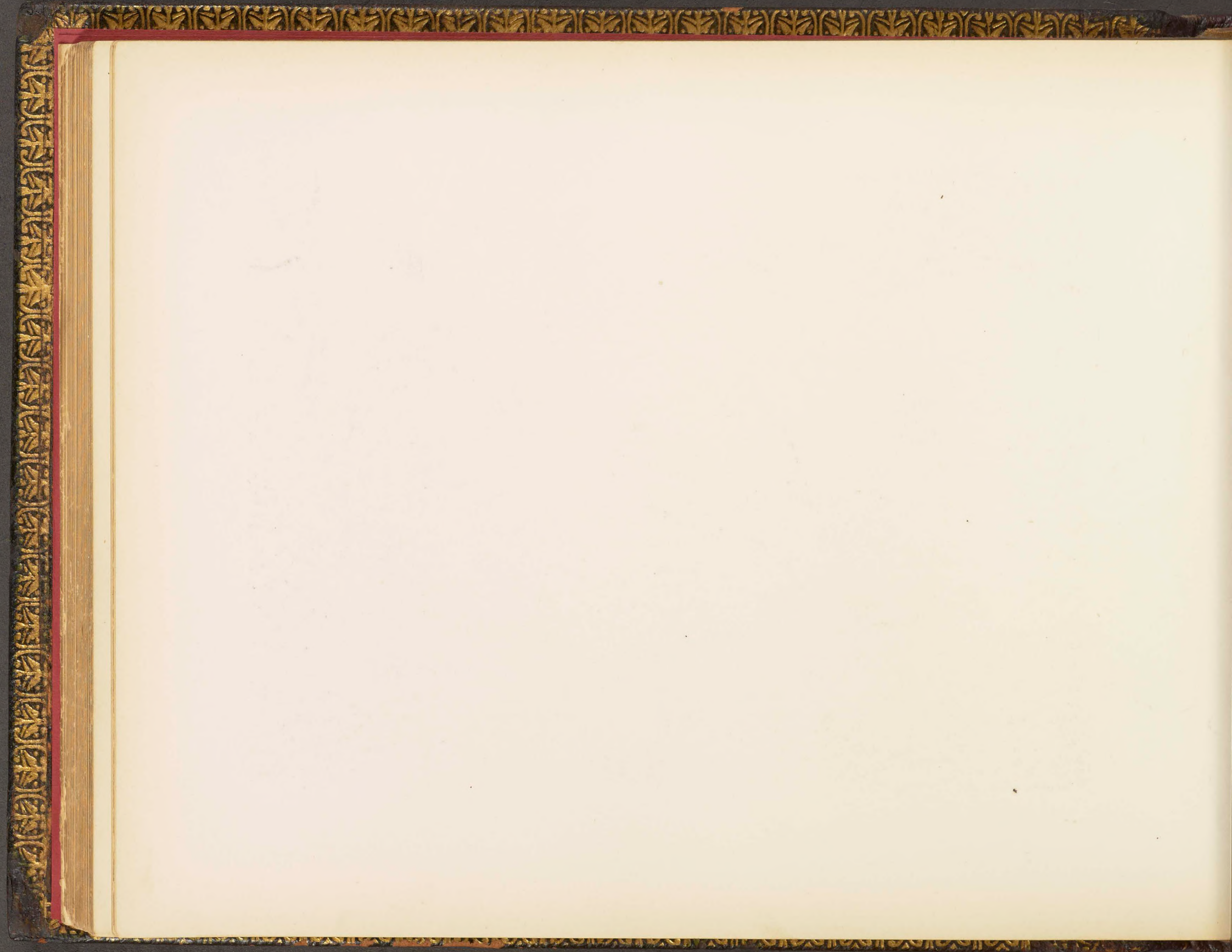
"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

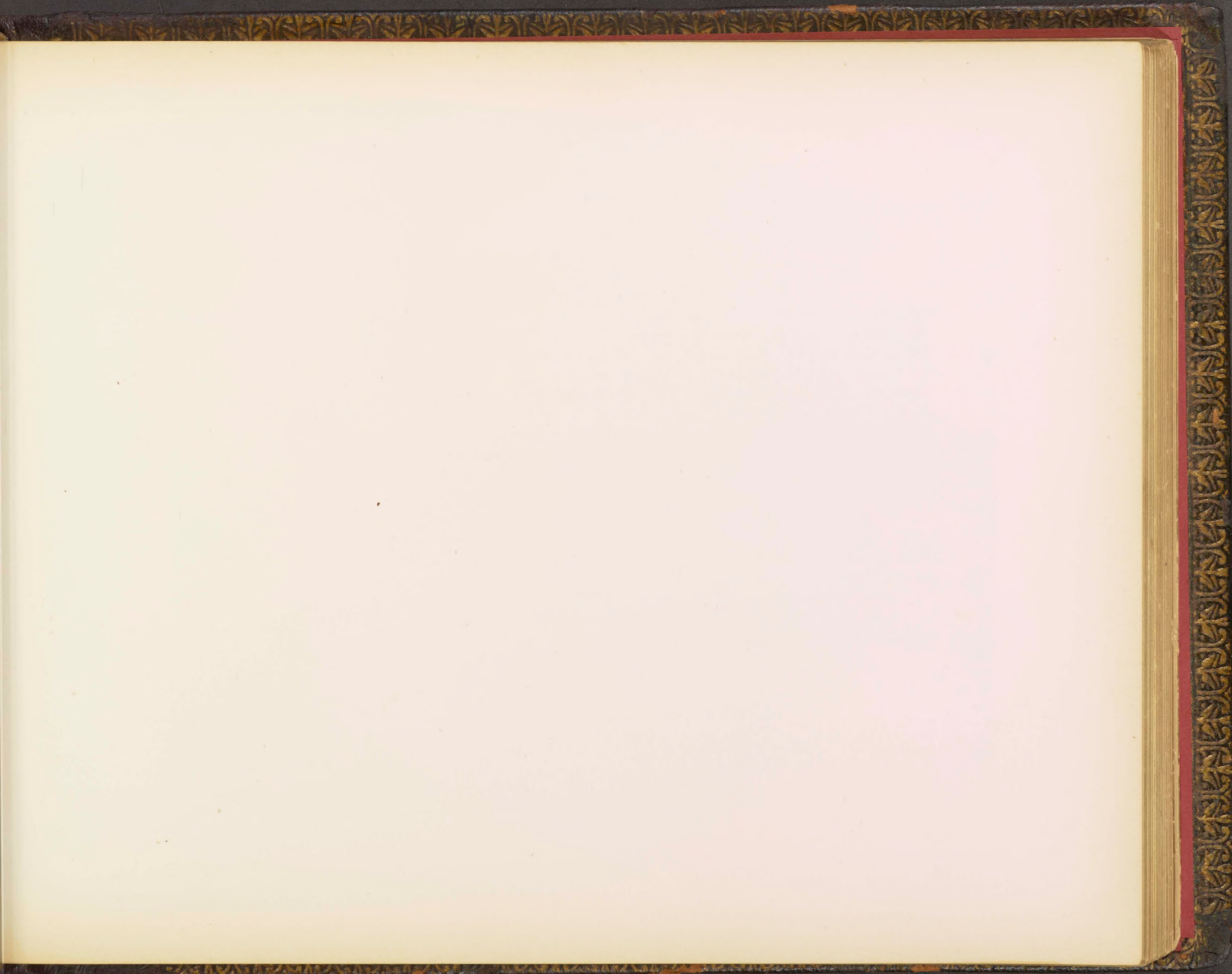
ARRIVED home, after his long spell of unrelenting toil, deep in those black holes in the earth, out of which the white man extracts the yellow metal to form the coins for which he is always striving, the native, no longer compelled to live in compound and go "on shift" for twelve hours, day or night, at behest of a compound manager, soon returns to his pristine state of simplicity. Clothes are very quickly discarded again, and with no more reason to be ashamed of their nakedness than Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, they live together without thought of indecency, blissful in ignorance that there is such a person as Mrs. Grundy to decree to poor custom-hampered people in other countries that only certain portions of their bodies shall be uncovered. Certain it is that many tribes have the strictest moral codes, punishing immorality by death, and live scrupulously pure lives which would put to shame the white races.

Having made his money at the gold fields, a native's philosophy and arithmetic of life is simple. *So much* money buys *so many* cows; *so many* cows go to the purchase from her father of a nice little "umfasi" (young wife); *so many* "umfasis" will till his mealie patch, while he can smoke and look on. And so, set up for the rest of his days, he can finish life as the people do in novels, by "living happy ever afterwards."









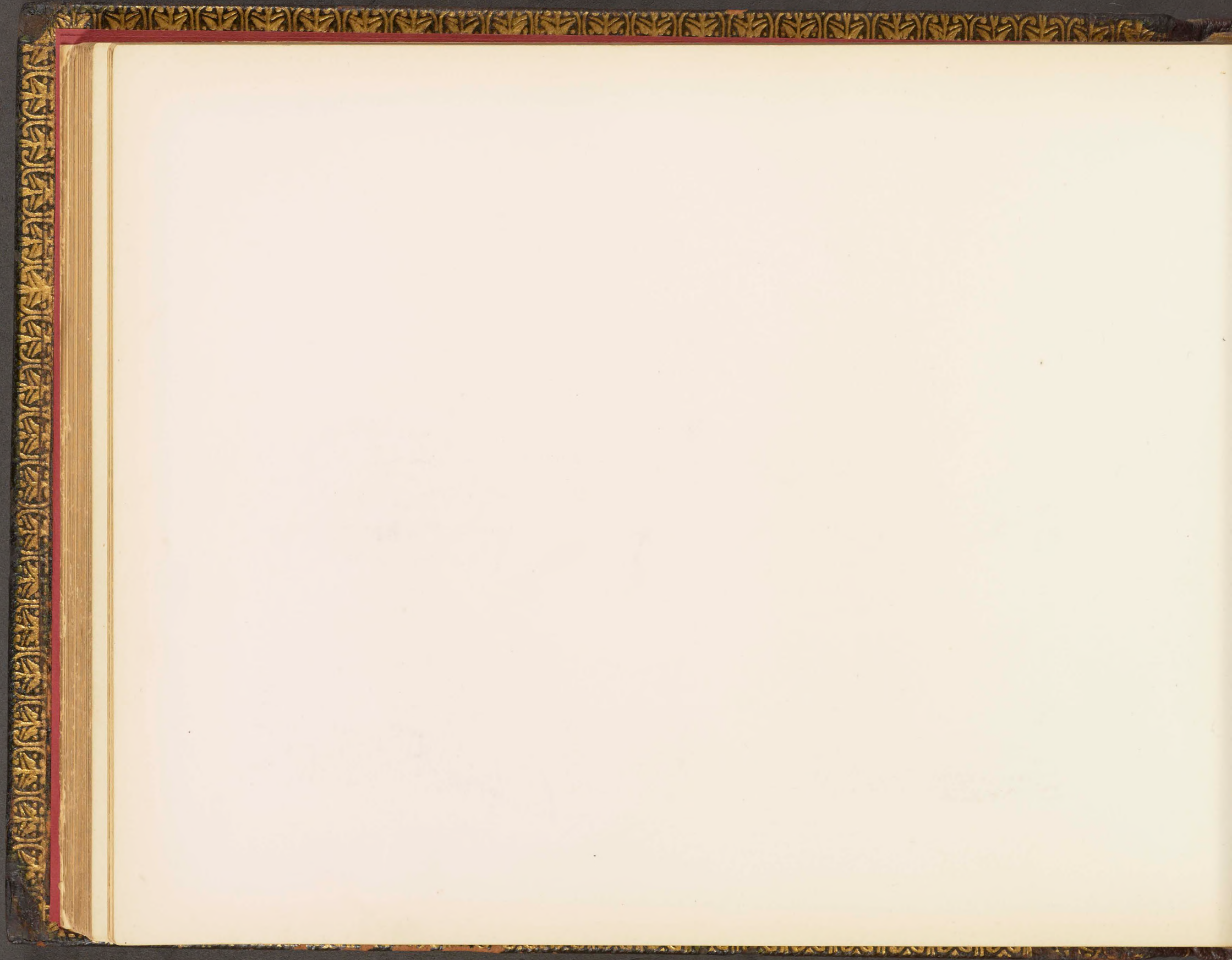
Railway Station, Elandsfontein.

THERE can be little doubt that Elandsfontein will be eventually the most important junction in South Africa. Situated about nine miles from Johannesburg, on the main line from the Cape Colony and Orange Free State to Pretoria and Delagoa Bay, with the line along the reef from the coal fields at the Springs and Boksburg, to Johannesburg and Krugersdorp, passing through it, and with the Natal Railway also about to run in at this point, it will form the junction, for Johannesburg, of all the traffic from every sea port of South Africa. Already about 100 trains arrive and depart daily, and the number is likely to be much increased in the near future. The station is well built of brick and stone, and has good waiting and refreshment rooms, offices, etc.; and near at hand are large workshops where about 200 white men are engaged. The railway lines in the Transvaal are the property of the Nederlandsche Zuid Afrikaansche Spoorweg Maatschappij (Netherlands South African Railway Company).

The mails, and most of the passengers from Europe, come from Cape Town, distant 1,018 miles from Johannesburg, in the trains of the Cape Government Railway, which take them straight into Johannesburg without change, though in charge of the Netherlands Company's officials from the frontier, 35 miles distant. But most of the heavy goods arrive from the other sea ports, the Delagoa Bay line, having the shortest land journey, being likely to get a large percentage of this class of traffic in the future. The passenger trains are now very comfortable. They are built on the corridor plan, with sleeping berths which let down from above, so that a night journey is not so unpleasant.









A Dutch Farm, near New Croesus Mine.

*"Great work is done, be't here and there,
And well, man worketh everywhere;
But work or rest, what e'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all."*—C. G. LELAND.

WITHIN short distances of the Main Reef, there are to be seen, scattered here and there, prosperous farms, such as the one shown, whose Boer owners have been raised from a state of poverty into one of easy circumstances by having been able to sell or let a portion of their ground or a water right to some big mining company, with whose money they have been enabled to erect nice houses.

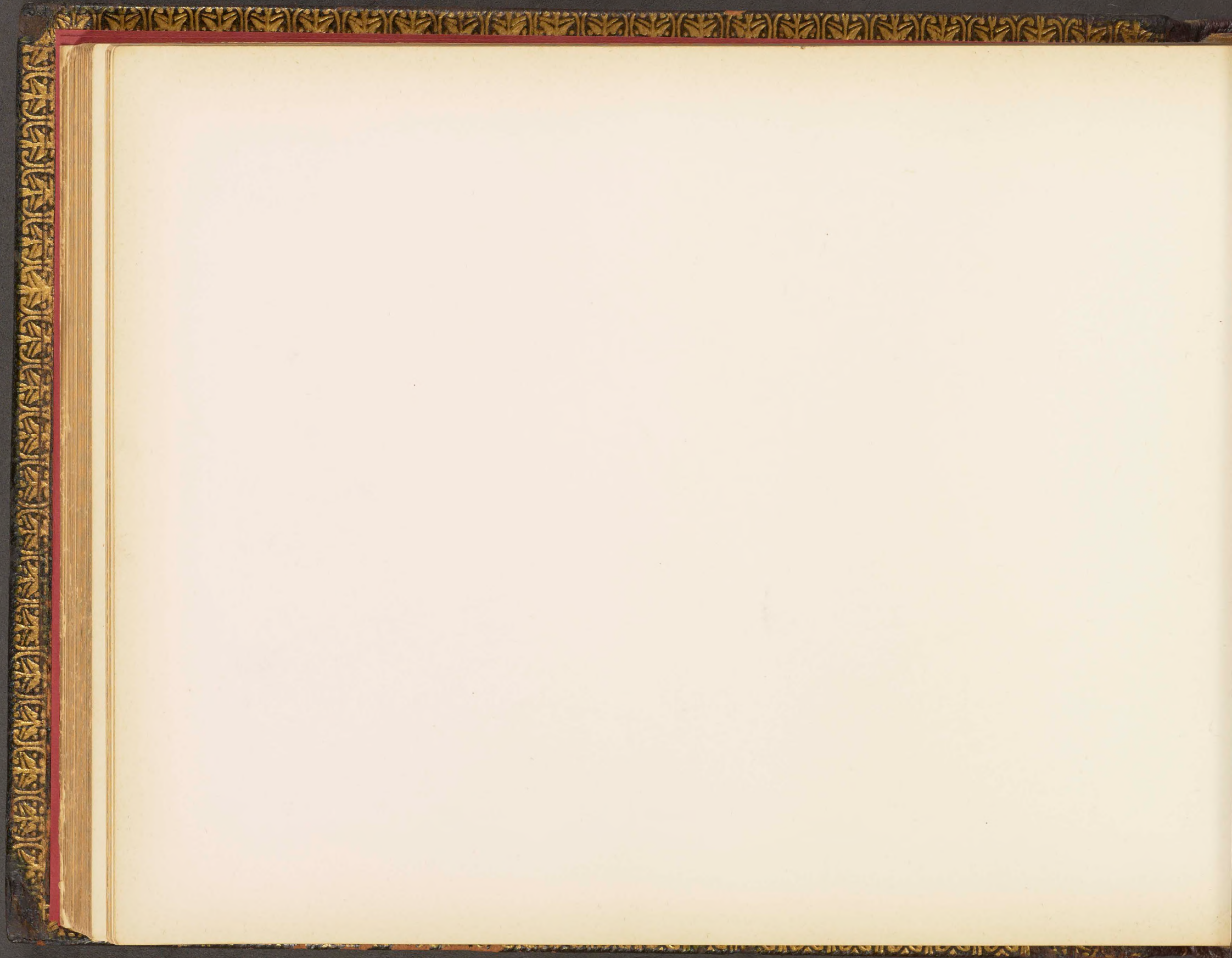
Most of these houses are built on one principle; there is a wide stoep in the middle, with the front door opening into a long dining room, while the rooms in the two gables, also entered from the stoep, are the drawing room and best bedroom respectively. Usually, there is a nice orchard at the back with peaches galore, which, when ripe, the farmer will load into a wagon and take into Johannesburg for sale; where, however, being the commonest fruit in South Africa, he will generally be able to get only from 1s. to 3s. 6d. a hundred for them.

The farm lands in South Africa, on account of the dry climate, are usually placed on a slope leading down to water, as the ground is there moister, and by diverting a portion of the stream from higher up, a water race can convey the precious fluid along the top of the cultivated plots, which are thus irrigated with but little trouble.

The immense height to which the blue gum trees have grown, though probably they are not more than fifteen years old, is worthy of notice.









A Commemoration Scene at Paardekraal.



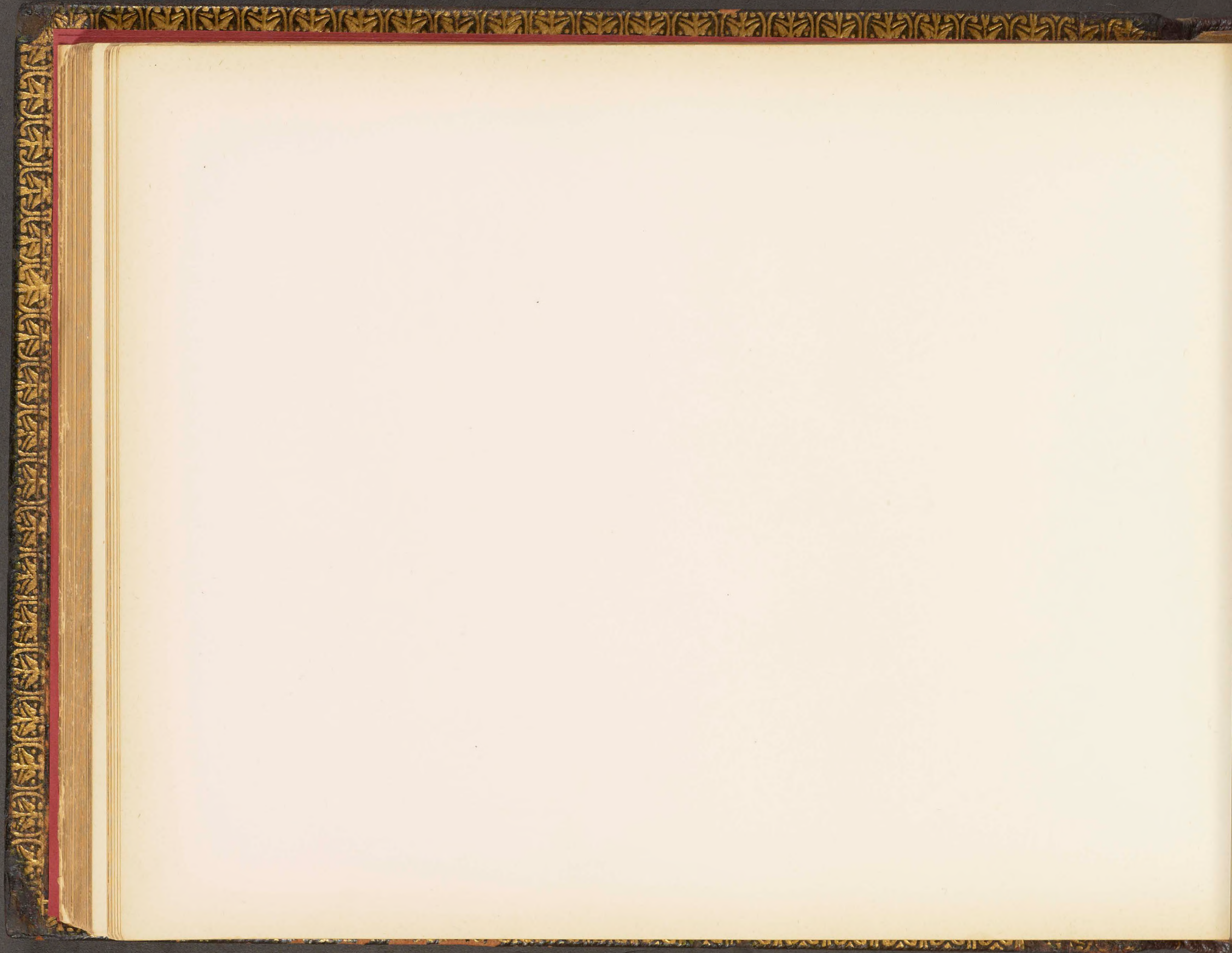
THIS picture presents one of the most striking and interesting events of the Boer national life, viz.:— the great meeting held once every five years to offer up thanksgivings for regaining their independence. On this spot, which is situated just outside where the town of Krugersdorp has since sprung up, and about eighteen miles from where Johannesburg now stands, on the 16th December, 1880, the great meeting of Boers was originally held, when revolution against British rule was decided on, and every man present, taking up a great stone, cast it on a heap in token that he would stand with his fellows and fight until they had regained their freedom; all vowing that, if the God of Battles should enable them to attain their purpose, they would meet periodically, on that same spot, to offer up praises and thanksgivings to Him.

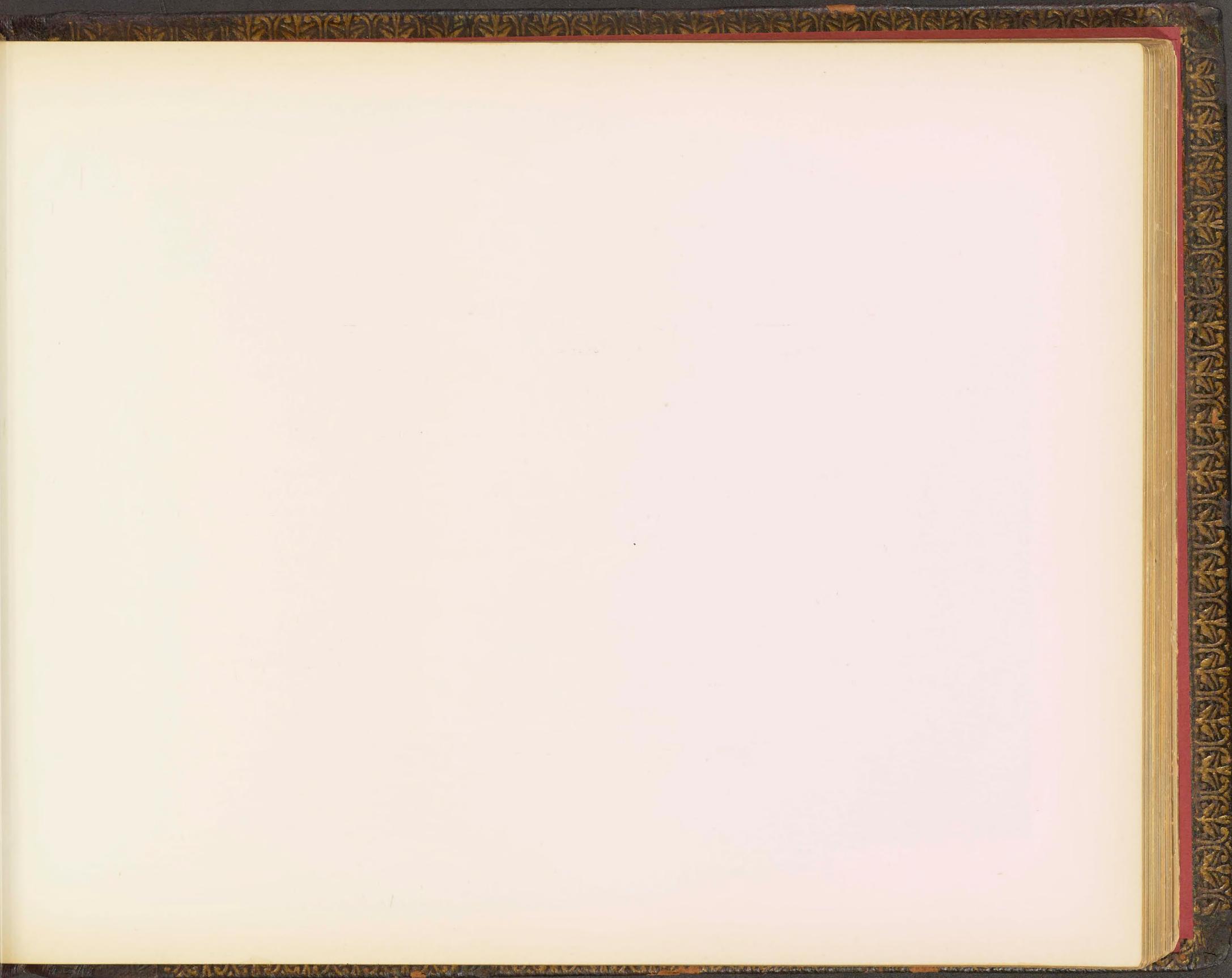
This vow has been religiously observed. From all parts of the Transvaal, from the "High Veld" of the Middleburg and Wakkerstroom districts, from the wilds of Zoutpansberg and Waterberg, from sunny Pretoria and tropical Rustenburg, once every five years the Boers, with their whole families, "trek" in their wagons, for days and weeks, so as to arrive in time for the services of the memorable 16th December.

The last meeting was held in 1891, when a perfect town was formed by the thousands of tents and outspanned wagons, on which occasion the handsome monument, erected over the historic pile of stones, was opened by President Kruger.

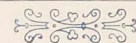








Struben's Waterfall.



*"And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,
And so never ending but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending;
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And in this way the water comes down at Lodore."*—SOUTHEY.

THIS is another of the beautiful bits to be found in the neighbourhood of Johannesburg. Though not nearly so much visited as the loftier Kruger's Waterfall, it is an exquisite spot, where an artist would make a very effective picture out of the red shining rocks, the shrubs and lichens, the overhanging trees, and the ferns, which make such a beautiful setting to the glistening crystal water dashing down.

*"Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around."*

Yes! it is a place well worth hunting out by those who appreciate beauty or want a fresh spot for a picture. It is interesting too as being not far from the spot where Mr. Fred. Struben erected the first battery which demonstrated the payableness of the gold in the neighbourhood.













Raadzaal, Pretoria.

THE Parliament House of the Transvaal is a building which is considered by most people to be second to none in South Africa. Situated in the Church Square at Pretoria, it occupies the whole of an entire block, with frontages on four streets. It cost in all nearly £175,000. Its foundation stone was laid by President Kruger on the 6th of May, 1889, and the building was completed in 1891. Mr. Van der Stadt was the Government architect, and Mr. J. J. Kirkness the contractor. The Transvaal arms, in white stone, are beautifully carved on the front side over the main entrance with the Transvaal motto, "Eendragt maakt magt" (Union makes strength) just beneath; while above all, the edifice is crowned with an exceedingly handsome bronze statue of Liberty.

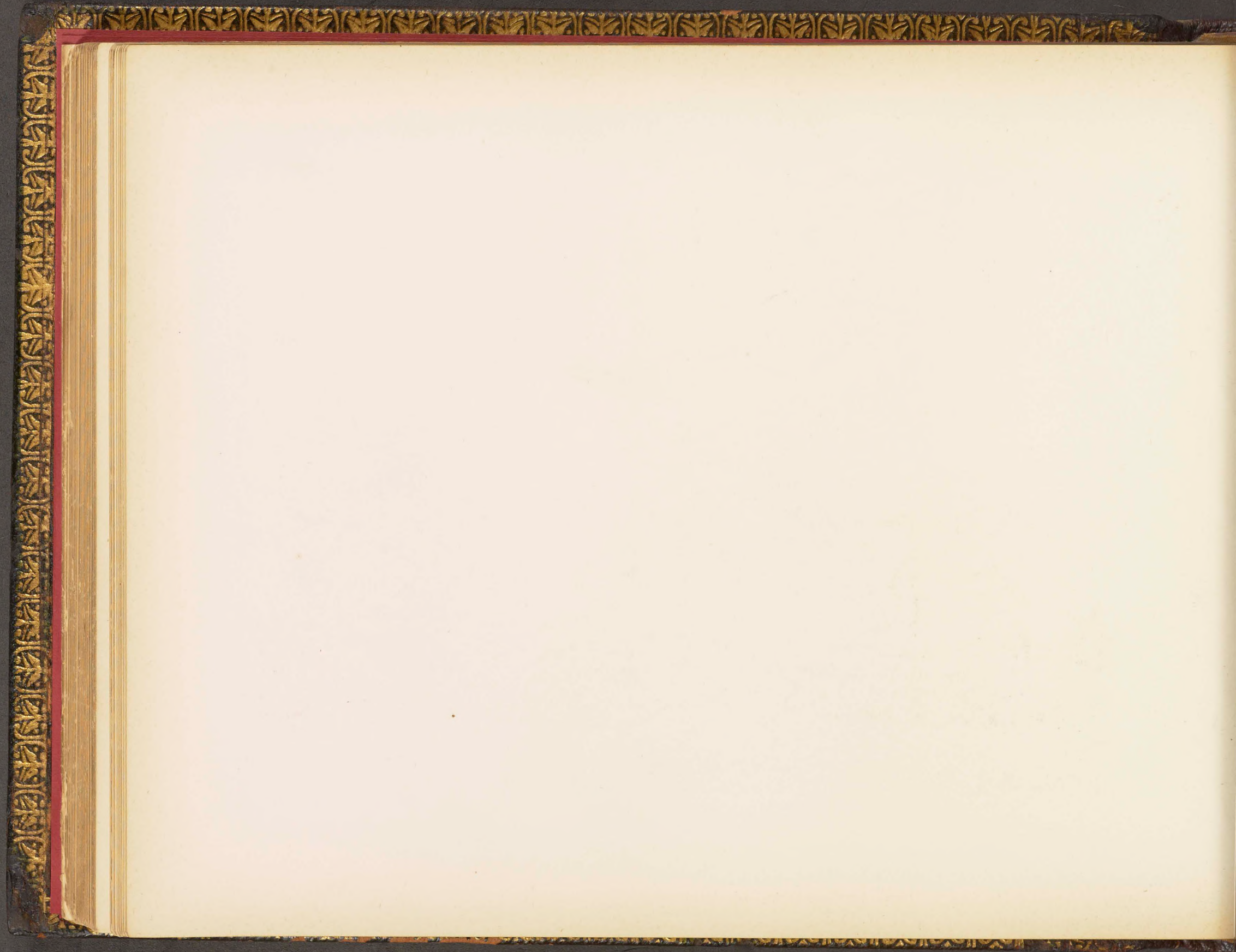
The chambers of the First and Second Volksraads are very fine rooms, that of the First Volksraad being 42 feet high, and measuring 64 feet by 44 feet, with an arched roof and stained glass windows. In the rest of the building are the offices of all the various Departments of State, such as the State Secretary, the War Department, Foreign Affairs Department, etc.; making over 200 rooms in all.

The Government of the Transvaal consists of a President, elected every four years, assisted by an Executive Council, and two legislative bodies, the First and Second Volksraad. To the First Volksraad only burghers of the State are eligible for election; no "uitlander" (foreigner) being at present able to acquire even the right of voting.

For the Second Volksraad all those who have been registered for two years have the right to vote, but the powers of the members of this latter body are much more limited.









Dutch Reformed Church, Pretoria.



NEXT to the Raadzaal, the object which most prominently strikes the visitor to Pretoria, is the Dutch Reformed Church, situated in the centre of Church Square. It is built on the site of an old predecessor, which had a thatched roof and dated back to the laying out of Pretoria in 1866. As time went on a grander place of worship was demanded, so the old church was burnt, but the war with England breaking out, the foundations of the new one were not laid till 1882. It took three years before it was completed, and cost £17,000, which was a large sum of money for Pretoria in those days. The steeple is nearly 100 feet high and contains a bell weighing 300 lbs.

At the great Nachتماال services, when the Boers with their families arrive by ox-wagon from all parts and outspan round the church, the edifice is crowded to excess, though it has sitting accommodation for 2,000 people.

The services, excepting that they are in Dutch, are said to be very similar to those of the Scottish Presbyterians; and, indeed, several of the ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church have been trained in that of the former.









The President's House, Pretoria.



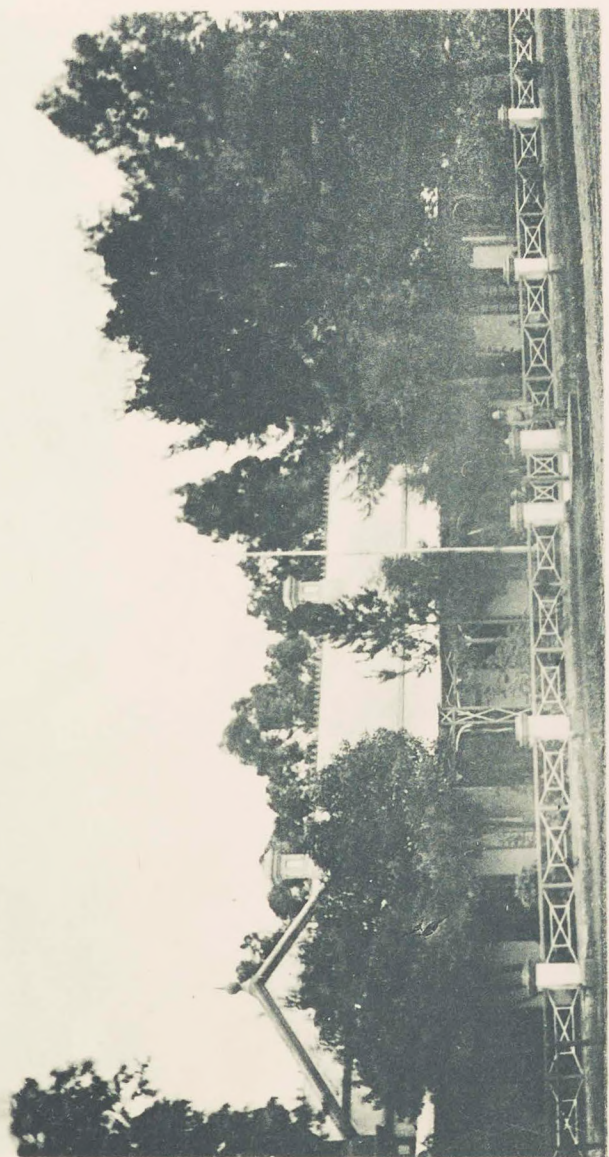
THE President's house, which is situated at the west end of Church Street, is naturally an object of interest to the visitor to Pretoria. Though a beautiful house, nestling under overhanging trees, it is a place of no striking architectural pretensions, not being, as in other countries, a state-built official residence for the reception of various Presidents, but the private property of President Kruger himself. But for the sentry, in the uniform of the Staats Artillerie, pacing up and down in the street in front, there is nothing to mark it from any other gentleman's residence.

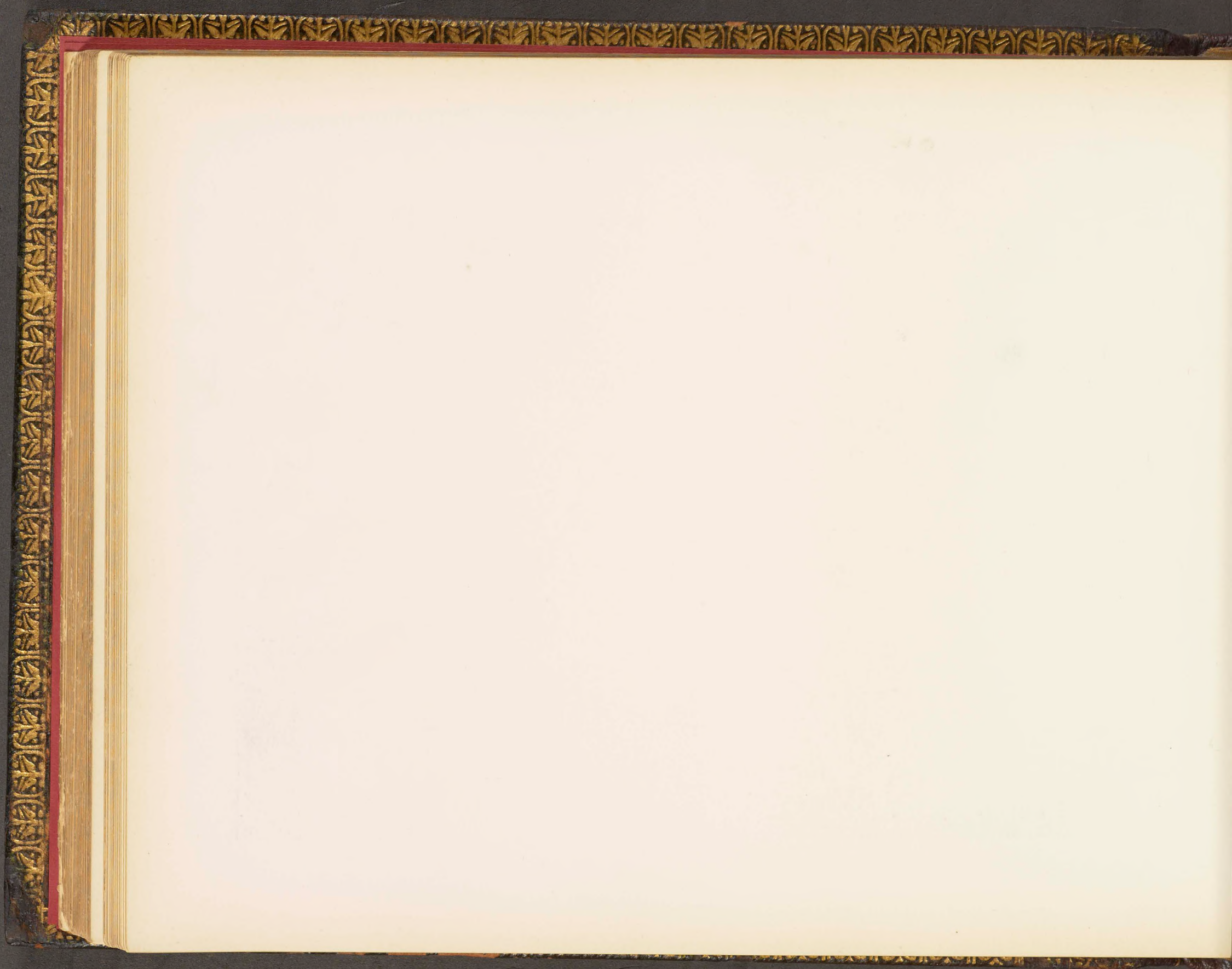
His Honour S. J. Paul Kruger, President of the South African Republic, is a man of simple tastes, who is satisfied to live in a quiet way, and devote himself to what he considers the interest of his burghers, whose welfare he unquestionably has at heart. He is an early riser, and his favourite time for receiving visitors is from 6 to 8 in the morning, on his own "stoep," where he is generally pleased to see those who can talk to him in the language of the country, on which point he is particular.

Church Square, East Side, Pretoria.

THE first block is that of the Transvaal Mortgage Loan and Finance Company, Limited, which was erected in 1890, at a cost of no less than £70,000. It is built of cut stone and brick, and in it the African Banking Corporation, which was founded by them to take the place of the ill-fated Cape of Good Hope Bank, have their offices, while many of the leading attorneys, brokers, and accountants, are also established in the same building. It has a frontage of 113 feet to Church Square, and 96 feet to Church Street. The buildings next door are those of Messrs. Lewis and Marks, the capitalists, who have successfully promoted so many industrial enterprises in the Transvaal, such as the Hatherley Distillery, the collieries at Vereeniging, the jam factory, etc., all of which, by enabling the country to produce for itself, will render it more self-supporting. Erasmus's Buildings, adjoining, are also let as offices, excepting a portion of the ground floor which is devoted to the new Public Library.









Avenue of Blue Gum Trees, Church Street East, Pretoria.



THE approaches to Pretoria are as beautiful as the city itself, but perhaps the most charming picture of them all, is that afforded by the avenue of blue gum trees, with the tower of the Dutch Reformed Church completing the view, which meets one's eye in coming in from the Arcadia Bridge towards the town. Beautiful houses, standing in delicious gardens, flank the road on either side, and the visitor entering Pretoria, cannot fail to be struck with the settled down residential character of the place, and the restful appearance worn by everything, after the noise and bustle of the Rand. Here, if money is not made so quickly, people seem to have, at any rate, more time to enjoy what they possess, and live out their lives in the way it was intended they should.

Many of the houses possess a field as well as a garden, plenty of space being a feature of the metropolis of the Transvaal, and with the warmth, and abundance of water, people are able to grow the fine trees and lovely flowers which have earned for the city the appellation of "Pretty Pretoria."









Jess's Cottage ("The Palatial"), Pretoria.

*"If I should die to night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
And deem that death had left it almost fair,
And laying snow white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to night."—"JESS."*

THE above verse will be readily recognised as taken out of the closing scene of Mr. Rider Haggard's powerful novel "Jess," in which the heroine (Jess) is supposed to write these lines before laying herself down to die. As the story, being located in the Transvaal, is of especial interest to its residents, we give a picture of the little house, "The Palatial," in which Jess is supposed to have lived; but which was really Mr. Rider Haggard's own house, in which he wrote the greater portion of the story.

The place is, alas! now pulled down, so we are doubly glad to thus preserve this memento. It was situated in the far end of the Berea Park, and was removed to make way for the railway.









How Clothes are Washed in the Transvaal.



IT always appears that if there is one opening more than another by which a fortune could be made it would be by starting a steam laundry. Though the experiment has been, however, tried more than once, the undertaking has, from one cause or another, usually come to an untimely end. Consequently, the ordinary individual is thankful to fall back on the tender mercies of the coloured lady, who drives up in a cab, with a pair of horses, for his weekly bundle.

They have a beautiful little system of their own for dealing with your clothes. The washerman, or washerwoman, as the case may be, stands in the water along with them, and after rubbing in soap, thrashes it out again by banging the articles on to stone slabs, regardless of flying buttons and the elegant fringes which are appearing on your most "masher" collars and cuffs.









Charlestown Tunnel and Natal Government Railway's Engine.

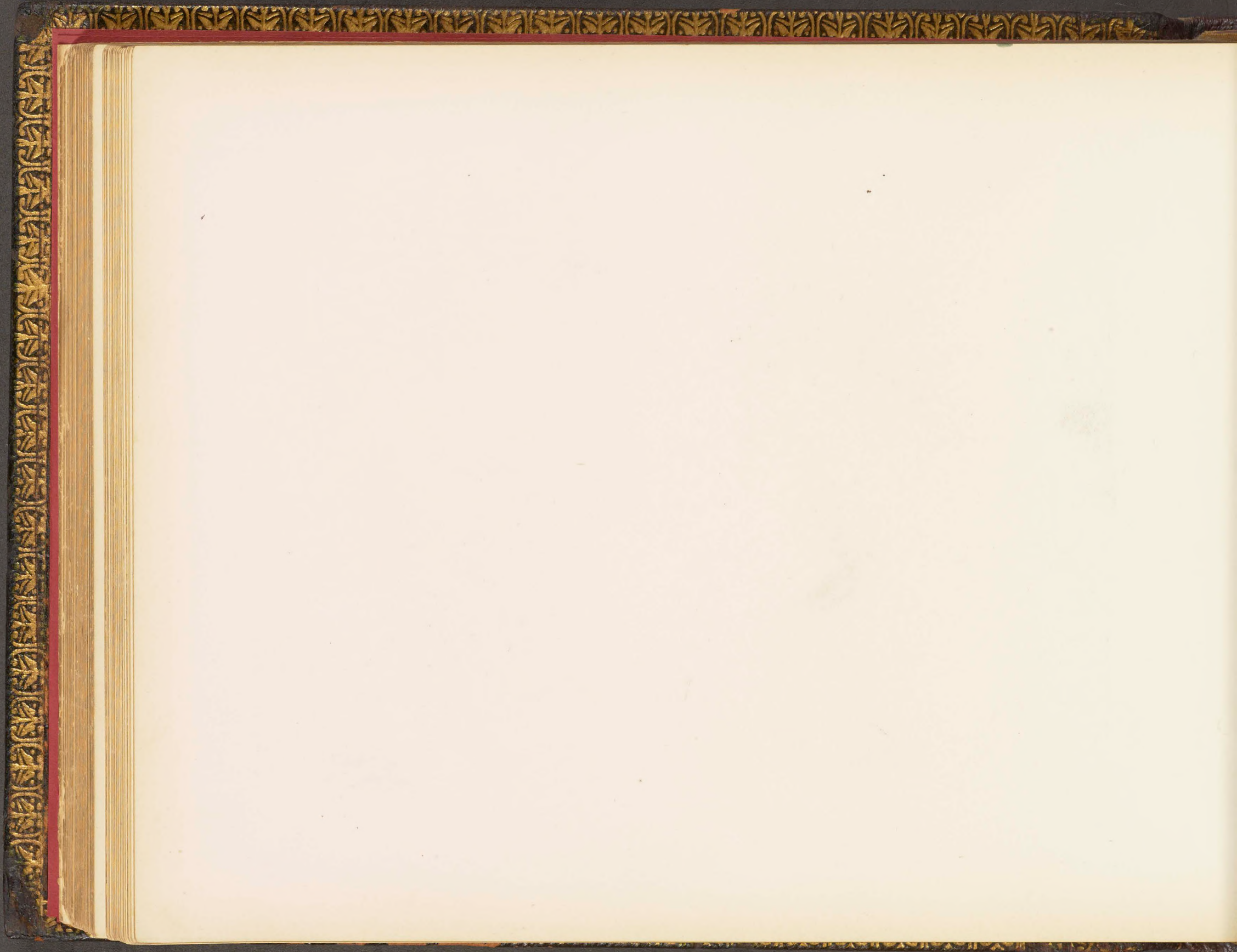
*"Lay down your rails, ye nations, near and far,
Yoke your full trains to Steam's triumphal car;
Link town to town; and in these iron bands
Unite the strange and oft embattled lands."*—DR. C. MACKAY.

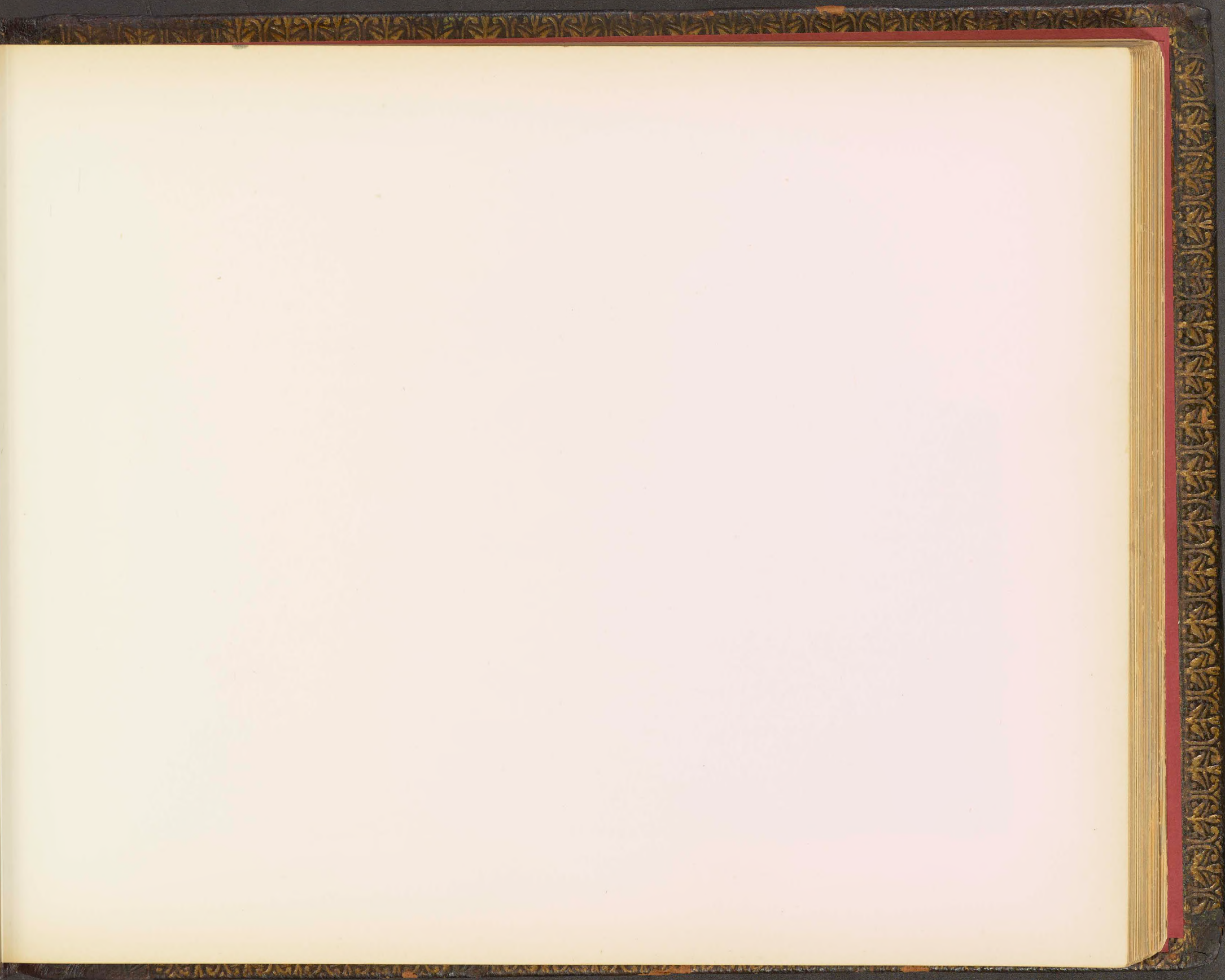
THE Natal Government Railways, in competing for the Transvaal trade, had some very difficult engineering problems set them in crossing the Drakensberg range. Streams had to be bridged, tunnels cut, and a way found through districts which, at first sight, seemed well-nigh impassable to anything requiring such a perfect road as the "iron horse." No wonder that in places the way is a series of ever succeeding curves leading to the higher levels; but though the gradient is sometimes 1 in 30, safety in working has been assured by the special care taken with the brakes.

The heavy class of engine with four small wheels coupled, it will be noticed, is especially suitable for hill-climbing, while the "cow-catcher" in front, like those of American engines, is a feature which is of the highest necessity where a railway has to cross vast unfenced tracts of country, where animals may stray on the line across the path of an engine going at full speed. Like all the other railways in South Africa, the Natal line is laid with the rails 3 feet 6 inches apart.









Majuba Hill.

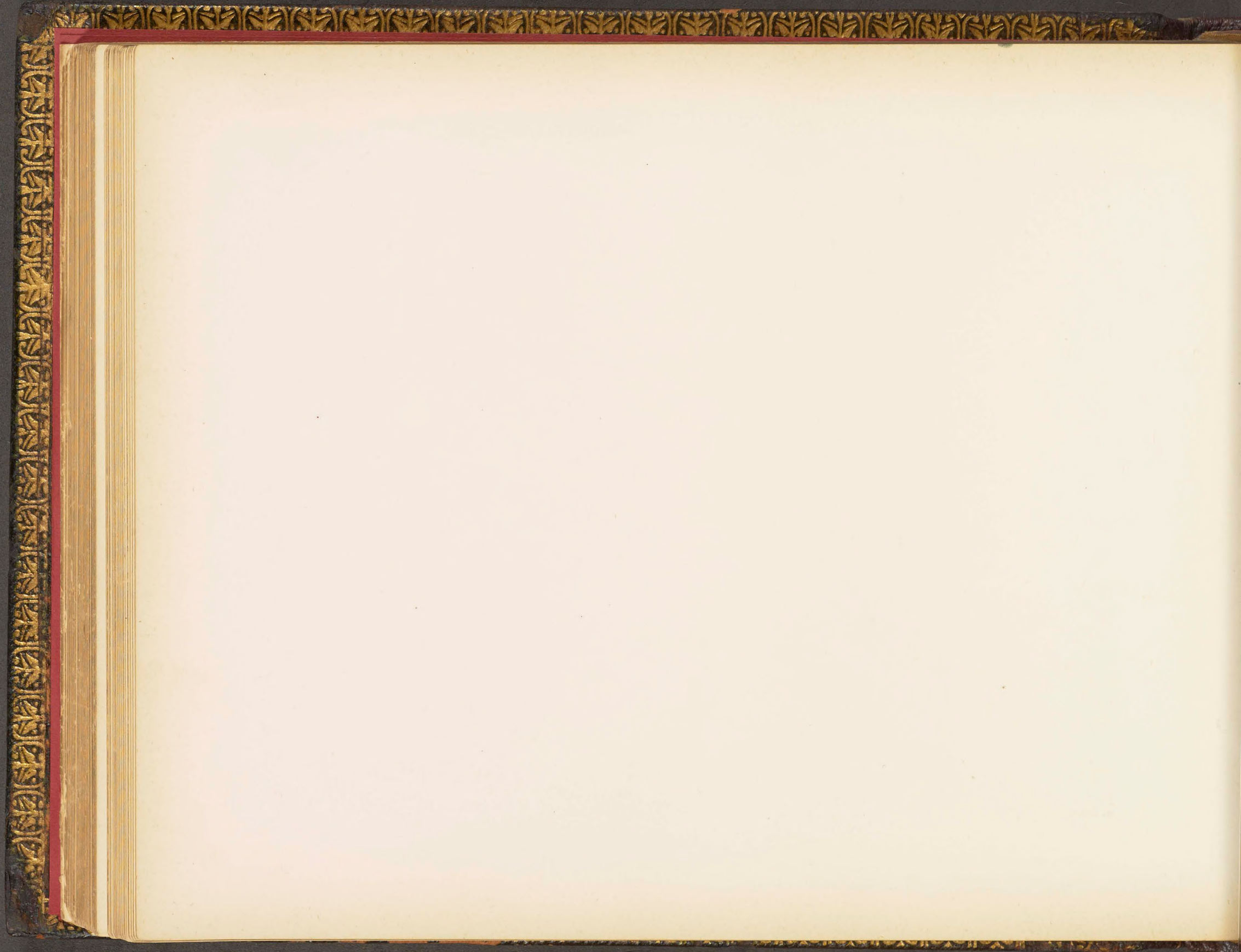


WE come now to a place of very mournful interest to British subjects, the scene of the battle of Amajuba, where on the 27th of February, 1881, by the fortune of war, and a calamitous blunder, by which out-posts were omitted to be placed, the British troops were surprised by the Boer force and defeated.

The details of the story are too fresh in the minds of everyone to make it necessary to give more than an outline of the story. How Sir George Colley, who was at the head of Her Majesty's forces, led his troops in the dead of night to the top of Majuba mountain, which placed him in command of the whole Boer position; and, never dreaming of the possibility of an attack, allowed all his soldiers to rest in the historic hollow at the top. How the Boers, on waking at dawn, were disheartened to find out the march which the English had stolen upon them, until a few bold spirits among their scouts, who had gone out to reconnoitre, came back with the startling intelligence that they had actually been all the way to the top of the hill unobserved; as the British had neglected to put out scouts. How, in consequence, the bold plan was conceived of ascending the steep side of the hill, and how, when the advancing army was at last discovered, the deadly straight shooting of the Boers, hidden behind every rock and stone, hitting every head which showed itself against the sky, so demoralised the British, who had had nothing to eat, and were exhausted with a long night's march, that when the Boers reached the summit, the issue of the battle was never for a moment in doubt.









Officer's Graves, Majuba.

*"He will never come back to your arms any more."
Grow lilies for him; his battles are o'er;
He is borne to his rest on his battle shield.—LOLA M. DEAN.*

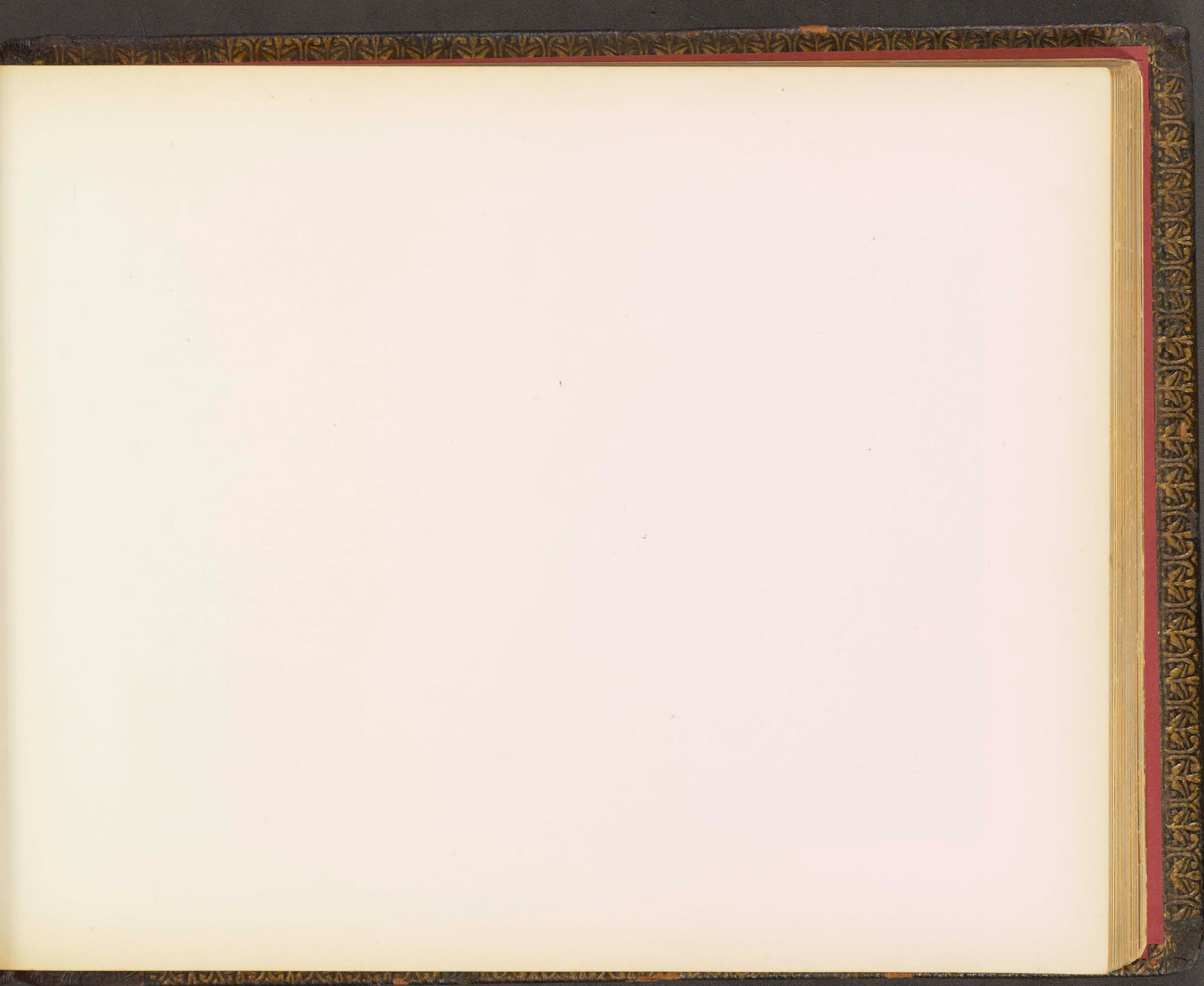
NEAR to the scene of action, is the melancholy spot where are interred the remains of the officers and men who fell at Majuba. The hill at the back is Majuba itself, shewing a different aspect to that in the last picture, with the hollow at the top plainly visible. The middle tombstone is that of Sir George Colley, and bears the inscription:—

In Memory of
SIR GEORGE POMEROY COLLEY,
G.C.B., K.C.M.G., ETC.,
H.M. COMMISSIONER FOR SOUTH AFRICA,
GOVERNOR OF NATAL,
MAJOR-GENERAL, COMMANDING FORCES,
Born 1st November, 1838.
Killed in action at Amajuba Mountain,
Sunday, 27th February, 1881.









Scene in Lydenburg District.

*"O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green!
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptured scene."*—BURNS.

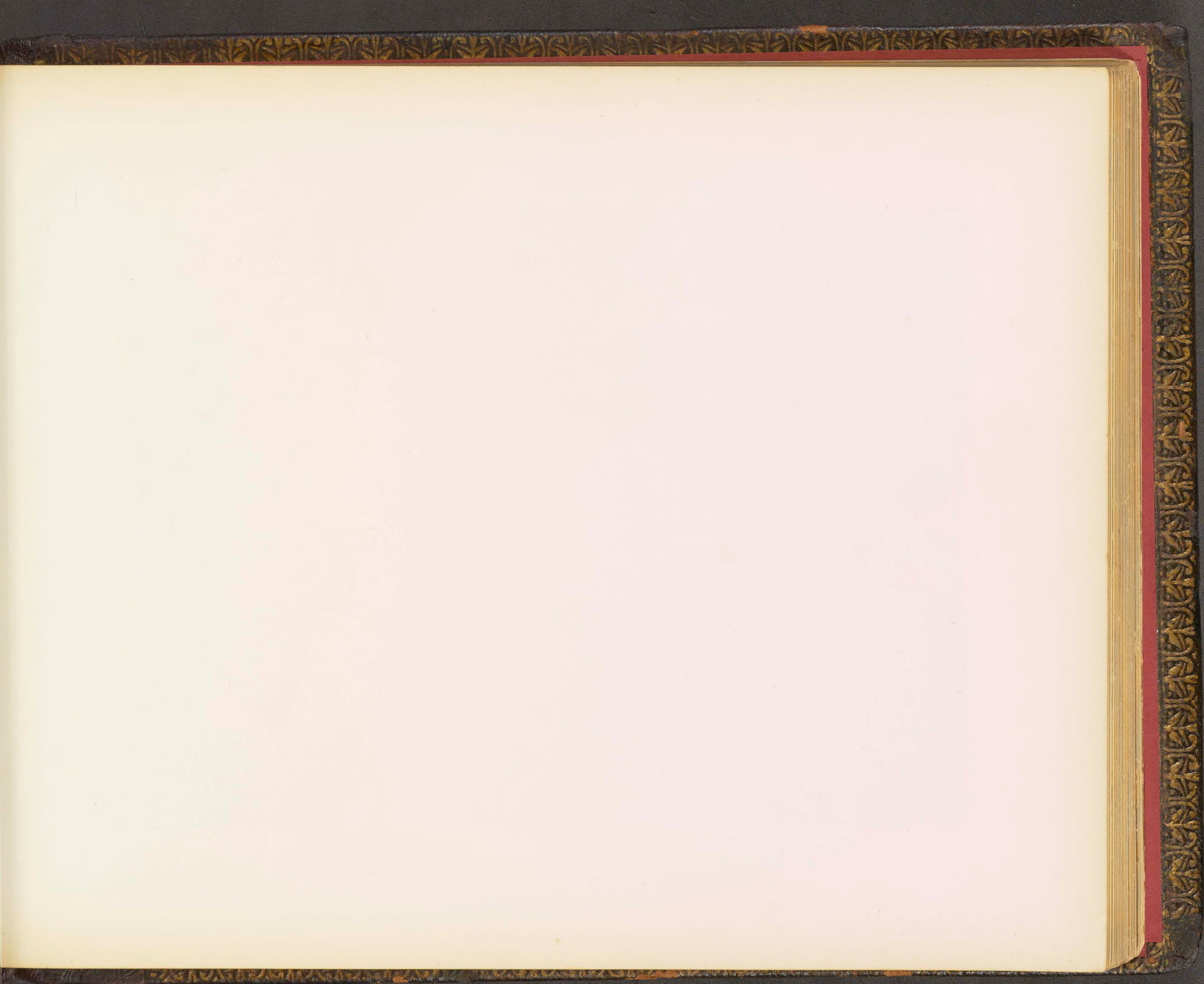
THE scenery in the Lydenburg district of the Transvaal is very beautiful, embracing a wide variety of landscape; there are lofty mountains, like the giant Mauchsberg, towering up 8,000 feet high, and its needle-pointed neighbour Spitzkop, which are visible in the dry rarified air for fifty, eighty, or even a hundred miles round; and in contrast with their grandeur there are delicious little glens, nurtured by trickling streams springing out of the ground, where maidenhair ferns and beauteous flowers flourish in luxuriant wildness; and there are forests through which paths are made and kept open with difficulty. It is a district but little known, except to the all pervading prospector who, in his search for gold, finds a road through the most out-of-the-way places.

The district of Lydenburg is the oldest of the Transvaal gold fields, alluvial having been worked in its neighbourhood for over twenty years, and of late the out-put from its reefs has been increasing in a most hopeful way. The photograph is by Mr. H. Exton, of Pietersburg.









Wagon Breakdown at Scotsman's Reef Battery, near Barbervton.

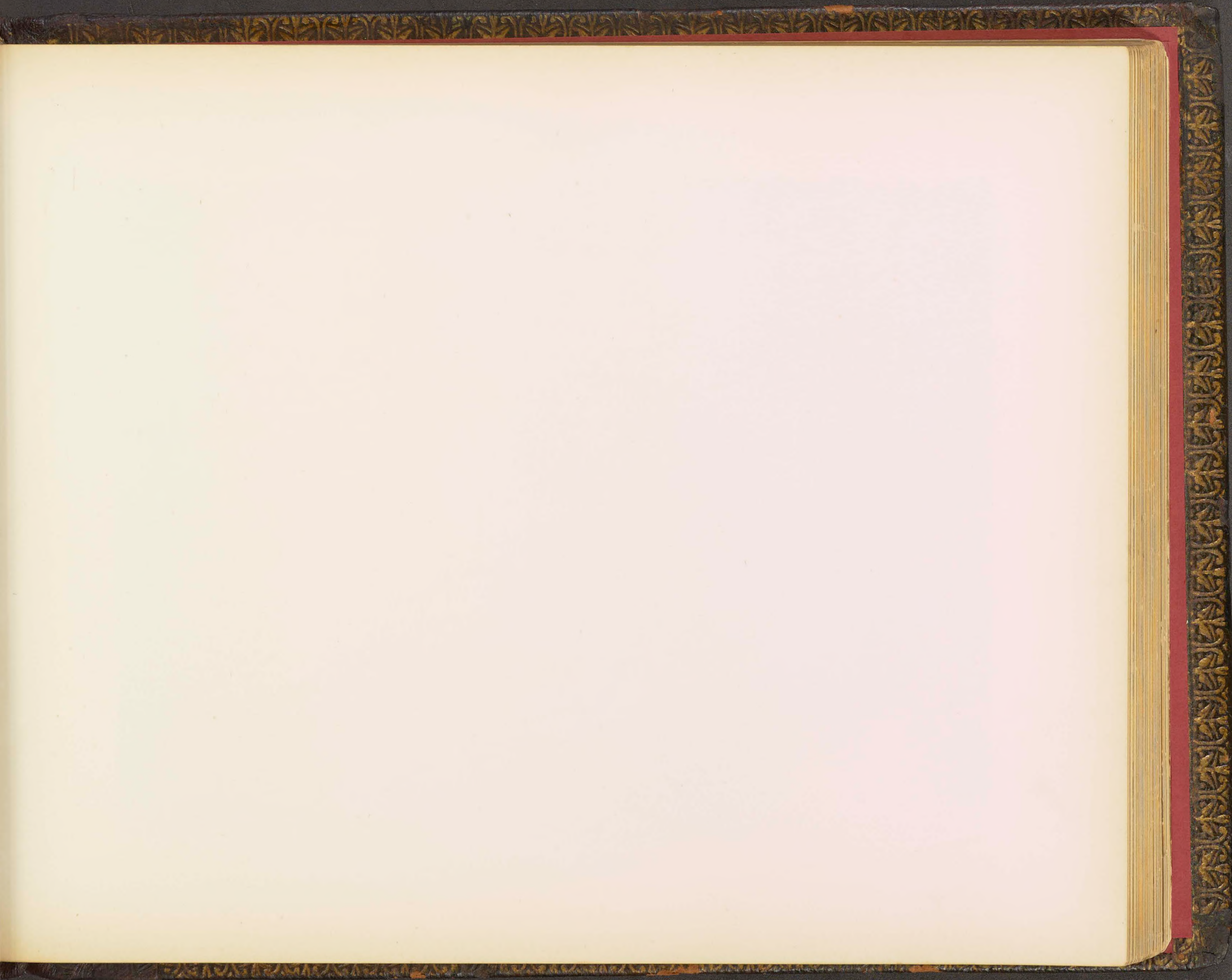
THIS represents a very common incident of veld life. The toilsome slowness of ox wagon transport has been already mentioned, fifteen miles a day being considered a good average; but, as often happens in rainy seasons, either a river is swollen and the transport rider has to wait for a few days, or even a week, for it to subside; or else, worse still, he gets the wheels of his wagon bogged up to the axle trees in some muddy place on the awful roads where, perhaps, all his efforts, all his thrashing of the oxen, and all his swearing are alike unavailing.

Then, all he can do is to either unload his wagon if the packages are small enough to enable him to do so, and afterwards literally dig it out, or wait patiently until such time as chance shall happen to send more transport wagons the same way. In that case, he will go round to borrow their spans of oxen (sixteen is the usual number to a span); then, fastening two or three spans in front of his own, and others to every wheel, they all thrash at the same time on the shrinking backs of the swaying herd (perhaps numbering 150 oxen) with their murderous looking leather-thonged whips, and to the accompaniment of blood-curdling yells, which can be heard for miles, at last get them to pull together, when by sheer force the wagon is hauled out. Generally, the difficulty is to get all the oxen to pull at the same time. One half will be, perhaps, straining their lives out while the others will be swerving away in terror of the cruel whips, and when these at last put their shoulders to the yokes the others, by this time exhausted, refuse to pull.

In the old days, when heavy boilers had to be brought up to the mines at the Rand, cases occurred where all efforts to get out of a bog proved unavailing, and the wagon with its load was abandoned, perhaps for a month, till a crane could be got to the spot to raise it.







Drive on a Reef, near Barberton.

THE system of gold mining in the De Kaap district has several marked differences from that of the Rand. Instead of conglomerate reefs, dipping deep from a level surface, from which the ore has to be raised by hauling gear, the gold is here found in quartz veins in the hills; to which access is obtained by horizontal drives into the sides. A tramway is made to run from the reef to the mouth of the drive, from whence the ore is carried in a bucket, running on an aerial wire, down to a battery at the foot of the hill.

Very often a considerable economy is effected when working in mountainous districts by being able to drive the battery by water power, and this is possible even when a comparatively tiny stream is available, by making the water in its downward course flow through narrow tubes, (which cause it to have enormous power, equal to the total height of its fall) into a turbine for driving the battery. As a counterbalance, however, to the saving in fuel and the lower rates of wages which the De Kaap companies pay to their natives, the district has been hampered by the hardness of the rock, and varying qualities and narrowness of its reefs; but though attention was drawn aside from it by the uprising of its greater neighbour Johannesburg, there are still plenty of people who predict good days yet in store for the De Kaap fields.









How Rivers are Crossed in the Transvaal.

*"The animals went in two by two,
There's one more river to cross.
One more river; one more river to Jordan;
One more river; one more river to cross."*—NIGGER SONG.

HERE is another incident of "veld" travel, which nearly every one who has had to make a long journey by ox-wagon or coach up country will have experienced in some form or other.

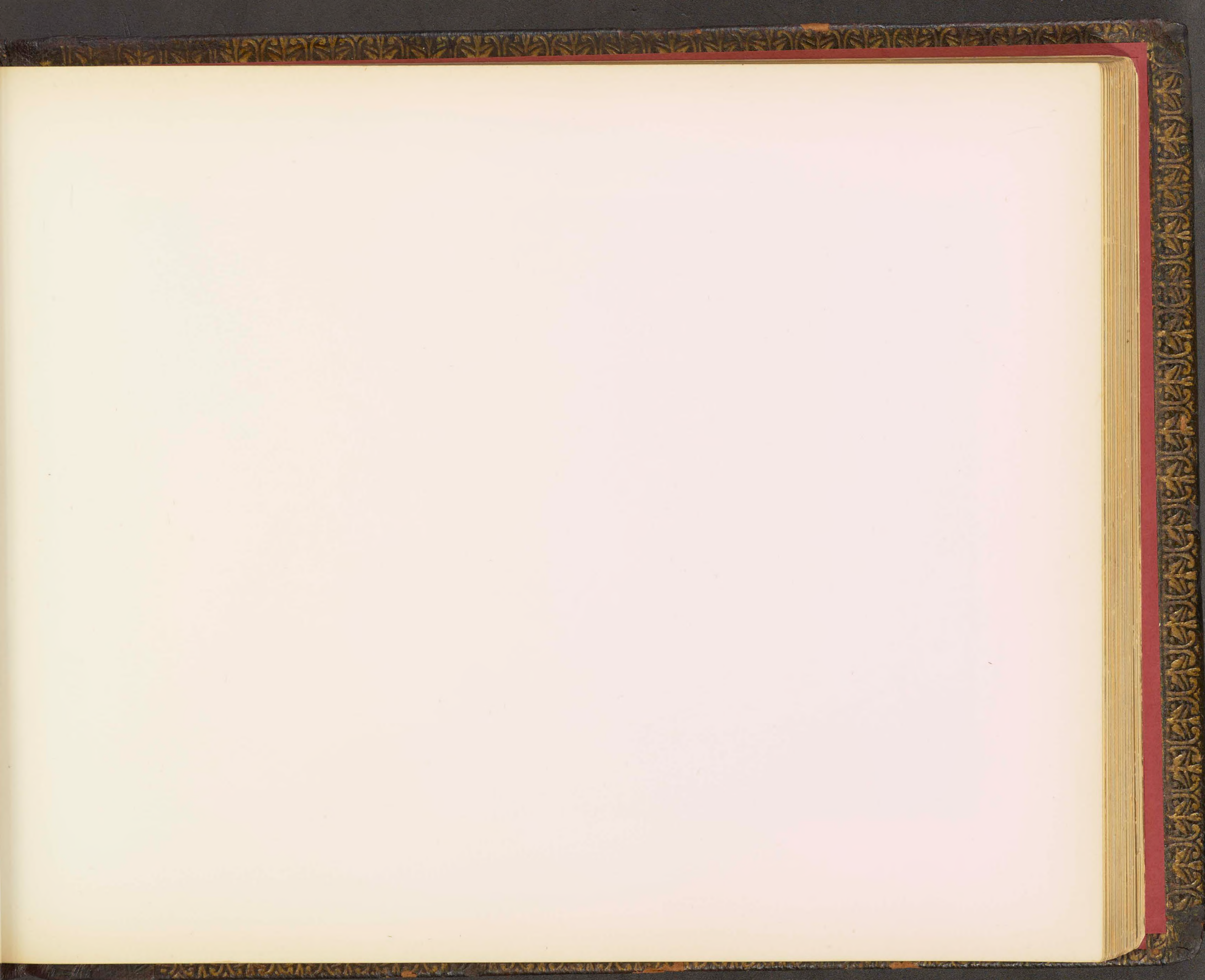
Bridges are, naturally, very few and far between in a new country; so on reaching a river, a shallow drift has to be chosen, where there is neither a muddy bottom in which the wagon may stick nor holes where it may sink altogether.

In this instance, there appears to be a nice even depth all the way through, making such a crossing merely a picturesque incident in the day's "trek."









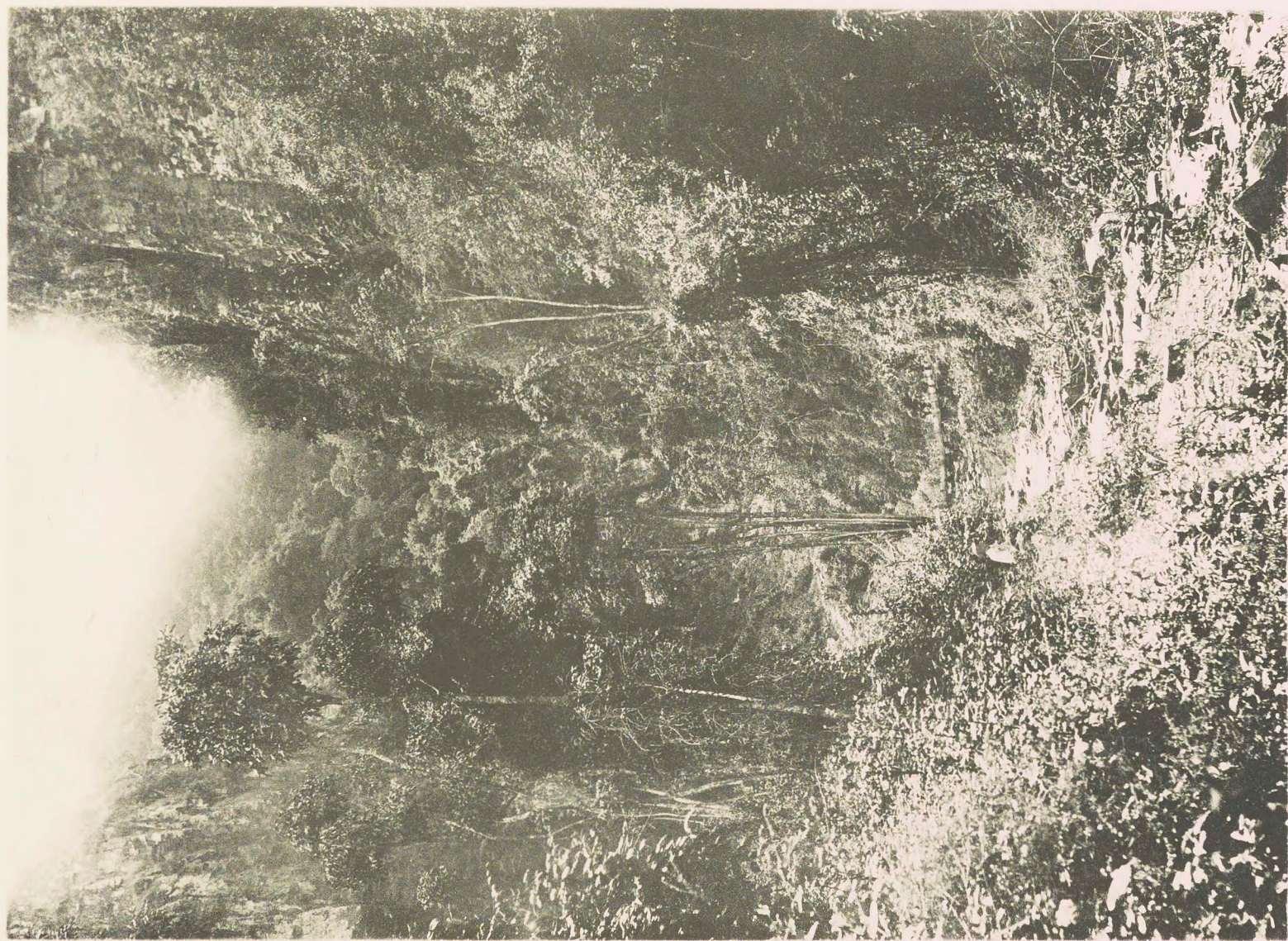
Scene near Pilgrim's Rest.

*"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea and music in its roar."*

THIS beautiful scene is due to the camera of Mr. H. Exton, photographer, of Pietersburg, who has succeeded in producing many photographs which are true pictures in the highest art sense of the word. The lights and shades he has caught in this glorious glade remind one of the lighting of Doré's masterpieces.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Pilgrim's Rest is extremely beautiful. Nature, under the semi-tropical heat, bursts out in this district in every variety of fruit, flower, and foliage. Tobacco, coffee, pineapples, bananas, and all other fruits and vegetables requiring heat, here flourish at the slightest pretence of cultivation.

In the neighbourhood many gold diggers are still to be found hunting for nuggets, and every now and then some of fair size are picked up.







A Mammoth Ant Heap.



A FEATURE in South Africa which at once strikes the visitor from Europe, is the number of large ant heaps which are almost everywhere dotted over the face of the country.

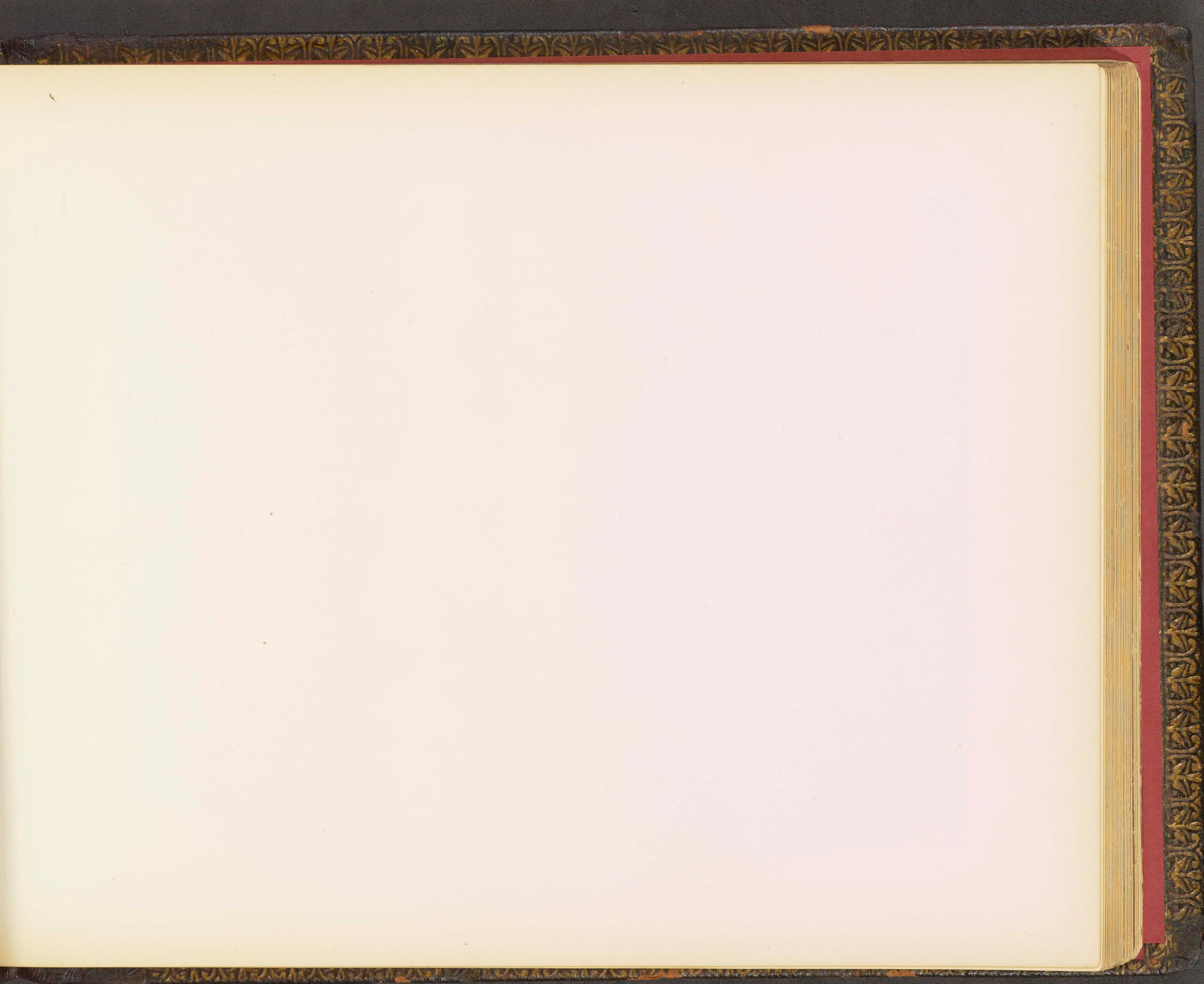
In the Low Country, in the north of the Transvaal, these sometimes attain to an enormous height; the one here shown, which is situated near the Limpopo River, being no less than 17 feet high. Its striking size will be appreciated by comparing it with the tall native standing next to it and the trees growing out of its base.

The ants in the Transvaal are of different kinds; some, though large, being harmless; but the white variety, who eat through the base of telegraph posts and make their destructive presence felt everywhere, are, in the northern districts, a nuisance of the most serious description.









A Novel Means of Transport: Zebras Employed to draw the Mail Coach.

*"Look heah mule! Better min' out—
I'll hab you to know sah,
I'se a holdin' ob dese lines.
You'd better stop dat prancin'
You's pow'ful fond ob dancin'
But I'll bet my yeahs advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob your shines."*—IRWIN RUSSELL.

THIS amusing experiment in coaching was recently tried by Mr. Zeederburg, the enterprising proprietor of the Pietersburg line of coaches, with the idea that by employing wild zebras it might be possible to coach through districts hitherto impossible by reason of the "horse sickness" or the dreaded "tette" fly. A number of zebras were caught by running them down on horseback and lassoing them, which is not so difficult as it sounds, for the zebra is an animal which soon loses its wind.

It is wonderful how soon wild zebras become tame when once caught, generally but a few days sufficing. But when tried for draught purposes they proved a complete failure, as was demonstrated by the experiment. They were too hopelessly lazy, and seemed as if they would not understand what was required of them. Photo by H. Exton.

What Coaching sometimes involves: A Fight for Life.

(ENLARGED FROM A TINY KODAK PICTURE TAKEN BY A PASSENGER.)

*"There's always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make;
'Tis folly to pause,
And murmur because
Of the river we have to cross."*—OLD BALLAD.

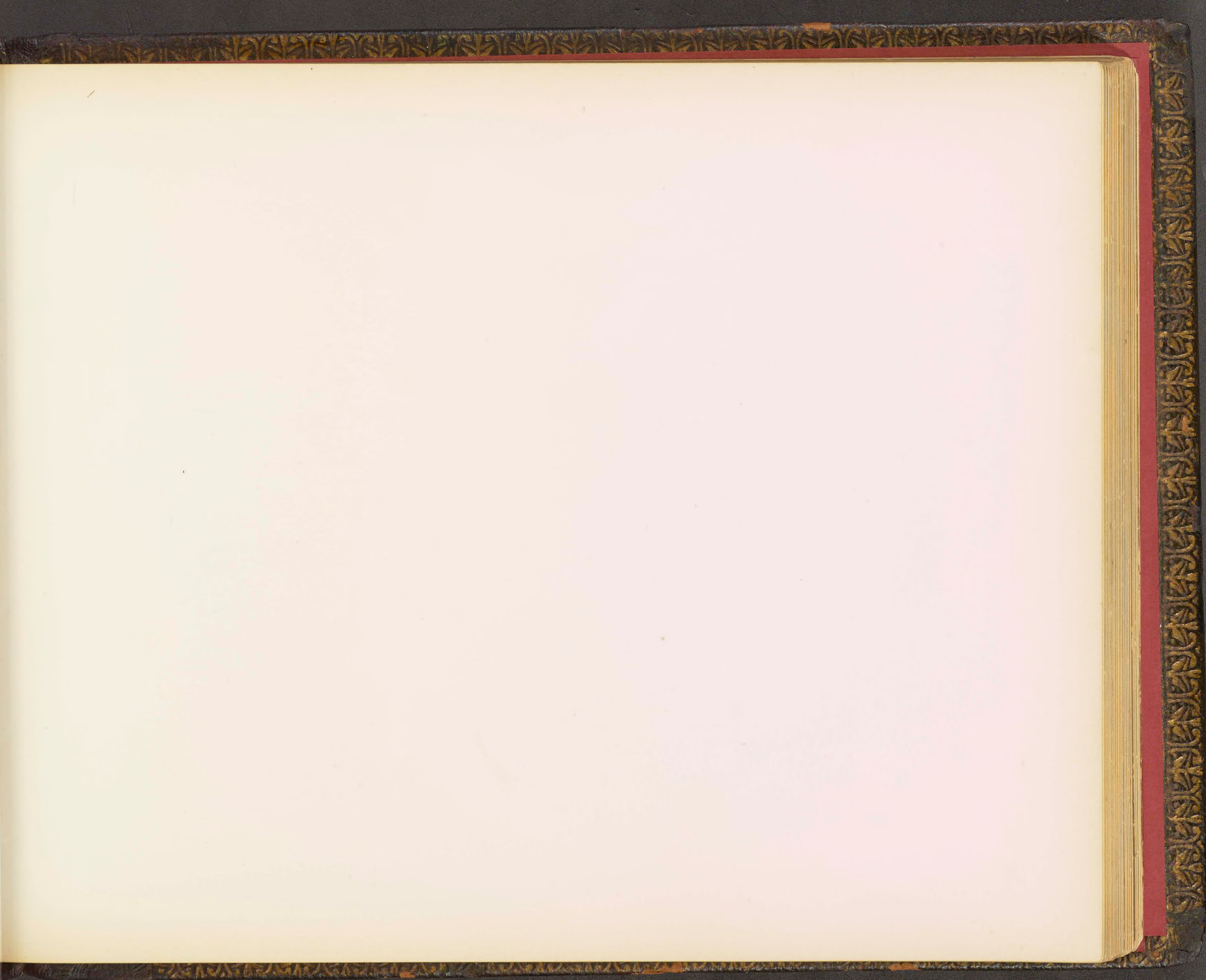
THIS picture, rough though it is, having been taken by an amateur, who was a passenger by the coach and happened to have a little snapshot camera with him, is one of such interest in bringing before those who will look at this photograph in cosy comfort—with perhaps recollections of some tiring railway journey as the worst hardship they have encountered in travel—what has sometimes to be gone through by those who journey into the wilds of Africa.

It represents an incident which recently happened in the Low Country. The passengers were fortunately able to cross by a footbridge, but the coach had to face the flooded roaring torrent. On going in it was found deeper than expected, and the photograph is taken while the mules, with their heads only above water, and one completely submerged, are making a life and death struggle with the angry terrible waters, which have already partly carried them down the stream despite their frantic efforts to reach the landing ground on the right of the picture. Beyond the drivers, with the mails and luggage, being wet through, in this instance everything ended happily; even the submerged mule having been brought to life again, but the photograph remains an especially interesting record of a struggle for life.

Such a torrent, perhaps, but an hour previously was a tiny streamlet that one could jump across, but a heavy rain will in no time make a surprising difference. Sometimes a coach may be crossing the bed of a river which may be quite dry, when in consequence of rain higher up a sudden wall of water will come tearing down, sweeping away in its resistless course, coach, men, and horses, to instant destruction.







Big Game Hunting in the Transvaal.

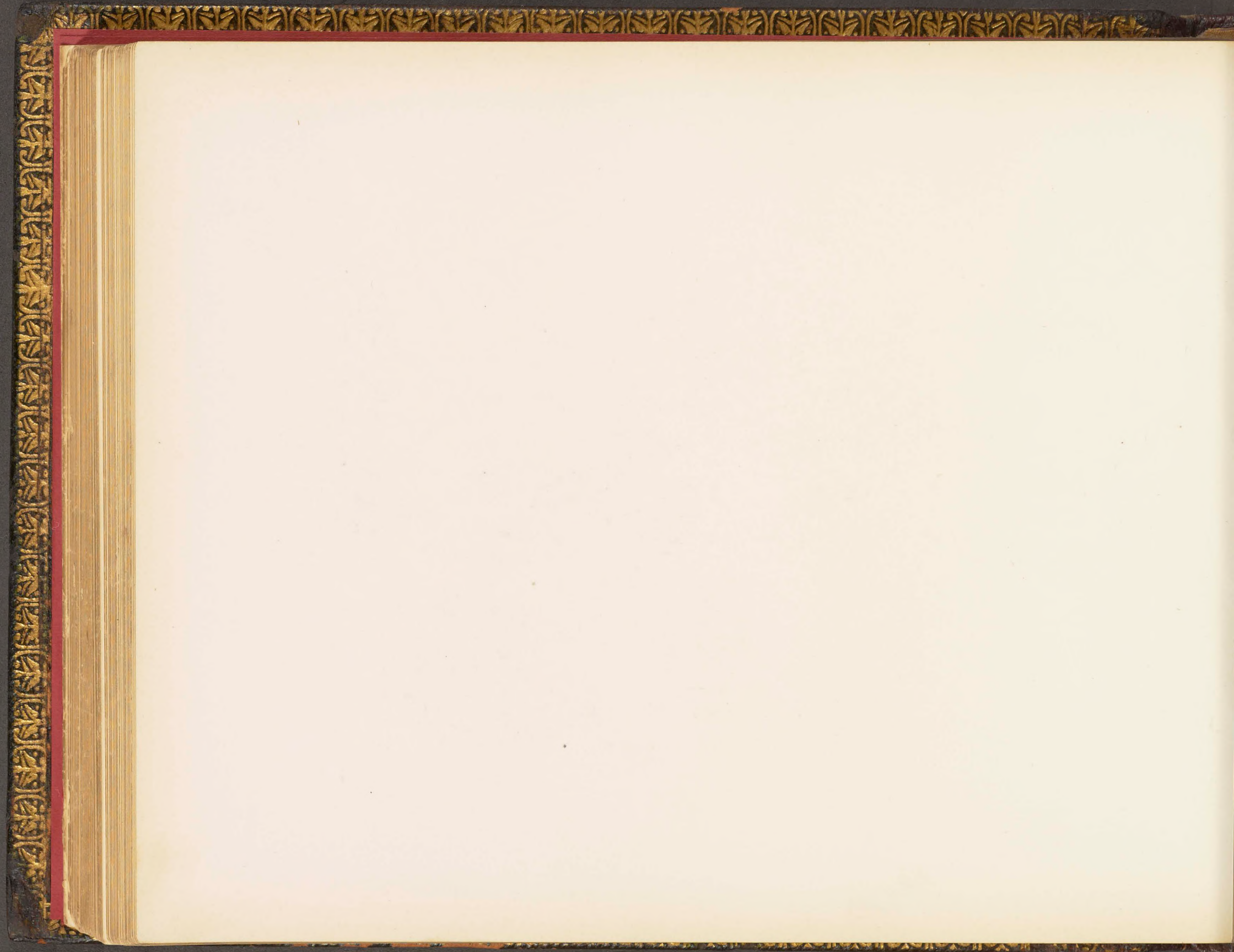
*"Ah! the singing fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him.
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river
Beat his timid heart no longer."*—"HIAWATHA."

THOUGH there is not much to be got now in the way of shooting in the neighbourhood of places like Johannesburg, where the sudden influx of a large population, most of whom brought guns with them, has caused the nearly total destruction or frightening away of the vast herds of spring bok, blesbok, wildebeeste, quaggas, etc.—which, unless the stories of all the old hunters and Boers who lived in the district are grossly exaggerated, used to positively darken the plains of the High Veld within twenty years ago—there is still good sport to be got by the big game seeker in the neighbourhood of the Sabie River, on the Lebombo Flats, and in some portions of Waterberg.

This giraffe was shot near the Limpopo, about 120 miles north east of Pietersburg. It was a remarkably fine old bull, which from measurements taken after it was killed, must have stood not less than eighteen feet high from his fore-feet to the top of his head, and was considered by his hunters to be probably about 80 years old.

An extraordinary thing about giraffe hunting is that if, when wounded, it sees that it is powerless to get rid of its enemies, it will submit quietly to fate, and allow itself to be driven like a sheep. This peculiarity his Boer hunters make use of in a strange way. They endeavour, when hunting, to give it only a slight wound, so that they may be able to drive it into camp and kill it there, and thus save themselves the trouble of bringing a wagon to fetch in the carcase. Photograph by Mr. H. Exton, of Pietersburg.







A Baobab Tree.



EXCEPTING for the blue gum tree, which is not, however, indigenous to South Africa, though since its introduction it has been planted more than any other tree on account of its rapid growth, the "high veld" of the Transvaal, as has been already remarked, is nearly devoid of trees. Not so, however, the Low Country, where primeval forests of considerable extent are to be found, and many kinds of valuable woods grow in abundance; which will eventually be much used by the mining industry and community generally, when the railway into these districts is opened.

Some idea of the enormous trees which are to be found up country is supplied by the picture of a baobab tree shown opposite. It was taken by Mr. H. Exton, of Pietersburg, who has happily supplied a ready means of forming an estimate of its diameter by having caused to be drawn up in front a wagon and oxen. When it is remembered that the average length of a wagon is from 15 to 18 feet, and the space of 9 feet is allowed between each yoke, the full dimensions of this monster monarch of the forest will be realised.









A Native Village.

*"All around the happy village,
Stood the maize-fields green and shining,
Filling all the land with plenty;
'Twas the women who in Springtime
Planted the broad fields and fruitful,
'Twas the women who in Autumn
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest."—"HIAWATHA."*

FEW people who travel up to Johannesburg by rail from the coast, through a country apparently almost unpopulated, with only here and there a house of any sort to break the monotony, and scarcely a native hut or kraal to be seen the whole way, can realise that there are after all portions of the Transvaal which are thickly, nay, almost densely populated by natives. That this is so will be more readily understood when it is mentioned that while the Orange Free State has a native population of only about 60,000, the Transvaal blacks number close upon 600,000.

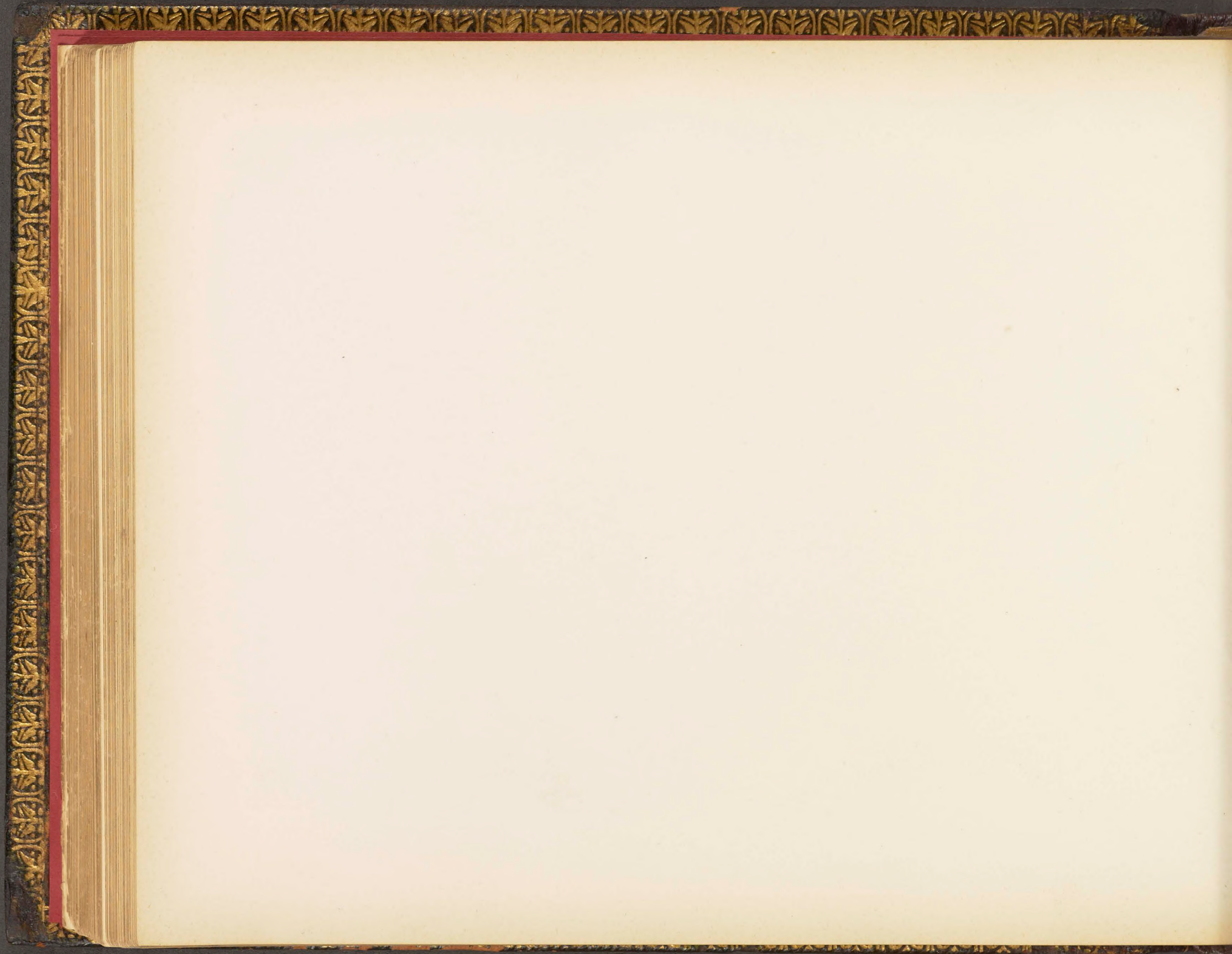
The "high veld," with its bleakness and cold winter winds, has not much attraction to the naked native, who prefers the warmer districts beyond Pretoria and Rustenburg, where large tribes with numerous villages of mushroom-like huts, such as those in the picture, are to be found.

Round the village are the mealie fields, where the women, clad in a state of nature, cultivate the crops on which the village depends.

On entering the huts, they are generally found to be by no means the reeking places of filth which one who had not seen them might imagine, but generally on the contrary, scrupulously clean. Go in through the rush palisading or mud wall surrounding the hut, and you will find the ground all round well swept and looking like asphalt. Perhaps, as usual, "ignorance is bliss," and your admiration of it may be lessened when told how it is made. Well, the ingredients are simple and few—earth taken from ant heaps, and blood. As for the huts themselves, they would be by no means uncomfortable only that the fire is in the middle and the only outlet for the blinding choking smoke is the hole by which you enter.

The native is generally hospitable, and if you have lost your way and are only too glad for any shelter, he will give you the best food that he has and a clean straw mat on the best part of the floor to sleep upon, often refusing to accept anything in return.







Kafir Warriors.

*"And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Wildly glaring at each other ;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feud of ages."—"HIAWATHA."*

WARRIORS such as these, though unable to hold their own before the deadly destroying hail of the modern Maxim or Gatling gun, are by no means contemptible opponents if they can once get to close quarters, as was proved by the terrible destruction they wrought at battles such as Isandhlwana. Fortunately, the recent fights with natives in the Magato campaign and the Matabele war, were not against warriors of the same experience and training, though of a similar race to those the British met in the Zulu war.

For under the old-fashioned Zulu régime, every male was trained up as a fighting man from his earliest youth, and until he had become a veteran who had proved himself worthy, by having "dipped his spear in blood," was not allowed to marry. In battle he knew he must either kill his enemy, or be himself killed. For if he ran away, certain death, at the hands of his king or chief, was meted out to "the man who dared to fly."

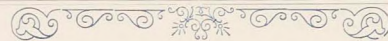
The usual full dress of a native warrior consists of a head-gear of otter skins, surmounted with a bunch of crane feathers ; strips of ox skin cover the body, and a *simba*, or kilt of civet skins, hangs from waist to knee, while below these is a garter of white tails, and anklets of skin. Their heavy native wrought iron-headed assegais for throwing and stabbing, and their hard, almost impenetrable, ox-hide shields are too well-known to need further description.







Zimbabwe Ruins, Mashonaland.

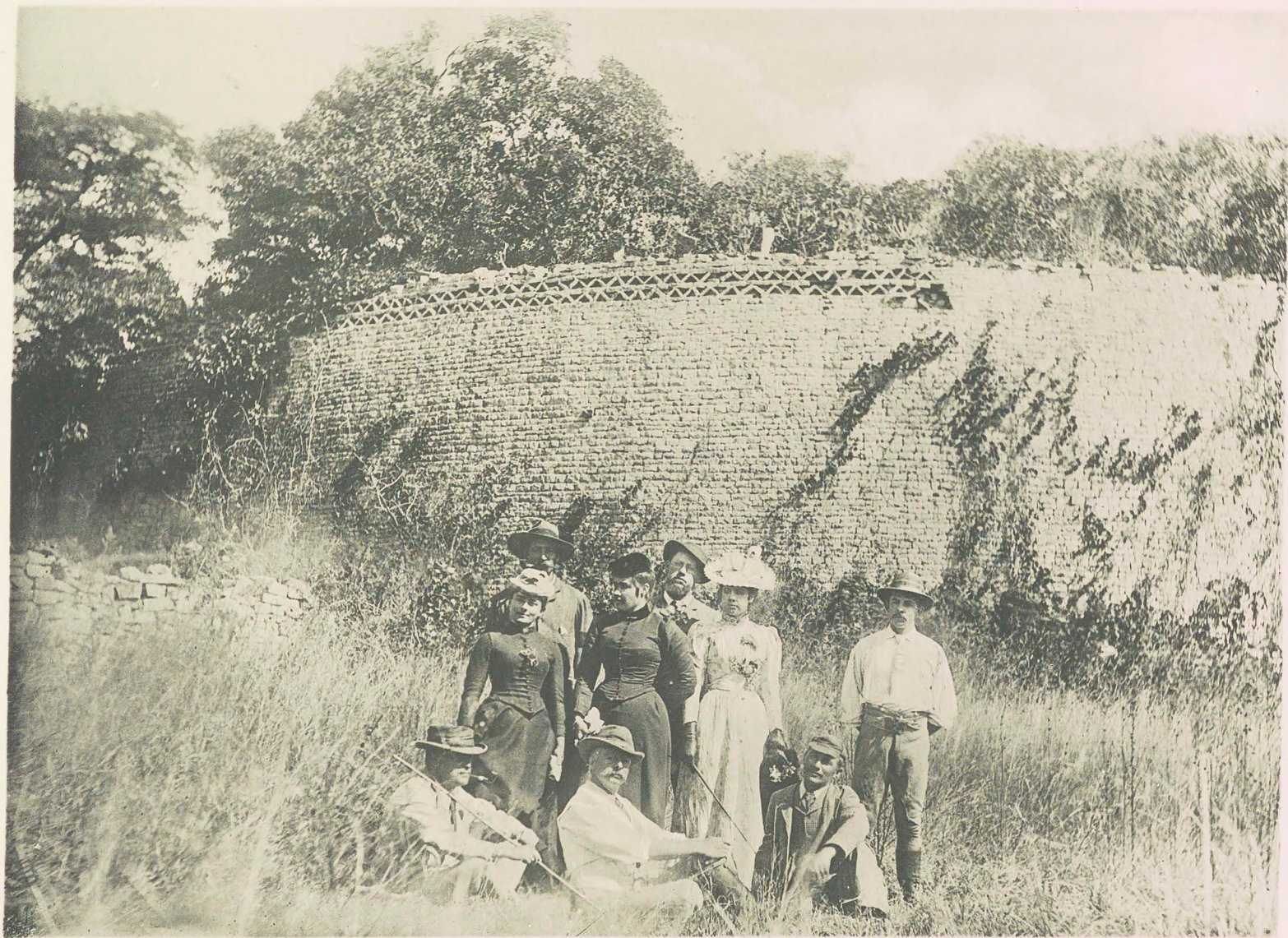


IF, when visiting the Transvaal, you take a fancy to go up to Mashonaland to explore the new districts so recently opened up, though there is no railway, there is, as coaches go, a very good line of them running from Pretoria through Pietersburg, and over the Limpopo, into this country, which, except to an exceedingly few explorers and traders, was almost unknown to white men until three or four years ago. Since the formation of the British South Africa Company (the Chartered Company as it is called), a wonderful change has taken place. Townships, with many traces of latest nineteenth century civilization, such as newspapers, telegraphs, and electric light, are being built in the very domain of savagery itself.

But more extraordinary than this contrast of civilization and barbarism, which here seem to rub shoulders, is that, in all this newness and things of to-day, traces should be found of a civilization far older even than that of the present interlopers. Smart men though they are, they are not the first to discover and work the gold; for on every hand are the workings and excavations of those who were here long ago, seeking the precious metal just as eagerly as we do now.

And who were these people who were born, had their being, and died, or disappeared, in the distance of the ages? Ask of the natives who have lived all their lives in the neighbourhood of such mighty traces of a former day as are these ruins at Zimbabwe—they cannot tell you. Ask of the archæologist who may visit the ruins and who notes the curious workmanship and the genius of these old masons; but even he, skilled in the study of relics of other nations, is at a loss to say definitely who these old time workers were. He can only say *perhaps* they were Phenicians, those rulers of the wave of classical times, or, *possibly*, they were fellow-countrymen of the heroic Hannibal, who led his Carthaginian hosts over the Alps; possibly they were subjects of that Queen of Sheba who travelled so far to witness the glories and hear the wisdom of Solomon; *probably* the land is the ancient Ophir of the Bible—but *perhaps*, *possibly*, *probably*, are alas, after all, the only terms he can safely use in dealing with the subject.









Panorama of Delagoa Bay : The Port of the Transvaal.

THIS picture gives a very good idea of Delagoa Bay, the port on which the Transvaal has always cast such longing eyes as an outlet to the sea, which would render it independent of its imports from abroad having to first go through other countries where heavy customs duties might be imposed for allowing goods to pass through. The place, however, is jealously retained by the Portuguese who own the coast border for about 50 miles inland, from here to some distance beyond Mozambique, their head quarters in East Africa.

The harbour of Delagoa Bay is acknowledged by every one to be far and away the finest in South Africa. It is about 70 miles long, and 25 miles wide, and in it all the fleets of the world could safely ride at anchor. At the present moment the conveniences for ships are very bad, as there are no docks or jetties for unloading goods, lighters having to be employed for the purpose ; but, notwithstanding these drawbacks, on account of its proximity to the Transvaal, it will be the port through which, in the future, most of the heavy goods required in the country will be brought.

Lourenço Marques, the town of Delagoa Bay, is a place unlike any other in South Africa. The English or Dutch visitor at once feels himself in a foreign land, where long moustached and swarthy Portuguese, clad in uniforms which have once been gorgeous, seem to make their presence felt everywhere. The Portuguese names and notices, and the quaint looking houses, painted in red, white, blue, green, or any other colour, and the cocoanut palm trees, which the visitor from further south here sees for the first time in any quantity, with their long smooth stems crowned with leaves which wave high above the houses, altogether present a picture of a most novel kind.

The worst scourge from which Lourenço Marques suffers is the dreaded Delagoa Bay fever. It is a malarial attack of alternate ague and burning heat, which, when it has once got into the system, has the unpleasant habit of returning again at irregular intervals for years to come, even where the unfortunate sufferer has long left the district. Until some means are found for draining the swamps at the back of the town and otherwise combating this dreaded fever, which sooner or later attacks nearly every man, woman, or child who makes a prolonged stay during the summer months, the progress of the place will continue to be much hampered.









A Link with the Old World : Mozambique.



AS so many people from the Transvaal visit Delagoa Bay, and find so much to grumble at in the Portuguese administration, a picture of Mozambique, the head-quarters of their government in Africa, will prove of interest. Directly the visitor from smart up-to-date South Africa sets foot on the landing quay, from which this photograph was taken, he finds himself in an old world, which seems to have lived, had its being, and died, long before his time.

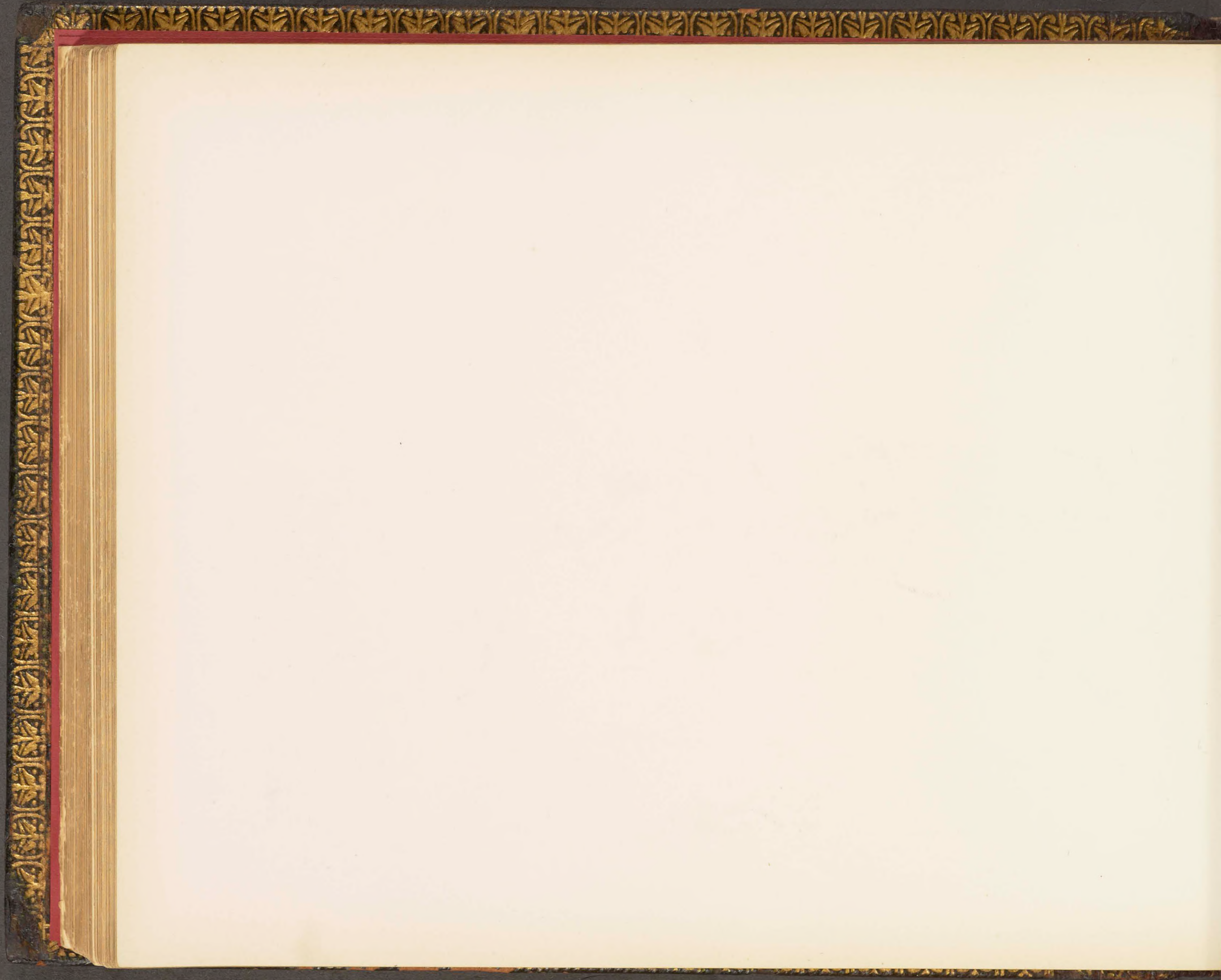
The stone quay, with its quaint recesses, remind one of the pictures of old London Bridge; the Roman Catholic Cathedral and the Governor's Palace on the left also seem like a bit of old Europe, and tell the tale of a former day when Portugal was a power among the nations.

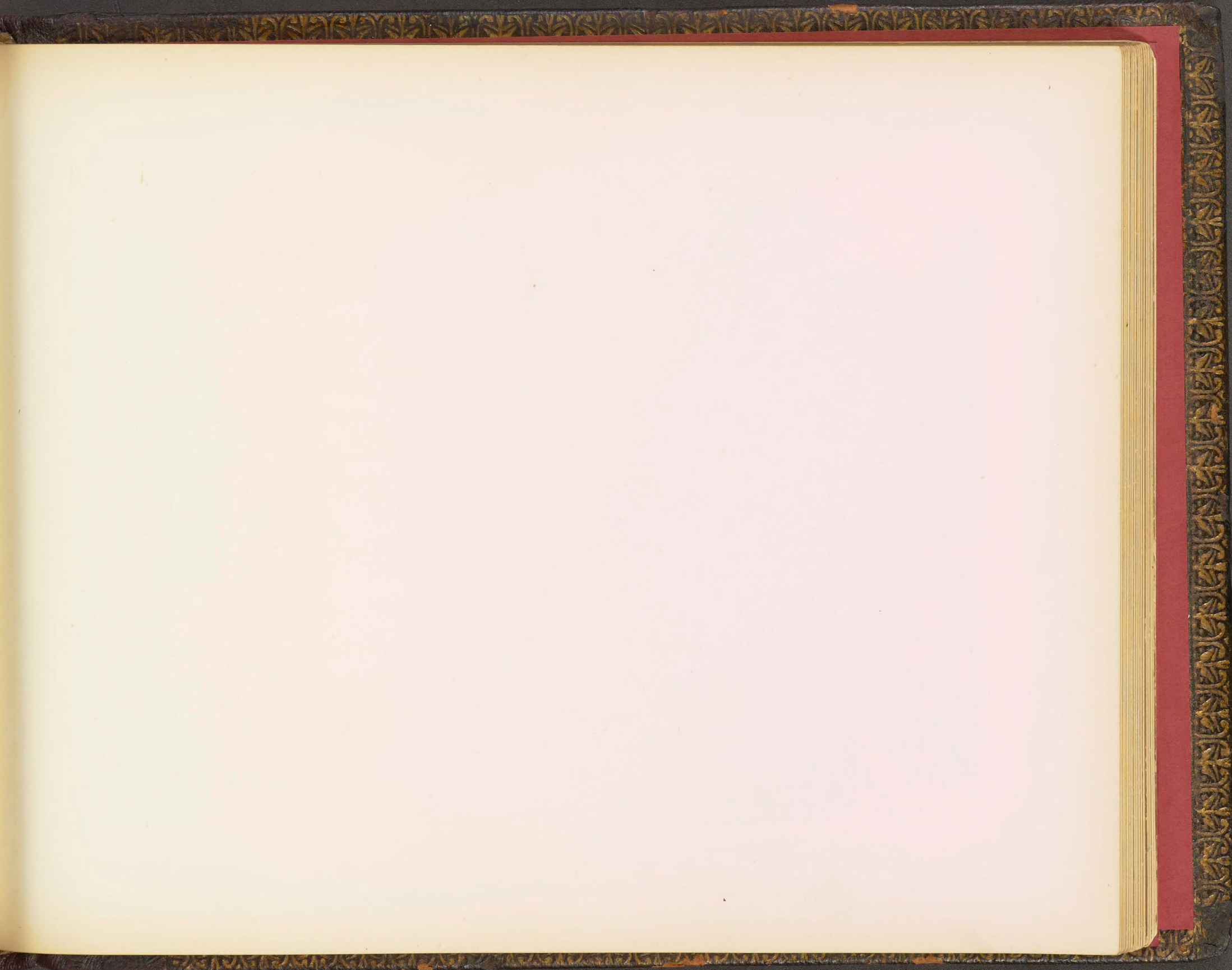
Visit the massive stone fort, and you will find yourself in the mediæval times, for it was commenced in 1445, and many of its guns, beautifully cast and carved in bronze, bearing inscriptions or priestly benedictions in Latin, have dates ranging from 1450 to 1650 A.D. Now, all seems changed—decay and decadence reign on every hand; those black grim cannon, which frown down on the bay and harbour, which once must have inspired such awe in the Arabs, who had been there for unknown centuries when the Portuguese intruded, would probably only hurt those who attempted to fire them.

The soldiers, and most of the officials of Mozambique, are nearly all half-castes, and one does not wonder long at the misgovernment and helplessness of Delagoa Bay, if the head-quarters at Mozambique are like this.









Cape Town and Table Mountain.

WHO is there that has taken up his abode in South Africa who does not remember his impressions and feelings on viewing this striking scene for the first time?

How, after leaving Madeira, with no view of anything but sea and sky for a fortnight, he was at last pointed out a faint haze on ahead, which he was told was "land," and how the details grew and grew, nearer and clearer, till at last his ship was brought to rest under the shadow of this mighty mountain, frowning down like a rampart—greater and grander than any ever built by man—on the flat-roofed city lying beneath. With what feelings of awe in the presence of the unknown and untried life, which lay hidden by the impenetrable veil of the future, one remembers to have looked on this scene and wondered what might be in store in the new world which seemed to lie beyond that great mountain.

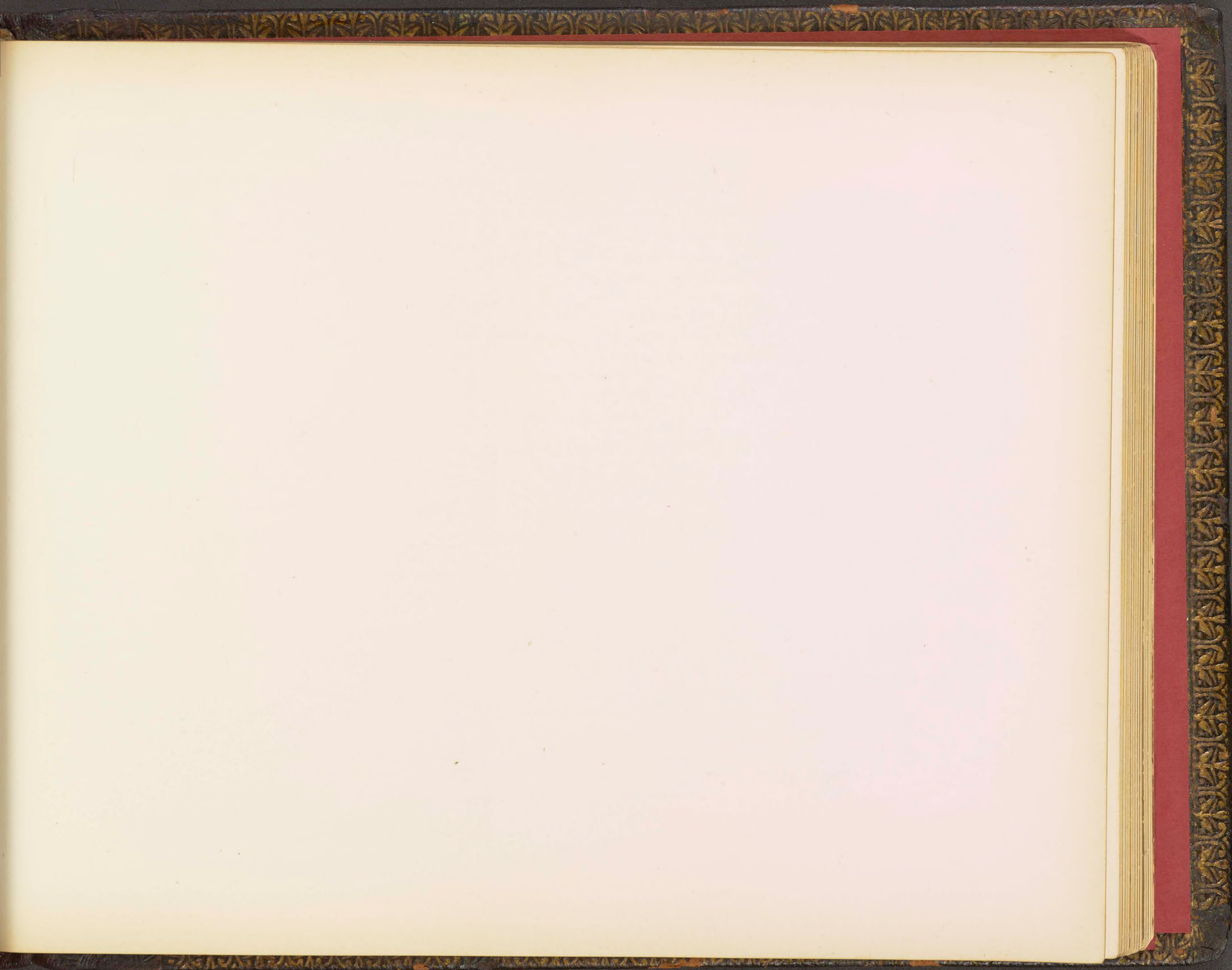
Yes! even to the casual visitor it is a view more than usually impressive, which he would be justified in describing as one of the most striking scenes in the world. Table Mountain, a solid wall of rock, 3,586 feet high, nearly a mile and a-half long, supported by the high and jagged Devil's Peak on one side and the sharp pointed Lion's Head on the other, appears like the figure head and emblem of the country, over whose capital it seems to keep guard. It is at all times a striking, figure but, perhaps, most of all, when what is locally known as a "sou'easter" storm is coming on, heralded on the mountain by the gathering of thick white clouds which appear to pour over the summit and hang down over its front. One of these "tablecloths," as they are locally dubbed, has been here photographed just coming over, before it has blotted out the top of the mountain.

Cape Town itself, a white jewel, set in a forest of green, with its flat-topped houses, when viewed from a distance at once recalls pictures of cities in the Holy Land.

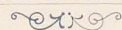








Cape Town Docks and the Devil's Peak.



CAPE TOWN has the distinction of possessing the only docks in South Africa, and were it not that it is the nearest port for Europe, would, on this account alone, get the bulk of the passenger traffic to the Transvaal.

No matter how fond you may be of the sea, nor how much you may desire to get as short a railway journey as possible, you will probably not relish the idea of being handled pretty much the same as a bale of wool ; as happens at most of the other ports. For, if the weather be at all rough, you are caged into a basket, hauled up by a crane, and then after swinging in mid-air, like Mahomet's coffin between Heaven and Hades, dumped down on to the deck of the lighter, which pitches and rolls with every motion of the waves.

But at Cape Town your vessel steams past well-made breakwaters into the harbour of Table Bay, where, when moored to the side of the dock, you can step off and take a hansom, which will bowl you along, past a fine dry-dock and a forest of masts and spars, into the city.

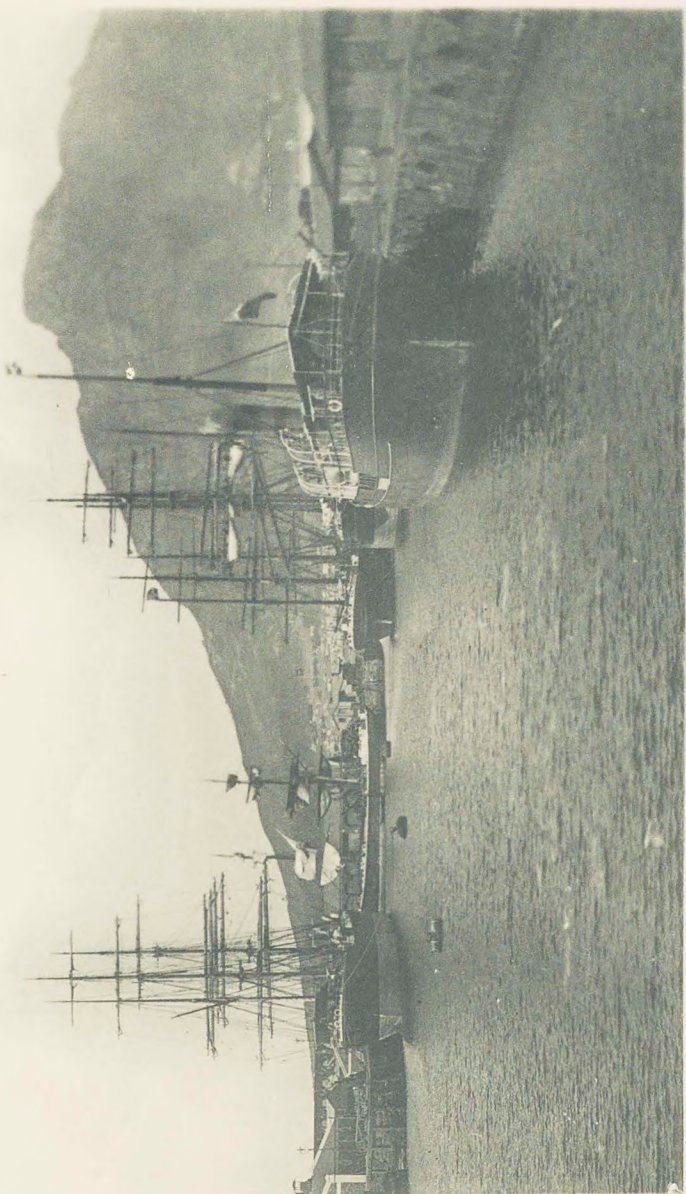
Fish Market, Cape Town.

ONE of the first sights, and—gently be it spoken—smells too, which greet the visitor landing at Cape Town, is the Fish Market, which he passes in going from the docks to the city. It is, however, a scene of interest to anyone coming from Europe.

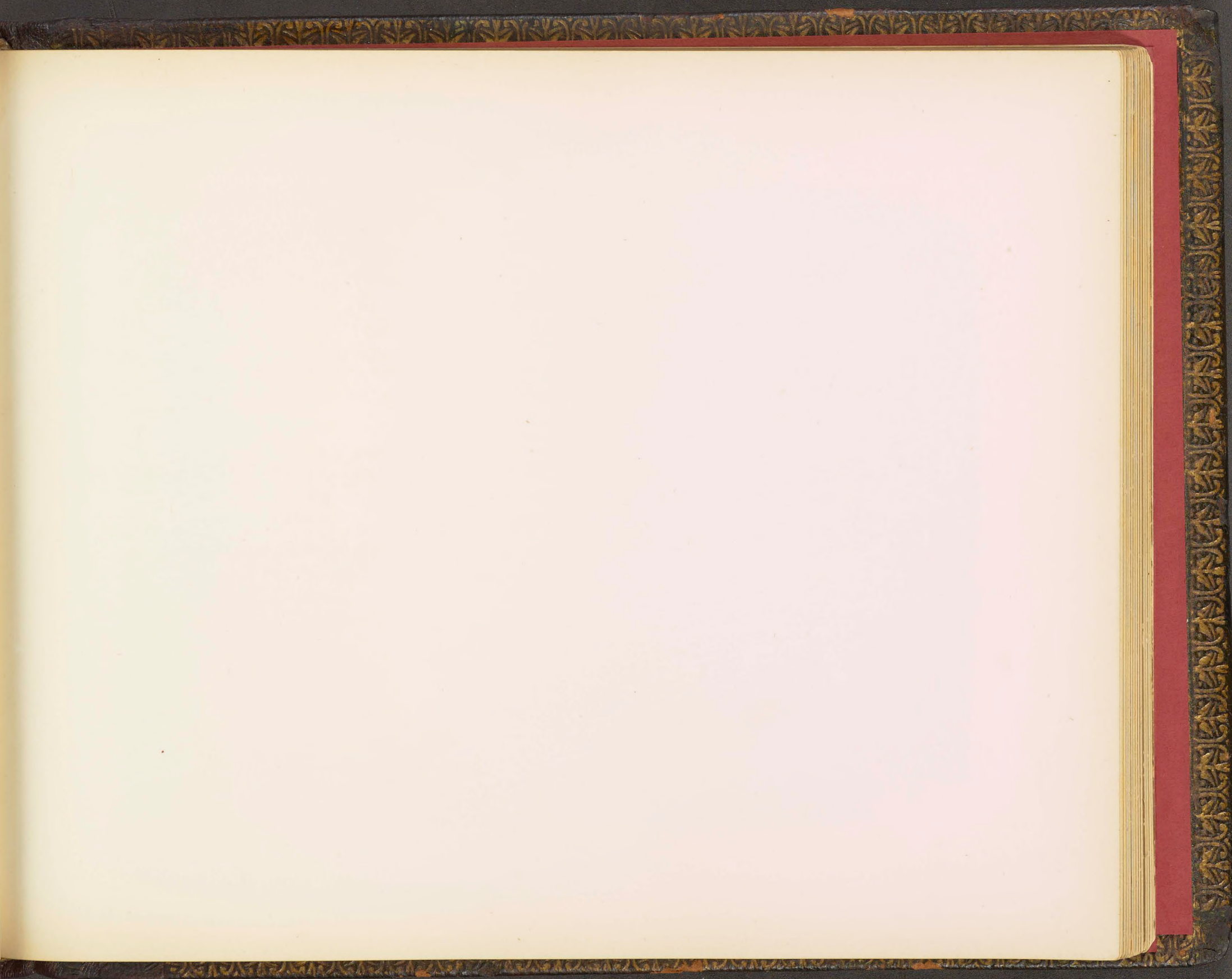
What a mixture it seems of yellow, black, and white skins ; of Eastern turbans and Western trousers ; of strange Malay tongues, mingling with bad Dutch flavoured with choicest specimens of English "Billingsgate." Then, too, there are the Malay women ; but perhaps the most interesting place to see them is in the streets, where they can appear, without fear of soiling, in all the glory of majestically sweeping crinolines of amplest width and most brilliant blue or green. These are generally surmounted by blouses of the most violent possible contrast of yellow or red, and there is a third contrast in the coloured silk handkerchief which these gay young things tie on their heads, perhaps killing rather than heightening the effect of often a really beautiful olive complexion.

The number of these Malays is a peculiarity of Cape Town and its neighbourhood. Their ancestors, originally coming from the Malay Peninsula, have left a coloured race behind which, though born in Africa, jealously adhere to old ways. Strictly Mahomedan, they have numerous mosques, and they adhere to rice and fish as staple articles of diet. In point of language, however, they have mostly adopted Dutch, which they speak in a way peculiar to themselves.









Houses of Parliament, Cape Town.

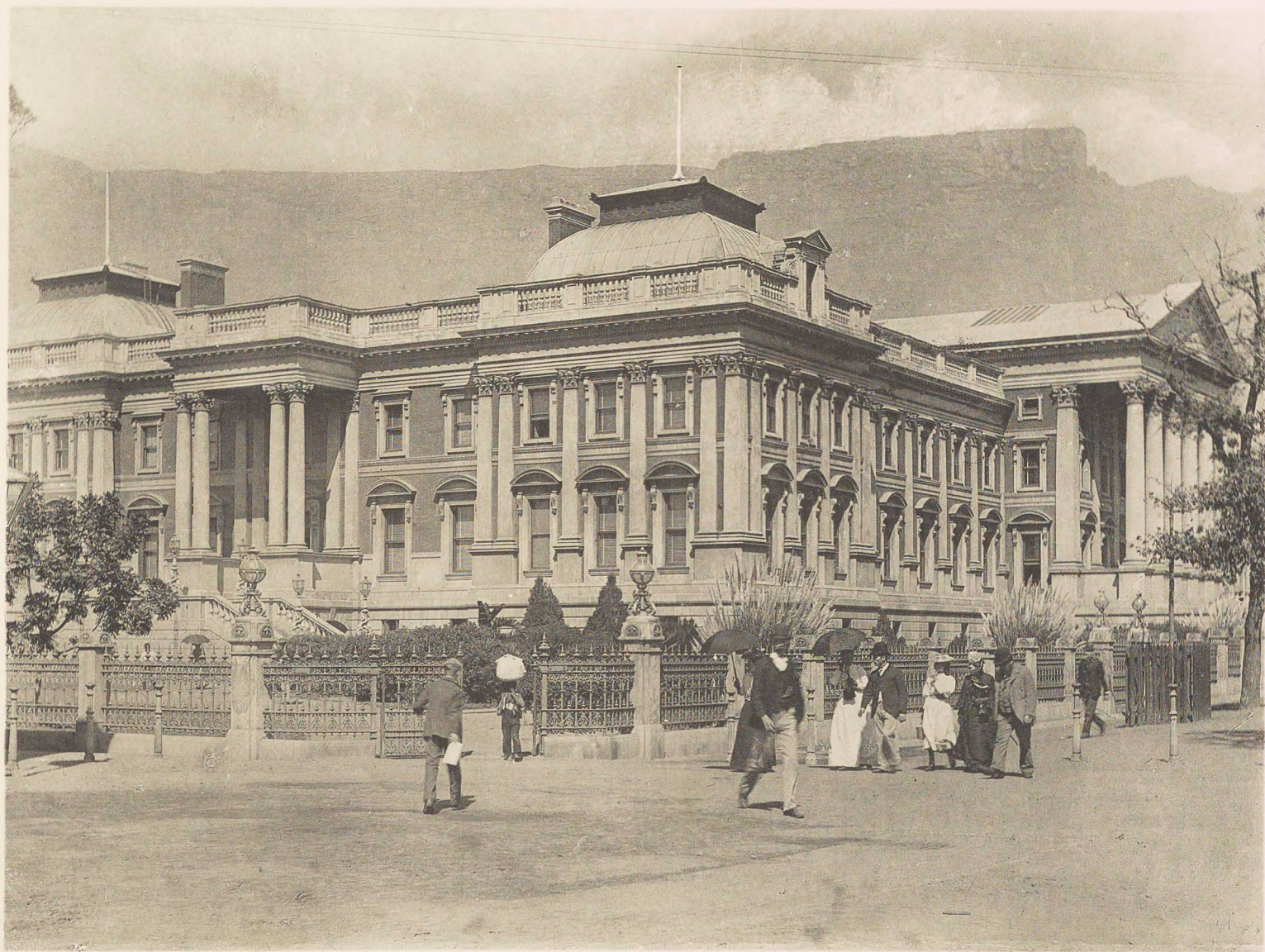


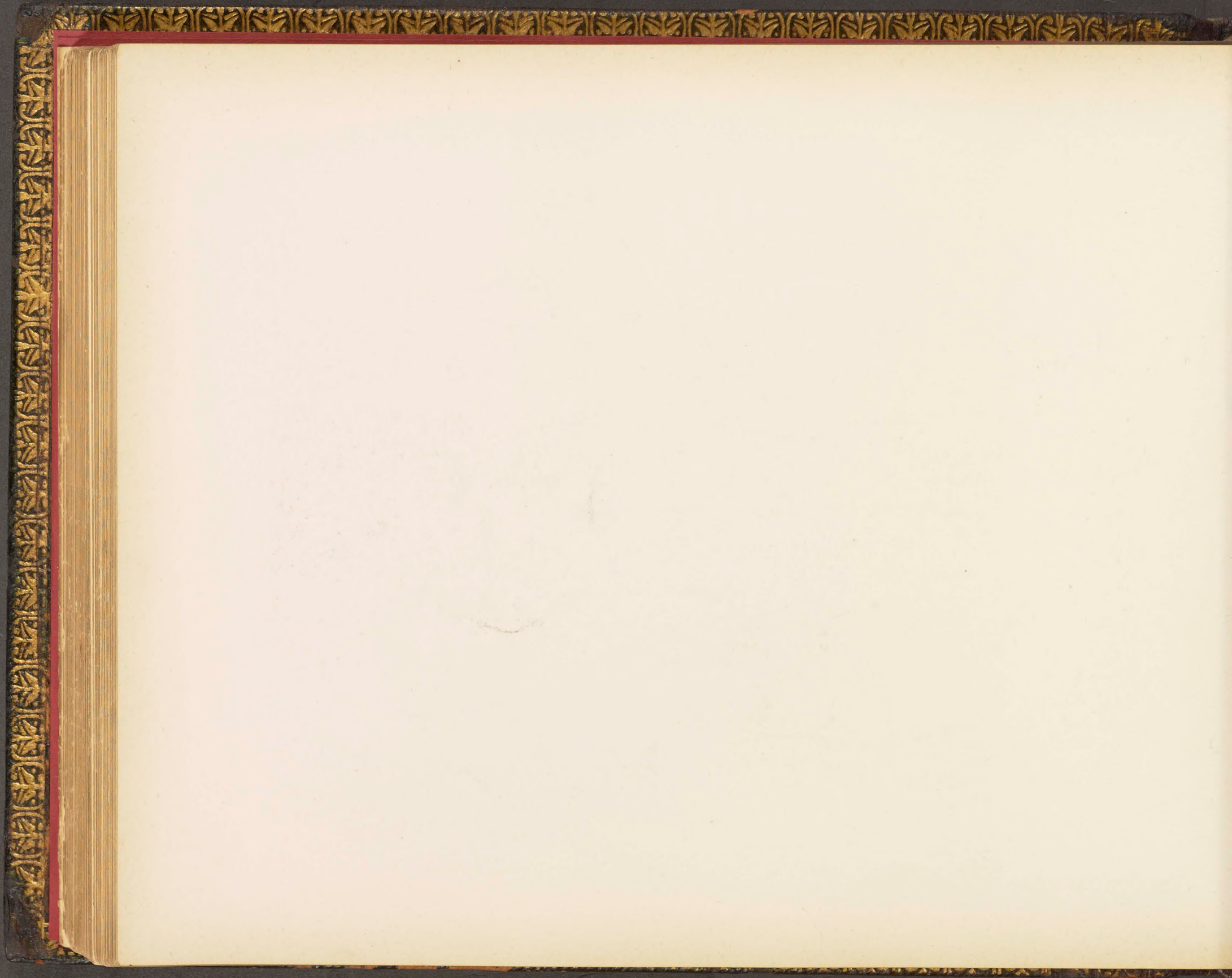
ON landing at Cape Town, every visitor makes his way to Adderley Street, at the top of which the Houses of Parliament are situated, just at the entrance to the beautiful avenue of oak trees which is such a feature of Cape Town. The building, which is of red brick with white stone facings and Corinthian columns, is very handsome. It measures 264 feet by 141 feet; its height to the top of the portico being 63 feet, and cost £150,000.

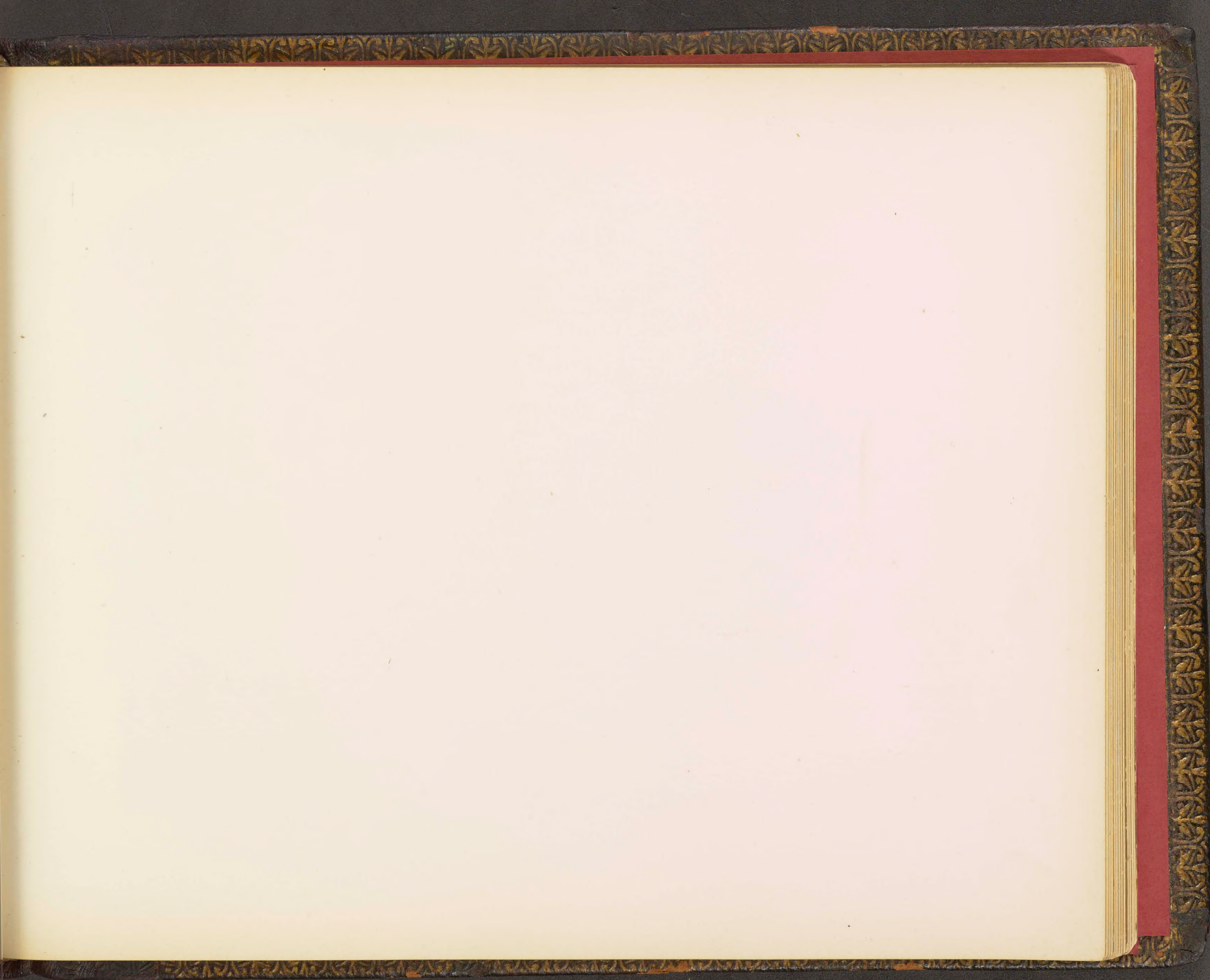
The entrance hall, with its marble columns, is very handsome, and leads into the chambers of the Legislative Council and House of Assembly, which are beautifully fitted with colonial woods, luxuriously upholstered.

The Parliament of Cape Colony was constituted so far back as 1853; it consists of an upper and lower House, made up of 22 and 76 members respectively, and all bills have to be submitted to the sanction of the Governor, who is appointed by the Queen.









In the Karoo.

*"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side ;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife,
And malice and meanness, and falsehood and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy ;
Oh then ! there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to rile."*—THOMAS PRINGLE.
(The South African Poet).

PERHAPS there is nothing which more vividly impresses the visitor from Europe to the Transvaal, than the never ending vista of plains and hills, called "the Karoo," which he passes, lying red and desolate-looking, for hundreds of miles, on the long journey by rail from the Cape.

He has, perhaps, spent a few days in the beautiful neighbourhood of Cape Town, where the grand old avenues of pine trees in the suburbs, and the abundance of vegetation everywhere, have delighted him, and then has taken his place in the evening mail train for the north.

When he awakes in the morning and looks out on the country from his carriage windows, he might for a moment think himself in a new world. No more the usual succession of cultivated fields and hedges, trees and rivers, cottages and farm houses, villages and towns, to which he has been accustomed in Europe ; in their place, only a treeless, monotonous, almost desert, landscape, with no blade of grass, but dotted over with little shrubs, like sage bushes, at intervals ; otherwise the earth a blank barren red. Low, flat topped, stony hills in the distance, river beds without a drop of water, but with bridges, over which the train goes rattling, a hard dry air coming in his teeth ; a farm house stuck down every here and there in the solitude, an occasional flock of sheep or goats in charge of a Hottentot herdsman, and, still more occasionally, a collection of galvanized iron houses and tents of a railroad repairing party, like those in the picture—such is the Karoo.

The impression that comes to anyone thus seeing the Karoo for the first time is, that it will probably be different after another hour-and-a-half's travel ; but as morning grows to noon, and night comes on again, with no apparent change in the character of the district, it creates an impression on the traveller that he is not likely to quickly forget, and as nearly everyone who visits the Transvaal goes through it, we think that this picture will be of especial interest.

It is wonderful how well the sheep and goats thrive in the absence of grass, but the little bushes they eat, their only subsistence, seem to suit them just as well, though a large area of ground is needed to support a very few animals.









Ostriches and Eggs.

OSTRICH farming is not so extensively followed in the Transvaal as in the Cape Colony, where (in the Karoo country especially), as the traveller is carried by the train on his journey to the north, he will be interested to see the ostriches carefully fenced in by barbed wire, feeding on the herbage.

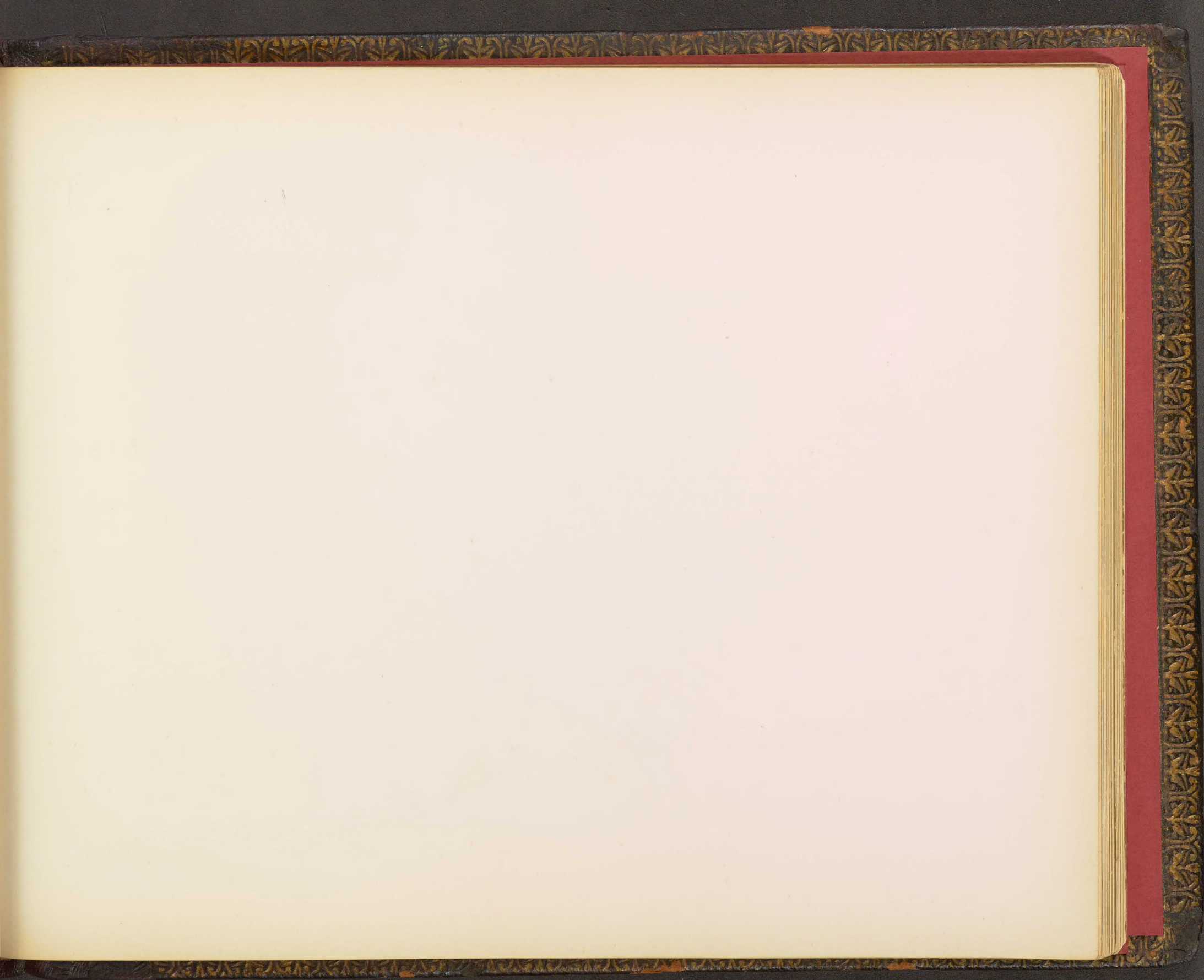
Now that ostrich feathers are so much in vogue again, the business is a very paying one, but the birds are nasty brutes, who can and will, if you are not careful, deal you a blow with those terrible legs of theirs, which will smash your arm or leg to pieces.

Ostriches are generally hatched in incubators, and during their baby period have to be most carefully guarded from their fatal enemies when young—cold and wet. Afterwards, they can be herded and kraaled like sheep. Eight or nine months after hatching they begin to feather, and an adult will yearly return a value of about £2 10s.









The Valley of Desolation, Graaff-Reinet, C.C.

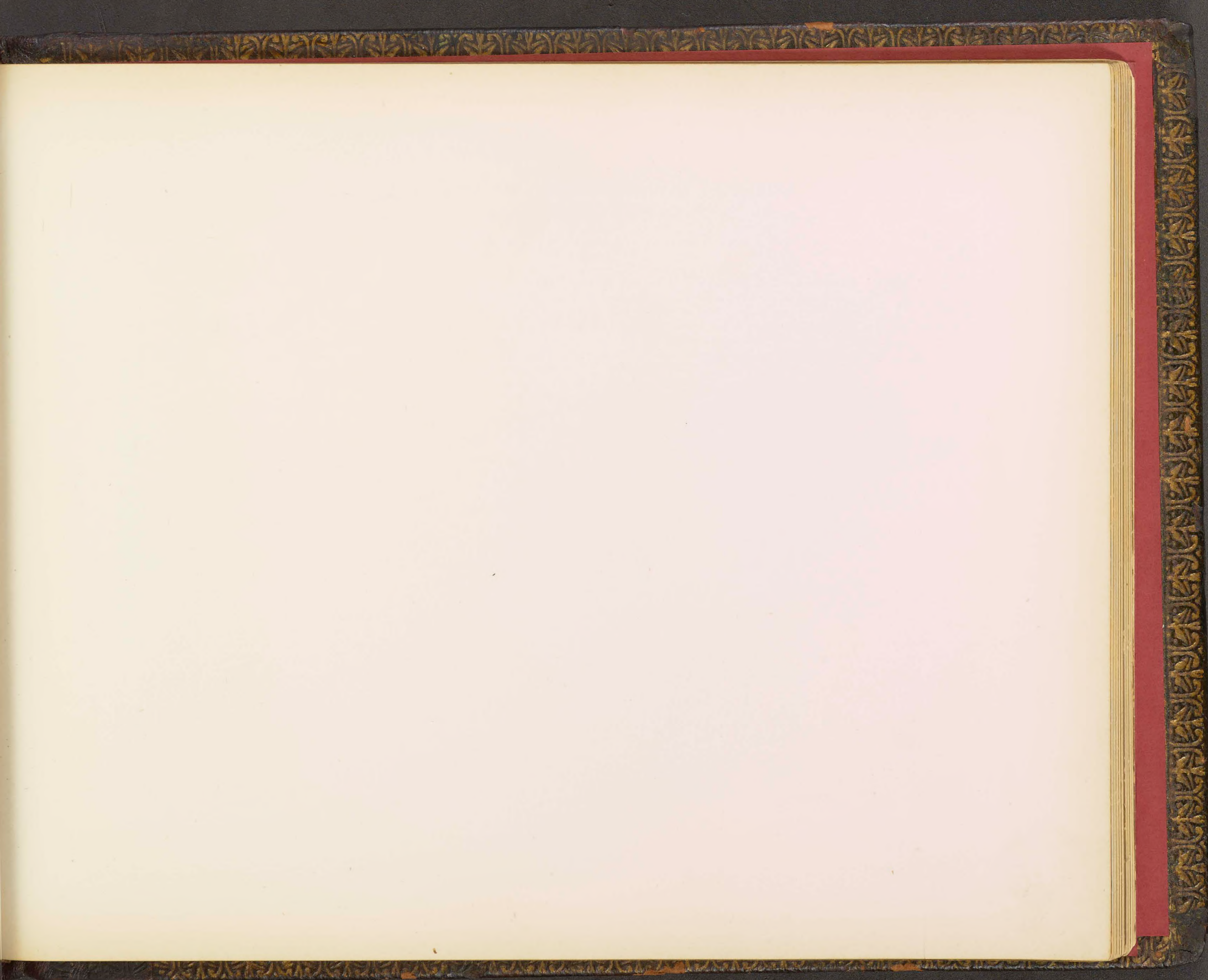
"THE Valley of Desolation"—a striking name for a striking scene! In what remote era were these huge columns of rock, which stand weird and desolate like the ruins of another world, upheaved? There, from age to age, they remain in majestic loneliness, keeping watch as it were on the valley and the far stretching vista beyond, with scarcely a sound to break the silence but the whispering of the wind or the chirping of the ubiquitous crickets; and sometimes, too, the merry laugh of the picnicker, for it is a favourite spot for a holiday, being distant only about two miles from Graaff-Reinet.

An interesting feature in the scene is the round conical-topped mountain in the distance, which is so typical of a large number of similar mountains in the Karoo; the most extraordinary thing about them being that the strata at the conical top lies horizontally. One wonders by what geological action the mountain came there. Not by upheaval from beneath, or its strata would surely have been slanting. If it had been formed by the action of water washing away the surrounding earth and rocks, where could such a mighty mass of stuff have been carried? The columns of rock too, some of which are of great height, how were they reared? Truly the products of Nature's workshops are mighty, and the greatest works of man—those results which embody his whole endeavours since he came upon earth—how poor they are in comparison!









The Kimberley Diamond Mines: A Scene in the Old Days.
Dry Sorting in 1872.

THE world-renowned Kimberley Diamond Mines, with their enormous crater-like holes, dug out of the earth by the hand of man till they have assumed the proportions of yawning abysses, where all the pyramids of Egypt, the most stupendous works of the old world, could be thrown into any one of these most colossal works of the new; though their name is not now so much before the public as that of the Johannesburg gold fields, and though the old days of fevered excitement, when every man hunted the precious gems in his own claim, have gone by, still justly claim a place as one of the wonders of the world.

Not only are the South African diamond mines the chief producers, but they are also the only diamond mines in the world; in other places the precious gems being found in alluvial ground.

Till their discovery, but very few people inhabited this region, situated 650 miles from the civilisation of Cape Town, in an apparently eternal desert of Karoo country, which, except for the blue sky, seems a picture painted in sepia, and possessed of but few attractions for civilised man. Little water was to be had, and scarcely the bare necessities of life; for, with the exception of a few Hottentots, Griquas, and Bushmen, who lived on lizards, snails, and any other garbage they could get, there was scarcely any one producing or requiring anything else.

The story of how, in 1867, John O'Reilly, a chance trader, bought a bright looking stone from a farmer named Schalk van Niekerk, who had found it in the hands of a little Griqua boy, playing "chuckfarthing," as it has been well put, "with the destinies of South Africa"; and how so little was then known of diamonds that it was a long while before anyone could pronounce with certainty that this stone was a true diamond, and, not only so, but a valuable one of the finest water (it afterwards sold for £500), is too well known to be repeated here. And how, after that, one Van Niekerk bought from a Hottentot in that district for £400, the famous "Star of South Africa," a stone of 83½ carats, for which he got £10,000 from Messrs. Lilienfeld and Co., of Cape Town; and how, in consequence of such a find, as happened at Johannesburg nearly twenty years later, a rush of people set in from all parts of the civilised world; how the four great mines were discovered in 1870 and 1871; and how a town, called Kimberley, was formed of tents and galvanised shanties where, under every discomfort, fortunes were made and lost. And the story of the drinking, fighting, and gambling that went on among this strange crowd in their mad race for wealth, and the murky halo of criminal romance which wove round the transactions in stolen diamonds in a deep undercurrent of crime which ran among such a large number of those who were there—are not all these matters of such common history that to merely mention them brings up a world of recollections to those who participated in those stirring times?

The first picture we give is one which was taken by Mr. J. Trim, photographer of Kimberley, in 1872, and will thrillingly recall to old Kimberleyites those old days when the mines were only just being opened up; when every man dug in his, as yet, shallow claim, and with his wife and children (if he had any) sat by the side of the wagon they came in, and all day long sorted through the yellow gravelly surface ground, buoyed up with the hope that next moment some extra large stone of finest water might fall to his share.

It is interesting to notice the rough bridges leading over from one claim to another, the piles of débris at the side; and in the distance the collection of tin shanties, comprising the new formed town of Kimberley beyond

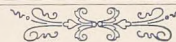








Kimberley Mine in 1874.



THIS picture, taken nearly on the same spot as the last one, shows the difference made by two years' work in the mine.

In those days it was indeed a wonderful sight. The great excavation looked like a huge spider's web, with its thousands of wires leading down to the various claims, by which the diggers, as they extracted the ore, sent it up to the surface for sorting. No longer able to cart the stuff over bridges crossing other claims, as when the mine was shallower, each man now was forced to incur the expense of a long aerial tram wire, with a horse whin at the surface, to haul out his stuff from the great hole which ever got deeper and deeper. As the men dug down perpendicularly into their claims, the whole mine looked as if a series of cellars were being excavated. Some would work faster than others, and the adjoining ground would fall in and be appropriated by the man who had dug his claim the deepest; then a row would ensue, and work would stop for a time, while he settled for it with his fists in the old-fashioned mining way.

Gradually, as the mines continued to grow deeper, all sorts of difficulties and troubles came along to rob the individual digger of his profits. The falling in of the sides of the mine would perhaps bury his claim under barren rock; or he might have to invest his all in pumping machinery to combat the water which began to filter in and drown the claims. Worst of all, the competition of such a number underselling one another, threatened to make diamonds almost a drug in the market, so that a way was prepared, which far-seeing men, like Mr. Cecil Rhodes and others, were not slow in taking advantage of, to gradually buy out and amalgamate, in one great corporation, the small mining companies and diggers who worked at a great expense, and by themselves had no control of the market.









Hauling by Horse Whins at Kimberley Mine in 1874.

THIS photograph, given as a companion to the last picture, shows the method by which the stuff was hauled out of the great holes along the wires to the surface. Nearly as extraordinary as that of the wires, was the sight of all these whins, like enormous reels, with horses fastened underneath, slowly winding in the ropes with their buckets of diamondiferous earth.

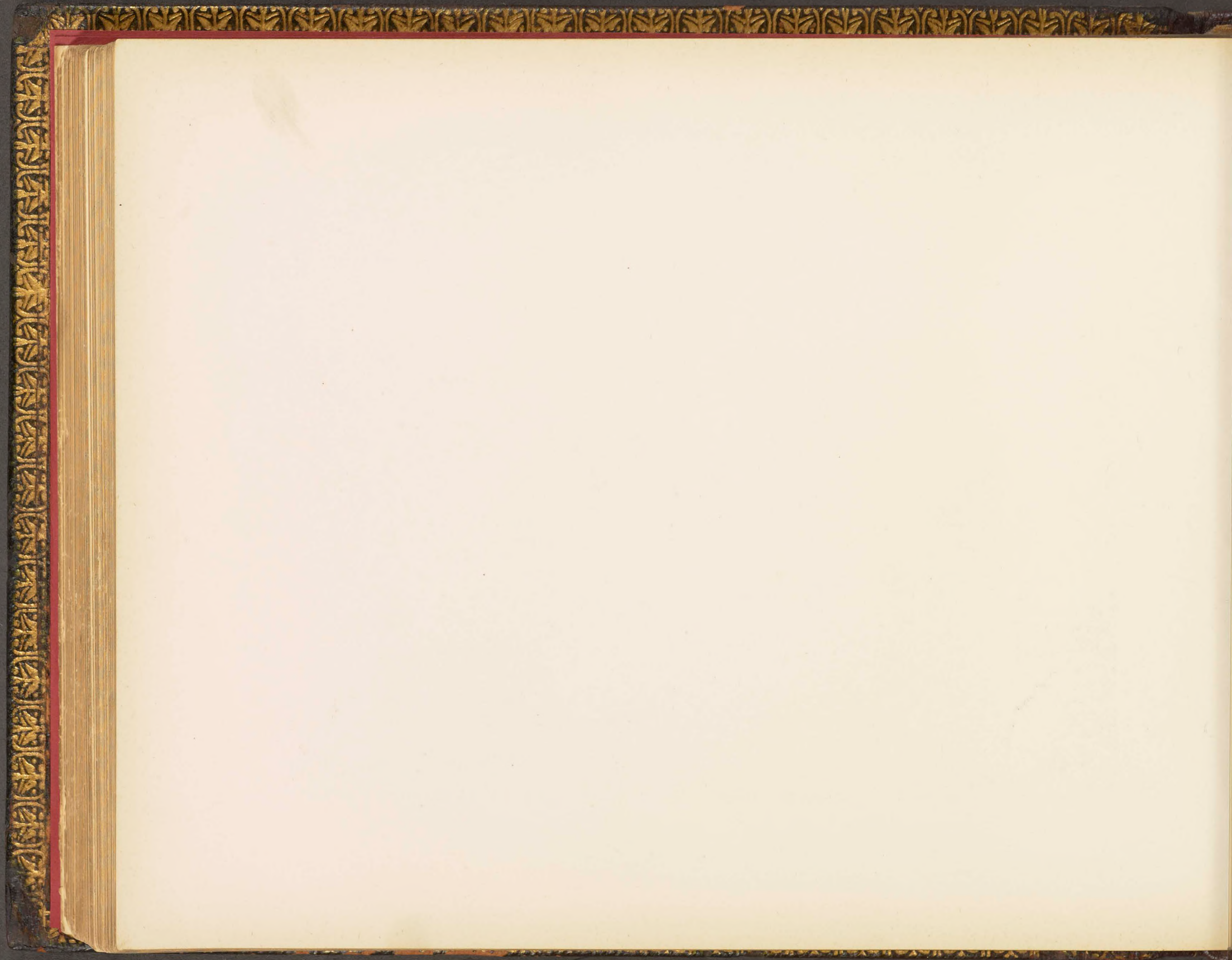
At first, the diamonds were found scattered about in a sort of yellow gravelly ground, which, as the claims got deeper, was found to lie in certain well-defined circular areas. On getting deeper still, the character of the stuff changed, for at a depth of about 100 feet a sort of blue rock was encountered, on reaching which those who held claims, thinking they had got to the bottom of them, and that, therefore, they were of no further value, threw them up, little dreaming that the "blue ground" was just as rich as the yellow, and in fact of the same character; the principal difference being caused by the absence of air and filtering in of water.

When the equal richness of the "blue ground" was at last established, no one knew how to treat it; being hard rock it could not be sorted through as it was, and if you crushed it there was the risk of your crushing the diamonds too. But some of the more observant ones noticed that an old Boer had a little way of his own in dealing with the stuff from his claims. He watered the "blue" that he got out, and, instead of treating it at once, left it for a long while in the air, when the hard rock obligingly crumbled up of itself, and allowed of its being sorted through. On his example being copied, it was found that this simple system was all that was necessary to deal with the stuff, and his method is followed to this day.

Go to the mines now, and you will find a wondrous system of endless wire ropes, by which the trucks, as they are loaded at the shaft heads, go running out, apparently of themselves, for miles and miles over the "floors," where "the blue" is spread out, like manure on a field, and left to the action of the rain, sun, and wind, to disintegrate it, so that it can be passed through the washing machines.









De Beers Open Mine as it is To-day.

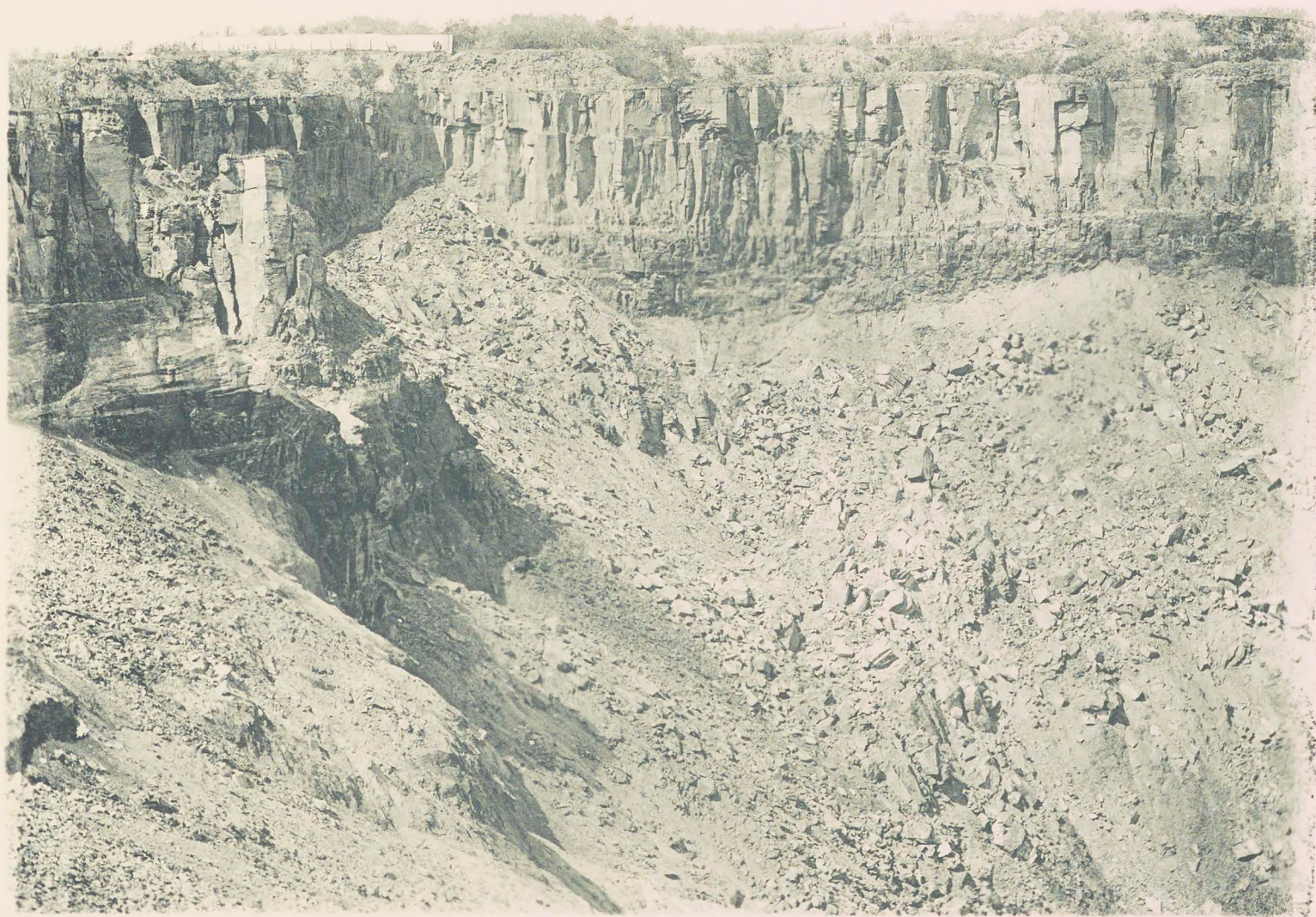
AS a contrast to the previous picture, we give here a photograph of De Beers open mine as it is to-day. Gone are the thousands of wires which once made the place to resemble a spider's web, and the crowd of busy workers swarming over the ground like ants, under the blazing sun; and nothing is apparently left but a silent vast hole, 30 acres in extent, like a crater of an extinct volcano, with sides like precipices, from which, even now, avalanches of falling rock keep on crackling down to the bottom.

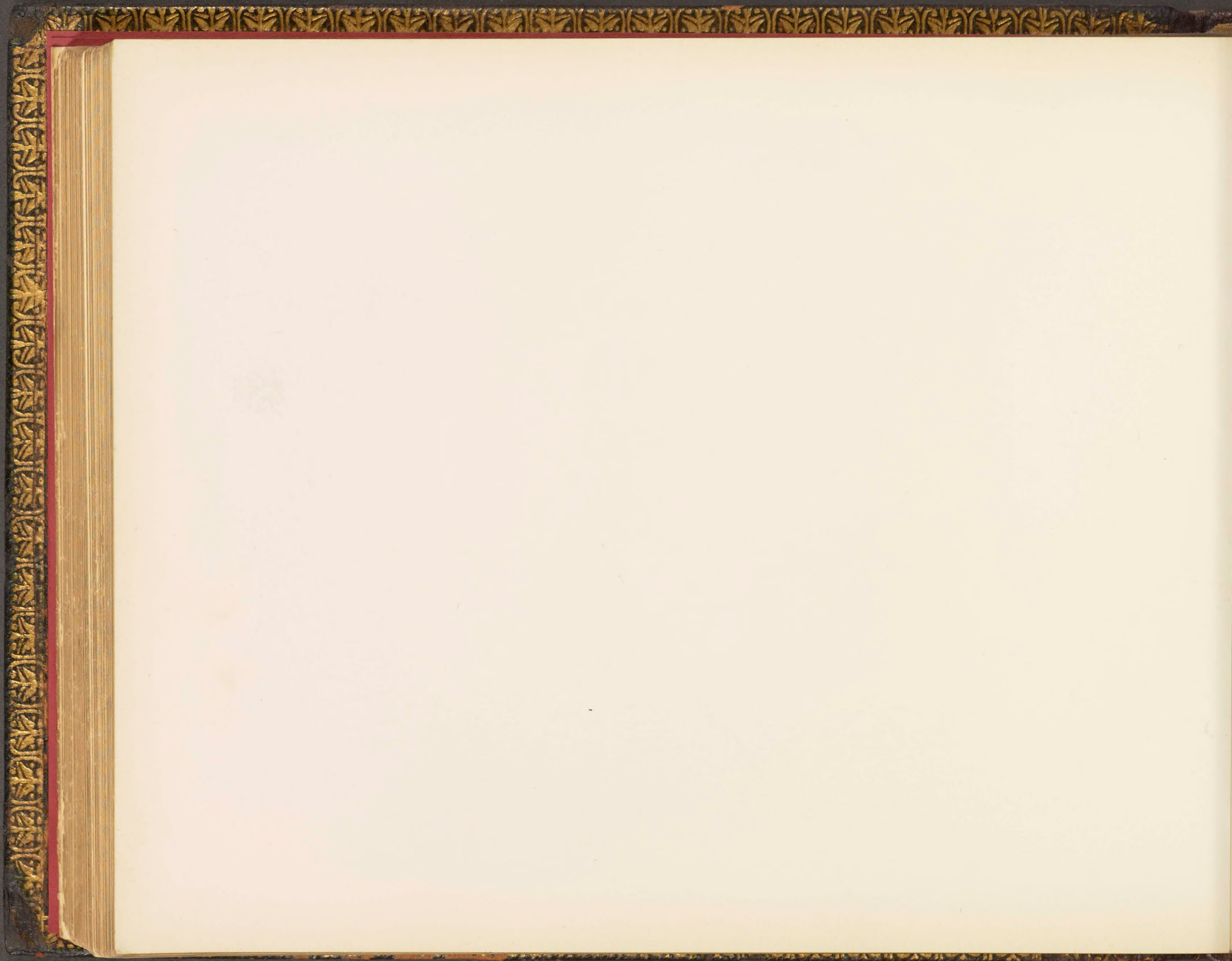
Yes! all is changed; one great company, the De Beers Consolidated, has, like a great octopus, slowly drawn into itself all the smaller companies and individuals, and got the entire control of the diamond industry, not only of Kimberley, but of the whole world.

Perhaps it was necessary that it should be so, for the constantly-falling earth and draining in of water had gradually rendered the system of open mining by individual diggers unworkable, and it was found to be urgently necessary to mine in a properly scientific way. Accordingly shafts were sunk outside the vast excavation, from which cross cuts were made into the middle of the great circular tunnel of blue ground. So, though the work is no longer in sight, the mining is still going on, though far underneath this great hole, which is itself no less than 450 feet deep.

Though they have now got down to a depth of 1,200 feet, this funnel of blue ground continues just the same in extent and richness, and seems as if it would continue so down to the very centre of the earth.

There can be little doubt that though the country is now so level—these diamond mines are the craters of extinct volcanoes, the diamonds themselves having been formed in some way or other by the action of intense heat, and its subsequent cooling down.







Washing Machine; De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited.

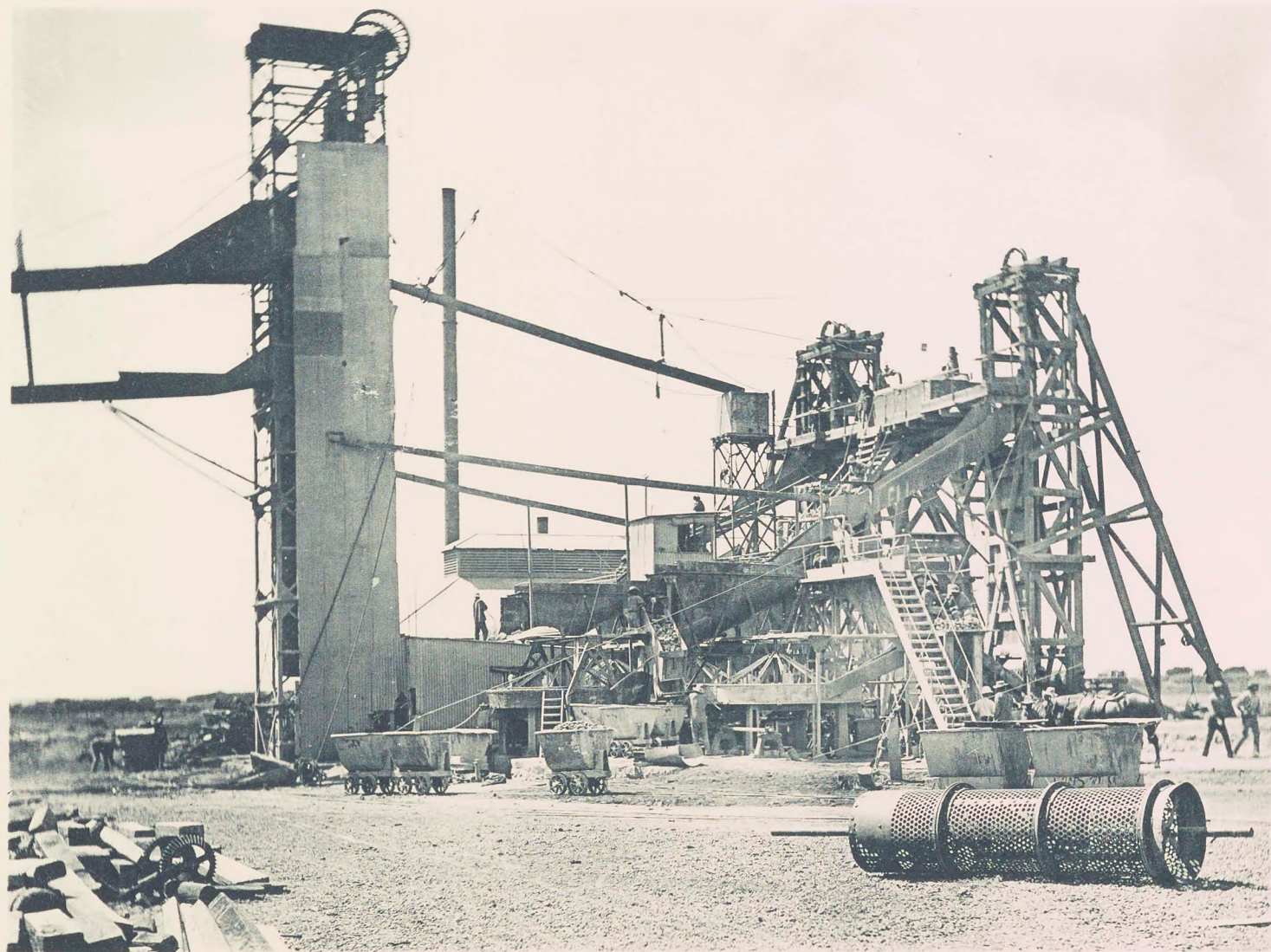


NOW that almost the whole diamond industry is practically in the hands of such a wealthy corporation as the De Beers Consolidated Mines, machinery of the largest type capable of dealing with enormous quantities of stuff, has taken the place of the little primitive washing machines formerly employed.

This apparently complicated mass of machinery is designed for the simple purpose of washing the mud and dirt out of the blue ground brought back from the "floors." The stuff, mixed with water, is made to flow into a series of large wash basins where it is stirred up, so that the water and lighter portions overflow and are carried away, while the pebbles and diamonds, being heavier, are left at the bottom. These are taken on to another machine, called a "pulsator," which sieves the pebbles into various sizes to render easier the after process of sorting through them to find the diamonds.

The debris, from these great washing machines, of all the millions of tons which have been dug out since the discovery of Kimberley, has formed artificial mountains, which, though they have been thus washed through, are known to still contain treasure in the shape of missed over diamonds to an enormous value.









Diamond Sorting, Wesselton Mine, Kimberley.

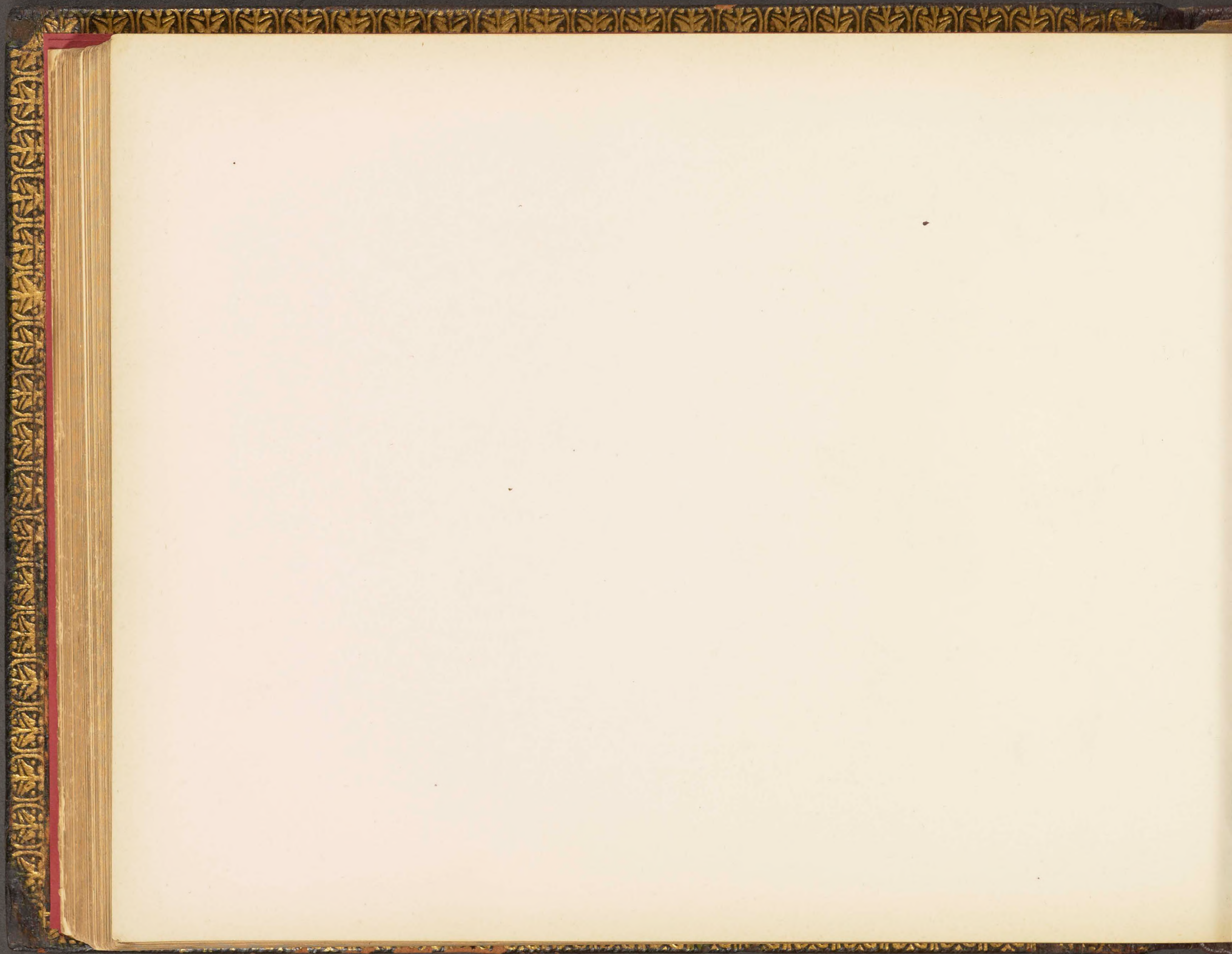


TO the visitor going over the mines, the most interesting part comes in at the place where the diamonds are actually discovered. Armed with a permit from the De Beers Consolidated Mines, he has entered the closely guarded gates, and wandered about looking at the great skips full of blue ground being rapidly hauled out of the bowels of the earth, and their contents loaded with thunderous rattle into the trucks; he has travelled about on little railway lines running over miles of floors where the blue ground is spread out; he has seen it being passed through muddy-looking washing machines, and the pebbles sorted into sizes in the pulsator; but all this while may never have discovered a sign of a diamond.

But in the sorting room he sees the operators, at almost every sweep of the pebbles in front of them, pick out the precious gems; though many of them in their rough state look so dull and peculiar as to make it hard to realise that they can bear any connection whatever with the flashing brilliants which he has hitherto known as diamonds.









The Compound, Kimberley Mine.



THE native compound of a diamond mine differs considerably from that of a Rand gold mine. While the latter is a place merely for housing and feeding the native when not at work, the compound of a diamond mine fulfils the same purpose, but something more—it is a prison but, for the *prevention* of criminals rather than their cure.

For the natives who work in the diamond mines, though highly paid, must submit to one condition—that, so long as they are in the employ of the company, they cannot leave the compound when their work is done. Otherwise, the mines, which even now, notwithstanding all their precautions, lose nearly a quarter of their diamonds in consequence of the nefarious temptations the "I.D.B." (illicit diamond buyer) holds out to the native to steal, might almost as well work Thames mud for all the diamonds they would see.

The visitor, who has shown his permit to see the mines at the entrance office, though he finds himself allowed to wander about the other portions of the grounds by himself, on going to the compound has to sign his name in a book, and is escorted round by an official, so that, should he be an I.D.B. in disguise, he can have no chance of dealing with the natives.

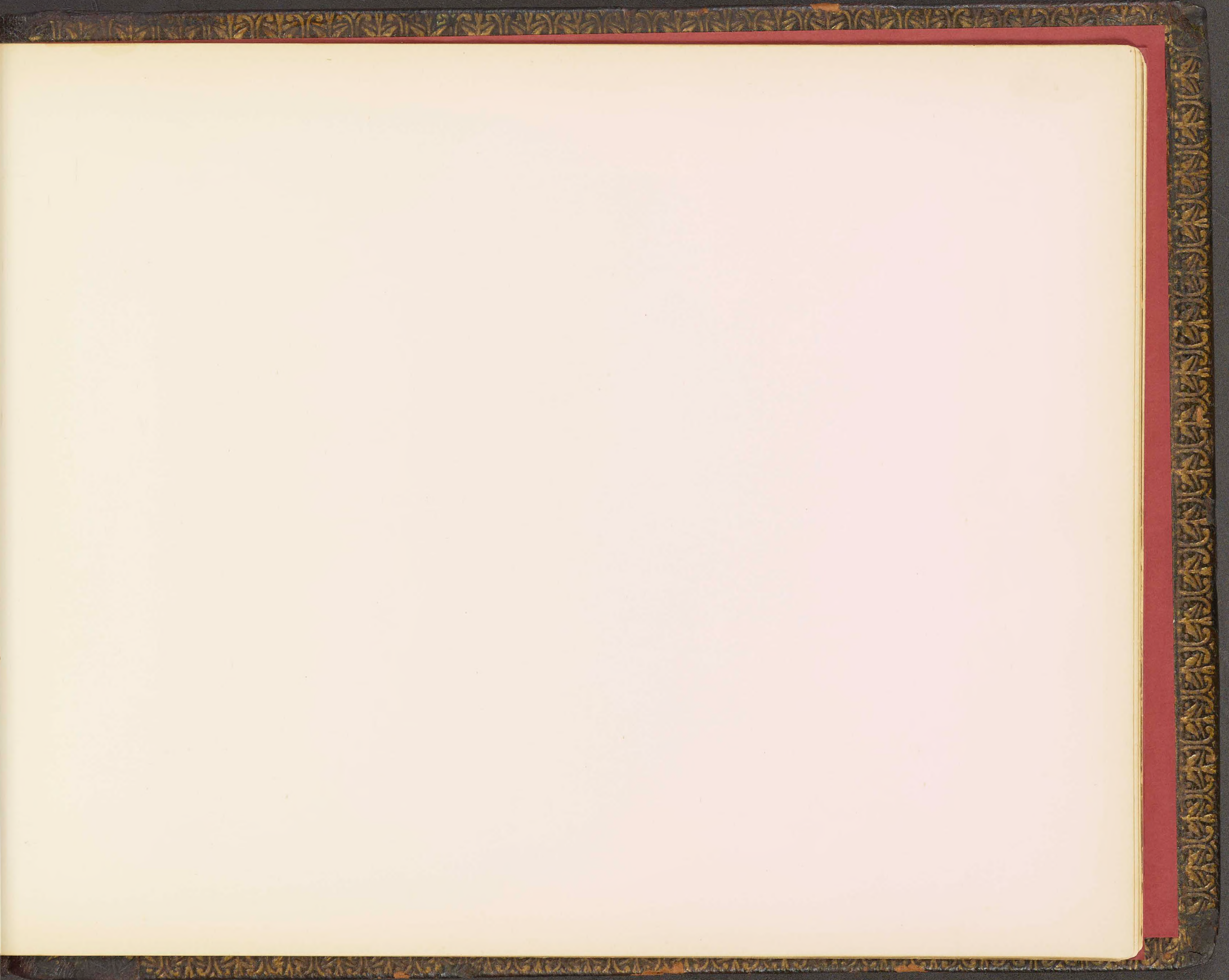
On entering the great square, with its lines of low galvanised iron rooms all round, the first thing that strikes attention is the wire netting overhead, which covers in the top of the compound for about a hundred yards on the side nearest to the road. In reply to your puzzled enquiry as to its use, you learn one of the clever dodges of the diamond-stealing native. How, having stolen a diamond, he would get rid of it by buying a tin of condensed milk in the compound store, into which he would make a hole, put in the diamond, and then hurl the whole thing into the road outside, where a confederate would be waiting. So the netting was put up, and now Mr. Diamond-Stealer has to find some other ingenious way of getting rid of his stolen treasures.

As you walk round you will come to the conclusion that though the native is a sort of prisoner he does not seem to mind his loss of liberty; but seems as happy as the proverbial king, as he makes his fires and cooks his mealie meal "pap," while his fellows squat round almost in a state of nudity, watching their clothes and boots, wet from use underground, getting dry in the hot sun. It is amusing to notice, in the picture, the number of these garments lying about.









A Group in the Compound, Kimberley Mine.

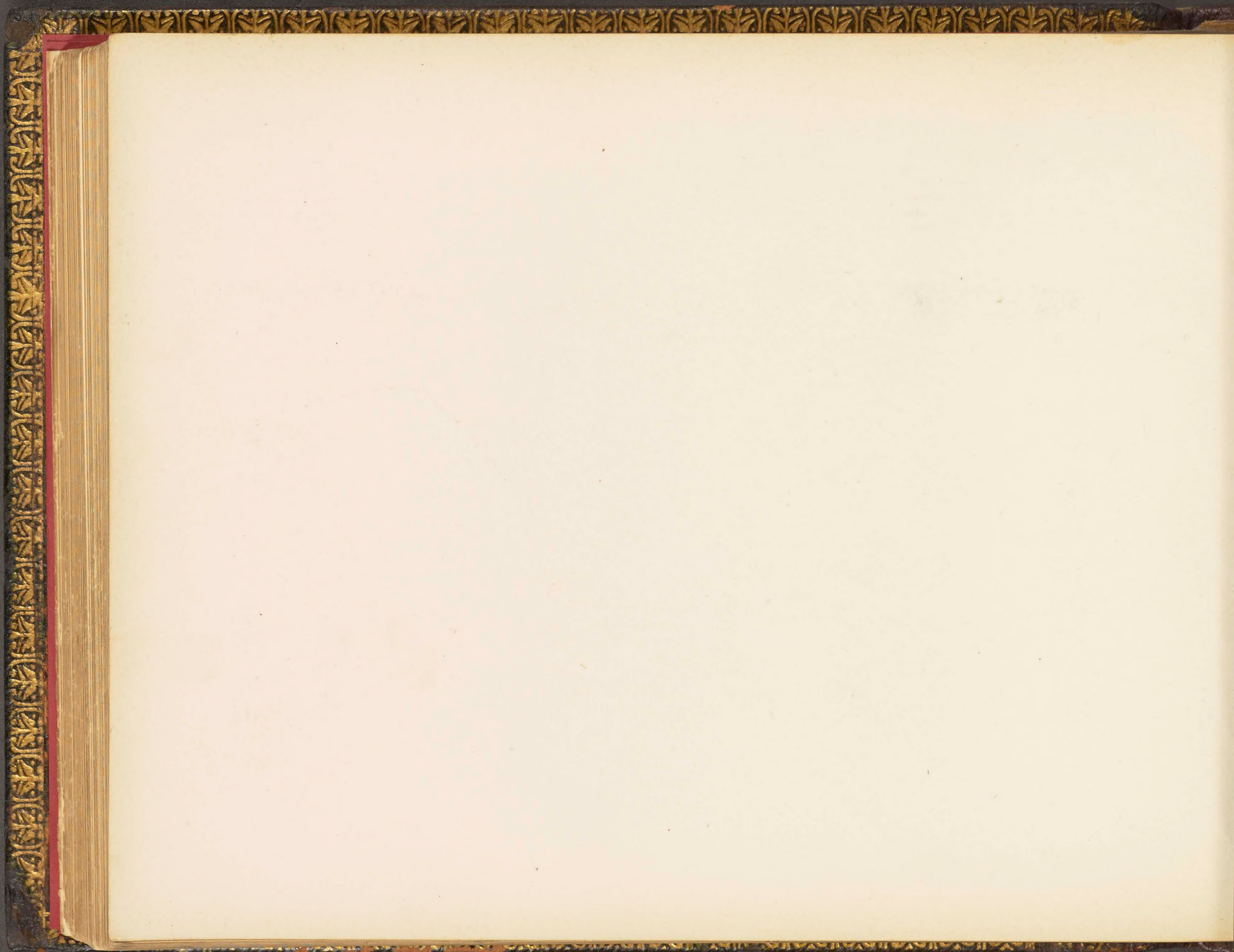
HERE is a characteristic group of natives got together at random after their day's work. The average black is quite as eager as his white brother to crowd himself into a group to have his physiognomy 'took,' fully entering into the spirit of the thing, even if there is not the remotest chance of his ever seeing the picture when done. Look how one has shouldered a pick, and another of his own accord has brought one of their three-legged porridge pots to stir!

One good thing about the compound system is that the native is unable to get strong drink of any kind, so that during his period of captivity he is a forced abstainer. The Company find him with wood and water, and everything else he requires he is able to buy out of his wages at the Company's store in the compound at a moderate price. If he is ill or meets with an accident in the mine, he is moved into hospital, where he is tended by all the skill and care of medical science.

Perhaps the most extraordinary sight at the compound is the searching room, where every "boy," before he can leave the company is subjected to a week's solitary confinement and given doses of "Eno" or "Cockle" to gently dislodge the diamonds he may have swallowed; and every inch of his body critically examined to see that none of the coveted gems are concealed in his hair, nose, mouth, ears, etc.









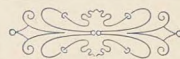
Farewell: Off to Old England.

*"When on that dear land I ponder,
Where my old companions dwell,
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Land of beauty, fare thee well."*

THE closing scene of a visit to the Transvaal, or the opening one of a long-looked for holiday, after perhaps several years of hard work in that free and sunny country, and as hearts beat high at the thought of a speedy re-union with relatives and friends in the old land, or the prospect of a first visit to the wonders of civilized Europe, memory will also fondly recall many pleasant days spent in that land the ship is so rapidly leaving; of happy-hearted picnics on the free "veld," and of comrades, "jolly old pals," who with their cheery friendship made up for the discomforts and hardships of a, perhaps, rough life.

On such an occasion we shall probably feel too, let our luck have been what it will in the Transvaal, that, at any rate, we have had given us an experience of life that we could have got scarcely anywhere else. For, above all things, it may be said that those who dwell "where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand" are *men* and *women*, who, if they have possibly less of the veneer of society to conceal their faults, are none the worse in reality for living their lives more according to their own lights and less to those of Mrs. Grundy.

If you have lived in the Transvaal for long, you will have had your ups and downs, and learnt thereby to be neither too much elated by success, nor cast down by failure. So most of us who are left behind in saying "farewell," and watching the ship receding in the distance with the fortunate ones off for a trip, can always, in a country with such splendid prospects as this, hope that the luck may be ours to be the next to go.





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